

# Lipstick Stigmata

Elliott

and i'm here and i'm special and i'm the one who turns you out. and i'm here and i'm a wreck for the total loss of our last crash. you are the savior you are the woman bleeding me. you're the stigmata that i starve for and i pray the lord i keep, the sign that keeps reminding me. and i move too close, when heat embodies me. and i stop to call beating hearts i ring. and i assume too much like breathing when i sleep. may not be innocent, may not carry you on the way. may not be innocent, you'll walk the miracle mile with me. and i soothe the warmth that keeps in time with me, and i assume you know it keeps time with me. and we consumer it all and breed like gods last men and i assume you know i'll see you when i wake. and i see the right direction got miles to go with miles to go with miles around. and i see the time is right for, the time is yours, the time is now.

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