

# Mitski, Stay Soft

Fury, pure and silver  
You grip it tight inside  
Like a knife  
It glints in your eye

It's why I've arrived, your sex god  
Here to take you where  
You need to go  
To where the dark remembers you

Open up your heart  
Like the gates of Hell

You stay soft, get beaten  
Only natural to harden up  
You stay soft, get eaten  
Only natural to harden up

I am face down on my bed  
Still not quite awake yet  
Thinking of you –  
I tuck my hand under my weight

Just tell me what you want to do  
Tell me what you want  
To burn away  
'Cause I could be your stoker

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