

Abney Park, Love

Gentle? I think that you're mistaken.
Delicate? I went through that phase
Tender? Want me to say I love you?
Love? I've heard it's all the rage.

Verse 1

I run my tongue down white marbled flesh,
In my hand leather, of harness on breast.

Reaching around, I claw at your cheeks,
I've bitten at this chest for weeks and weeks and for weeks and for weeks

Verse 2

I scratch my fingernails under your mane,
Endlessly mingeling the tingling with pain.

I scramble for traction; I'm grabbing your back.
Is it love that were making, or some sick attack?

Your skin is all glistening, from head to your toes,
Our legs are all shaky, and my growling grows.

My vision is dimming, I'm gasping for air,
Your biting the pillow, your biting your hair