# Dry

## Bent Knee

I'm dry like a candlewick,
and you suck hot wax leaving
trails in your throat.
Find some matches
and might me up.
I'm still dry.I'm dry like a candlewick,
and you suck hot wax leaving
trails in your throat.
Find some matches
and might me up.
I'm still dry.Can't find a switch to turn me on.
I'm choking at the bottom of my libido.
Curse the first creature who realized
that the stick slides into the hole.
Pole dancing all day long
under the mandate of survival instinct.
Hungry eyes and restless lips,
Choking thighs and senseless hips.I'm dry like a candlewick,
and you suck hot wax leaving
trails in your throat.
Find some matches
and might me up.
I'm still dry.I'm dry like a candlewick,
and you suck hot wax leaving
trails in your throat.
Find some matches
and might me up.
I'm still dry.
Midnight scares me.
Not the ghost or ghouls,
but the sound of flesh
as it drips and drools.
The monster's waiting
in lace and perfume.
Oh, cut me loose from this
nightmare noose.The goosebumps crawl up my spine,
how can something so lovely contort my mind?
Go blame it on my chastity, prudence,
but really, it's futile.

I'm the one with no place to hide.God give me the power to say no.I'm dry like a candlewick,
and you suck hot wax leaving
trails in your throat.
Find some matches
and might me up.
I'm still dry.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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