

Brett Anderson

"Infinite Kiss"

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And when your clothes are on the ground
and your hair is falling down
Will you surrender to it now?
Because yes only we exist in our symphony
of flesh in our universe of bliss

In the infinite kiss, the infinite kiss

As it subjugates you now, as it pins you
to the ground like a tethered animal
As it drags you by the hips and it forces

you to this, it is hell but in is bliss

It's the infinite kiss, the infinite kiss

As you move like a machine and the child within
you screams 'when was heaven so obscene?'
It's our playground of excess, it is poetry made
flesh, it's our symphony of bliss

The infinite kiss, the infinite kiss

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