

The Stills, Fevered

strange like skin and
i'm leavin
stretchs over bone and
smells like honey on the wind

oh so strange, i can't remember
where the heartache ends
and the fevered begins

oooooh

seems like mary magdalena
shakes her lovers bones and
all the demons in the window

oh so strange, that dreams that haunt my bed
the heartache swells and quickens near the end
and it slows down, it slows down
til i'm shot down, i'll drown

oooooh

strange like skin and
i believe in
it leaks out of the phone
and it spills like honey
from the window

warm and strange, i can't remember
where the heartbreak mends
when the fevered remains

and i'm so down, so down
slow it down, slow down
slow down, slow down
lay down, and i will drown