

Cocteau Twins "Seekers Who Are Lovers"

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Brush by gracefully
A love as big as a risk
Fills you up
And you can't look on

The breath of God in my mouth
A love you can taste
Got get some paste
He and I, breath to breath

Clothed in saliva
Healing through your arm
I can't stop hungering for otherness

I forgot the use
My head fall out of the sky
And crashed into my palms
Jesus God, valentine

Love on the tip of it
The old rivers lack of other sweet scents
So sweet
You are a woman just as you are a man

Creeping on the gas is a magic love like
Like a flights, clouded peak
I was choking on the blood
Whose camouflages, lack of soul
Whose misty fire, muses soul

Kneeling by the harm
Which is promising the way
His poor essence, under the truth

Love and heart polish itself
I slid my heels but slowly ran
So send Lucifer into hell

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