

The Afghan Whigs, Conjure Me

Afghan Whigs, The
Congregation
Conjure Me
(dulli/mccollum/curley/earle)

I smell your blood, my love
But i can't taste it yet
I have your mind, my love
But i can't waste it yet
Please understand my love
I find this sickening
My head is ice my love
My skin is thickening
But oh! my love
We could still be friends
And oh! my love
With me you must contend
I'm gonna turn on you before you turn on me
I'm gonna turn on you can you conjure me?
And walk the mile into this web of my conspiracy
I'm gonna turn on you before you turn on me
I'm in a hole
But i don't feel the safety net
I have your soul
But i am wasting it
But oh! my love
We could still be friends
And oh! my love
With me you must contend