

Abney Park "Love"

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Gentle? I think that you're mistaken.
Delicate? I went through that phase...
Tender? Want me to say I love you?
Love? I've heard it's all the rage.

Verse 1

I run my tongue down white marbled flesh,
In my hand leather, of harness on breast.

Reaching around, I claw at your cheeks,
I've bitten at this chest for weeks and weeks and for
weeks and for weeks...

Verse 2

I scratch my fingernails under your mane,
Endlessly mingling the tingling with pain.

I scramble for traction; I'm grabbing your back.
Is it love that we're making, or some sick attack?

Your skin is all glistening, from head to your toes,
Our legs are all shaky, and my growling grows.

My vision is dimming, I'm gasping for air,
Your biting the pillow, your biting your hair...

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