Witch

Endstille

P.S., I am a witch and I have conjured you
For my bidding
And all my charms and all my accidents
Are all just instruments to lock you up
How could I know my spell was broke?
I am nothing like the girl you thought I was
Without your love
How could I haunt you? Keep you close?
When you can see my seams
The fraying of my dress, I am defenseless
Yes, I am a carnival, a house of mirrors
And I will con you
And all my tricks, and all my magic
Will keep you dizzy with desire
How could I know my spell was broke?
I am nothing like the girl you thought I was
Without your love
How could I haunt you? Keep you close?
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