

Bonnie Prince Billy**"Spit Of Love"**

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There's a howlin at my window, baby
I hear him closin in
That green-eyed jackal's got the scent
Knows I'll let him in
He slinks in by me at the fire
More bitter than the cold
And it's a rage as old as Hades
That'll sputter on these coals
I'm callin on the Furies, to let the toast begin
I'm roasting on the spit of love again
I never have believed you
But I stick around for more
Somethin bout that hollow in your eyes
There's a darkness at the core
Well, it's got me slowly turnin
I'm basting on the bone
I'm skewered like some drunken fool
In juices all my own
Callin the Furies' carrion choir
Singin me back upon the pyre
I'm roasting on that spit of love again
You can call it what you want
But it's lyin just the same
There's no mercy in these ashes, baby
When your love's a cryin shame
And they're howlin in moonlight, baby
They're here to call my bluff
They're wonderin if there'll ever come a day
When I'll have finally had enough
I'm callin on the Furies, to let the toast begin
I'm roasting on that spit of love again

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