

Les Savy Fav, The Sweat Descends

The sweat descends.
The sweaty scents.
One cocksure fox
In a house of hens.
My mouth will water
Where the sweat descends.

The sweat descends.
Sweet decadence.
Let's hope this party
Never ends.
A shiv in the ribs,
Some smoke in the hive,
You live how you live,
I'll die how I die.

Wake me up when we get to heaven,
Let me sleep if we go to hell.
Blame my mouth if the house is burning,
Check my tongue if you still can't tell.

The sweat descends,
My psyche bends,
I'll never be
The same again.
The soul is twisted
But the skin will mend.
My tight young skin
Covers up a sick palimpsest.

Make your mark on a darkened dance floor.
Slip across the present tense,
Press up against the skin you care for,
Meet me where the sweat descends.