

Fransisca London

"Evil And A Heathen"

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Words fall from my mouth
Like plates from shaking hands
Smash upon the silence
Of the smooth naked canal

I'm evil and a heathen
I'm evil and a heathen
I'm a heathen and evil like you
There's not a lot
Not a lot I couldn't do

I like how you pretend
That the end will be the end
So fill your thirst
Drink a curse
To the death of death instead

I'm evil and a heathen
I'm evil and a heathen
I'm a heathen and evil like you
There's not a lot
Not a lot I wouldn't do

Utrecht led me to the Sacre Coeur
Where the smoke curled round
Now the ice blows of Lake Michigan
When the ice blows
The ice flows knocks you down

Your teeth are black with wine
As you place those lips on mine
And the moon hangs heavy and forbidden high
On the **** night of our lives

I'm evil and a heathen
I'm evil and a heathen
I'm a heathen and evil like you
There's not a lot
Not a lot we couldn't do

