

## Receiving End Of Sirens, The "The Crop and the Pest"

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Come away  
Come away with me,  
You perfect, perfect shell  
You nautilus, nautilus

I will treat you so well  
I'll take you up from this hell  
My gracious host,  
you're my lover  
won't you be my concubine?

The pleasure's all mine  
Your pleasures are all mine  
To twist and turn around  
In figure eights and out of place  
Refuse the bounty of his right for the hunger of his left  
hand

I'm the fervor of the fever you can't sweat  
I'm the garments, stuck to your skin, drenched and  
dripping wet  
I'm a spring of flowing fume and fret

A barren spring  
Of fume and fret is coursing its' way through  
everything  
Inside of me  
And I know what won't ever sink  
Will slowly swim  
To the bottom

Just promise not to see me as I am (Or what I'll become)  
A pestilential scab  
The scarlet of sunburned skin  
I will stick to you like a wet cloth (You just can't shed)  
I will cling to you like a child to his mother's breast  
You fertile crop,  
I won't be shed.

I saw my shining shield and armor rust  
I felt my posture bow and fall to dust

But all the vigils, and the stakes I claimed  
Couldn't take the sting from out my shame  
Couldn't take the color from the stain  
That I became  
The stain that I became

I'm the fervor of the fever you can't sweat  
I'm the garments, stuck to your skin, drenched and  
dripping wet  
I'm a spring of flowing fume and fret  
I'm the melody stuck inside your head

What have I become?

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