

Pretty Girls Make Graves, Wildcat

Violet

It bleeds purple behind lucid eyes

Negatives flash reverse of real life

Promises made with India ink

Bit your lip there's a flush in your cheeks

Hold it

Mercury pir of travellers and thieves

Grant us speed, wisdom, and winged feet

Flying through the night

Thunderbolt blinding temporary

Born of foam, we ride through moon coloured streets

There's lightening in our hair

Wildcat

Turn the volume turn the tone

Wildcat

I'm in stereo

Pull me close; tell it will always feel so right

In the cold chill of a crisp October night

Can you take a moment turn it infinite?

Tell me

Love is eternal