

Kisschasy, The Shake

The scratching of paper and pen reminds me of a song I wrote two years back.
I remember each and every line like a photo glued to the lids of my eyes.

The shiver of my wheezing chest reminds me of the way I felt two years back.
And as we lose all track of time I feel her breathe like ice on the tip of my spine.

The shake before I sleep, the shake before I sleep, the shake before I sleep.
The shake before I sleep, the shake before I sleep, the shake before I sleep.

I wait for the bed to get warm as my eyes adjust to the darkest light form.
And as I start to drift away you're the shake that pulls me back to this state.

The shake before I sleep, the shake before I sleep, the shake before I sleep.
The shake before I sleep, the shake before I sleep, the shake before I sleep.

You're the shake... (x10)