

# Xiu Xiu, Save Me Save Me

Though this is all you'll ever get  
It would be a strange delite  
No eyes no nose no mind  
The grey light of Porto stays with you  
Oh how can you love a tiny bug impressed  
By the night when you cut yourself?  
Save me Save me  
Your body rotten as the last melon  
On the vine  
Pull your shirt down  
Save me Save me

Press my thumb onto your tounge  
Hand a knife up to me  
No mouth no neck no rest  
The white poem of self hate stays with you  
Even though you know a chance to cut  
Is still a chance to cure  
Pull your legs apart  
Save me save me  
Your body doomed as the last apple  
On the tree so let me hurt you

Save me save me  
Save me save me  
Oh how can you love a tiny bug impressed  
By the night  
Save me save me  
Your body rotten as the last melon  
On the vine