

Trespassers William, Desert

My feet are trembling alone
With the serpentine skins on the floor
And while i sleep will you send me a thought
While i lean could you build me a rock
Or pretend you're my home
Touch my lips or are they too blue
Thirsty from never tasting you
And with the wind and the dark and the sand these evenings are cold
And are you sleeping or can you give me a shawl
Or pretend you're my home
Finally you tuck me in
Don't feel warm don't know where i am
And you lean into my mouth and say "i'm alone"
And i know your heart is a hole but your body's so close
I can pretend that i'm home
Empty as a hole but it feels so warm
This isn't home but somehow it's gold
Empty as a hole but it feels so warm
This isn't home but somehow it's gold