

Surfer Blood, Demon Dance

A word has weight
When it rings true.
There's nothing I
Can hold you to.
The hounds of hell
Need love and care,
The hounds need
Organs and limbs to tear.

You and me are apples in trees;
Don't fall far from me.

Like a Pentecostal choir on Sunday
I can suck the venom out of your bones.
Come on, Raven let me connect to the server,
I could be the one who cuts down the overgrowth.

A word has weight
When it rings true,
And never when
It comes to you.
Some secrets you
Should never tell.
They'll feed you to
The hounds of hell.

You and me are apples in trees;
Don't fall far from me.

Like a Pentecostal choir on Sunday
I can suck the venom out of your bones.
Come on, Raven let me collect on my winnings,
I could be the one who puts you back on the throne.

Apologies, meet apologies.
We could demon dance all night.
Teeth as white as snow
In the vertigo,
Caked in phosphorescent light.

And the apples are as sweet
In the nosebleed seats.

Like a Pentecostal choir on Sunday
I could suck the venom out of your bones.
Come on, Raven let me collect on my winnings,
I could be the one who puts you back.