Natalie Merchant, My Skin

Take a look at my body
Look at my hands
There's so much here that I don't understand
Your face-saving promises
Whispered like prayers
I don't need them
'cause I've been treated so wrong,
I've been treated so long
As if I'm becoming untouchable
Well, contempt loves the silence, it thrives in the dark
With fine winding tendrils that strangle the heart
They say that promises sweeten the blow
but I don't need them, no I don't need them
I've been treated so wrong,
I've been treated so long
As if I'm becoming untouchable
I'm a slow-dying flower
In the frost-killing hour
Sweet turning sour and untouchable
I need the darkness, the sweetness, the sadness, the weakness
Oh I need this
I need a lullaby, a kiss goodnight, angel, sweet love of my life
Oh I need this
I'm a slow-dying flower
Frost-killing hour
The sweet turning sour and untouchable
Do you remember the way that you touched me before
All the trembling sweetness I loved and adored
Your face-saving promises
Whispered liked prayers
I don't need them
I need the darkness, the sweetness, the sadness, the weakness
Oh, I need this
I need a lullaby, a kiss goodnight, angel, sweet love of my life
Oh, I need this
Well is it dark enough
Can you see me
Do you want me
Can you reach me
Oh, I'm leaving
Better shut your mouth, and hold your breath
You kiss me now, you catch your death
Oh, I mean this
Oh, I mean this