

# Chemlab, Pyromance

Sink my finger in your hair, the sweat and the smell of our liquid affair,  
in a gasoline burn our bodies will churn with a flick of the switch you're  
plugged in to the itch...my battery got a charge with my finger triggering  
your sparkplug, I felt that speedy boost when you bent down and licked my  
boots heady and headed in the direction of some crash-car intersection it's  
called "why don't we do it on the road" or at least that's what I am told