

Mulu, Bitesize

Colder his hands against me.
Pushing me back so safely.
Gobble you up and hide you inside,
How would they ever know ?
Swallow me up and colour me out.
Then I could never grow.

Bitesize, right size, no-one would know,
Over the edge I'd go,
Just to be the same as
You have 'armour' made of 'breadcrumbs.'

Switch off my mind for safety.
Cloud up my senses and kill me off,
Would you ever know ?
I'm sneaking off with a juicy new head,
Breathing you in as I go.

Bitesize, right size, no-one would know,
Over the edge I'd go,
Just to be the same as
You have 'armour' made of 'breadcrumbs.'