

# Taken for a Bath

Emery

And I wanted to see it, the crease and the curve of the skin  
Four words got me in again and again again  
But my friend, it was the light just behind us, I knew we never could keep up  
The beds we make, the steps we take, are graves we fill everyday  
Roof top views of city buildings gathered  
Where the sun sets on them steals the eye  
Touch the streets with feet in hurried measure  
Our discretion means we never lie  
We never have to lie  
You stole my eyes, so you I will take  
You are the test of our grace  
Threads become lines, we cross till they break  
And they break from the seams to the bodies of men  
The illusion was ours, it was joy and it was rapture  
I would have settled for capture, but a lost life found my bed  
And all the wages of another and the secret is no longer mine  
Warm the body like so many others  
Your discretion means we never lie  
We never have to lie  
You stole my eyes, so you I will take  
You are the test of our grace  
Threads become lines, we cross till they break  
and They break from the seams to the bodies of men  
(We will lie we will take  
Withered and Crushed the fire and the fate  
You will die for our sake  
We will see the world in the blood)  
Time says we are meant to suffer  
slink back to the retch  
I called him home  
I never wanted them to wither or be crushed by the weight  
The choice was all his own  
How could I have known  
The simple answers that hold people to the fire and their fate  
Wait and see for yourself it's in the blood  
it's in the blood, the whole world is in the blood  
I'd rather tell you how I ruled the world and never stopped  
But this heart mine is shaking like a spinning top  
And as it slows all my sins have caught the last of me  
That reflection in the water tells a story true  
But it's the last thing you want staring back at you  
And wrinkled hands weak from plunder barely stir this away  
There were years where our faces stayed in front us  
There were moments we forgot what this really was  
But the death of a memory, is the death we carry  
We're desperate and dead set, we carry reasons in our chests  
We reset and forget, the songs we sing are for the blessed  
Don't take this personally, your quiet exit stole the show  
The regrets are all said  
Kings and kingdoms come and go

Songwriters

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