

No-Man, Taking It Like A Man

I thought of your perfect limbs.
I thought of your mind;
I woke up hungry,
I woke up blind.
I thought of your flaming lips,
I thought of your smell;
I woke up choking,
drowning in hell.

(chorus:)
too weak to make the stand;
just taking it like a man.

I thought of your breathing head,
I thought of your voice;
I lost my reason,
I lost my choice.
I thought of your beating heart,
I thought of your touch.
I thought of screaming.
I thought too much.

(chorus)
too late to heal the madness,
too late to understand.