

Constantines, Love In Fear

On the weird winds of Ontario,
came worry sailing strange and low.
And we laid under the heavy sheets to love to spite the strange winds blowing.
To lust with raging lungs.
What hangs above when we love in fear?
Don't take me to the hospital.
Don't tie me to the wires.
Just kiss me on a rooftop.
It's for us.
It's a red light flashing under helicopters of desire. Red light: It's for us.