

# Spill Canvas, Himerus And Eros

You're captivating while evading  
all the questions I have for you like,  
"What exactly makes you tick?"  
When the guilt sets in tell me  
what exactly are we going to do?

Your tongue is wet with a top secret passion  
I hope I am the cause of it  
I'll navigate this unsturdy vessel filled with a soft sea pillows and blankets

And I fight the urge to explore  
the vastness of your curves I adore  
You know I, I hate you  
No, I hate you more  
You know I, I love you  
No, I love you more

Yes, it's true  
You've brainwashed me and now I'm more confused  
I still somehow hope I end up with you  
Yes, it's true  
I romanticize every single thing I do  
Especially when it comes to you

I've sunken in the quicksands of love  
and I don't want you to rescue me  
Screw what my supposed friends think

It's obvious they reek of jealousy  
It's obvious they reek of jealousy

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the vastness of your curse I adore  
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I hope to God I mean a little more than the sounds that escape your tired 4 A.M. lips  
And oh-how I wish I meant a little more than a symphony of heavy breathing and the friction of hips

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