

# Desert

## Trespassers William

My feet are trembling alone  
With the serpentine skins on the floor  
And while I sleep, will you send me a thought?  
While I lean, could you build me a rock?  
Will you pretend you're my home? Touch my lips, are they too blue?  
Thirsty from never tasting you  
And with the wind and the dark and the sand, these evenings are cold  
And are you sleeping or can you give me a shawl?  
Or pretend you're my home Finally you tuck me in  
Don't feel warm, don't know where I am  
And you lean into my mouth and say, "I'm alone"  
And I know your heart is a hole but your body's so close  
I can pretend that I'm home Empty as a hole but it feels so warm  
This isn't home but somehow it's gold Empty as a hole but it feels so warm  
This isn't home but somehow it is gold Well, this isn't home

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