

Jeff Buckley, Sefronia - The King's Chain

i couldn't buy you with a hundred cattle
but you hike in shells and feathers
up the african beach,
i am king here, tied to this hut by the king's chain
my power's like a tree and green taboo to me

the chameleon lies in your dusty fingers,
and blue flies circle your head like stars;
jump into me now, I must not see the water,
let me sip weakness from your dark nipples