

Tomahawk, Birdsong

I'll feed you now, whisper low in your ear
The way you look at me when you're hungry
Lay your head down, shoot a load in your ear
The way you look at me when you're hunted
On the slow drip down, from beak to mouth
Spit it up, it'll drown
I need it now

You've got me sick
You lie and feed
I completely need
You know I know you want it
Say you want it, pray you want it
Sanctuary