

Stills, The "Fevered"

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Strange like skin
that I believe in
It stretches over bone
And smells like honey on the wind
All so strange
I can't remember
Where the heartache ends
And the fever it begins

Scenes of Mary Magdalena
Who shakes her lovers bones
At all the demons in the window
All so strange
The dreams that haunt my bed
Heartache swells
And quickens near the end

And then slows down
It slows down
And I lay down
And I won't try to run

Strange like skin
That I believe in
It leaks out of the phone
And spills like honey from the window
Warm and strange
I can't remember how the
Heart break mends
when the fever it remains

And then slows down
So down
So down
And i lay down
And i wont try to run

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