

The Awful Sweetness of Escaping Sweat

Bright Eyes

we escape from the house
as the day disappears from the sky
into night
we became what we wanted to be
like a dream or a ghost
i collapse out of turn
near a house
lying still in the grass and felt the heat from the ground
rising up to contract and expand like a breath
we escape from that place
soaked with sweat and the poison we drank
fill the bathtub with ice and hope this fever will break
like a heart
easily
but i do not recall all the words that were formed
on those wire lips as they greeted me
a promise was made without thought as the temperature climbed
and i started to sink like the moon
tends to do if you stare at it too long
then you blink and its gone
and we crawl to our sleep with the dawn
and isn't it the same mistake? [x3]
it's not much of an escape
and isn't it the same?
i awake in the light feeling hollow and selfishly warm
close the blinds and retreat until what is burning is gone
and it's light is away
then we are back in the dark
chasing nothing through backyards and trees
you ripped your shirt on a fence but it didn't get me
yeah it's fear
it makes you so low
and these creatures look crooked
their shadows cut lines through my face and the concrete is fire
where my bare feet are placed
in a line next to yours
and i guess i'm not sure if it was fear that was born
as those awful eyes made their claim on us
i put my hands on the fence

said your name
and i started to climb
and it must have been sweat but i drank it like wine
it was sweet and my mouth was dry
i heard you scream but i made no reply
i can still taste it now if i try

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