

# Cocteau Twins, Seekers Who Are Lovers

Brush by gracefully  
A love as big as a risk  
Fills you up  
And you can't look on

The breath of god in my mouth  
A love you can taste  
God get some paste  
He and I, breath to breath

Clothed in saliva  
Healing thru your arm  
I cant stop hungering for the worst

I forgot the use  
My head fall out the sky  
And crashed into my palms  
Jesus God valentine

Love  
On the tip of it  
The old rivers lack of other sweet scents  
So sweet  
You are a woman just as you are a man

Creeping on the Gas  
Is a magic love, like,  
Like a Flights, clouded peak  
I was choking on the blood  
Whose camouflages, lack of soul  
Whose misty fire, muses soul

Kneeling by the harm  
Which is promising the way  
His poor essence, under the truth  
love and heart polish itself  
I slid my heels but slowly ran  
So send Lucifer into hell