

Huggy Bear, Children Absent From Heaven Says

This is how we fuck up.... intimacy.
An illusion to a lapse.
A hiding space within fatigue
Where bitter-blue-lips sink ships
And smug against such sabotage
Traded are secrets
The consensus is you aren't mean
"Mean" the mean they mean
Your gossip is propagative
And more like betrayal
Secrets are forever, on the lips of liars
Secrets are forever, traded for confession
Secrets are eternal, on the lips of spies
Secrets are fragmented, traded for succession
I know you can hear me, i know it totally
take yr fingers out of yr ears (repeated)
I love you so tell me (once, twice, once)
What yr new secret friend says is for yr ears only