

My Skin

Michael Tolcher

Take a look at my body, look at my hands
There's so much here that I don't understand
Your face saving promises, whispered like prayers
And I don't need them 'Cause I've been treated so wrong, I've been treated so long
As if I'm becoming untouchable Well, contempt loves the silence, it thrives in the dark
The fine winding tendrils that strangle the heart
They say that promises sweeten the blow
But I don't need them, no I don't need them I've been treated so wrong, I've been treated so long
As if I'm becoming untouchable
I'm a slow dying flower in the frost killing hour
Sweet turning sour and untouchable Oh, I need
The darkness
The sweetness
The sadness
The weakness
Oh, I need this
Need a lullaby
A kiss goodnight
Angel, sweet love of my life
Oh, I need this I'm a slow dying flower, frost killing hour
The sweet turning sour and untouchable Do you remember the way that you touched me before
All the trembling sweetness, I loved and adored
Your face saving promises, whispered like prayers
I don't need them I need the darkness
The sweetness
The sadness
The weakness
Oh, I need this
I need a lullaby
A kiss goodnight
Angel, sweet love of my life
Oh, I need this Well, is it dark enough
Can you see me?
Do you want me?
Can you reach me?
Or I'm leaving
Then you shut your mouth
And hold your breath
You kiss me now

You catch your death

Oh, I mean this

Oh, I mean this

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