

Huggy Bear

"Children Absent From Heaven says"

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This is how we fuck up.... intimacy.
An illusion to a lapse.
A hiding space within fatigue
Where bitter-blue-lips sink ships
And smug against such sabotage
Traded are secrets

The consensus is you aren't mean
"Mean" the mean they mean
Your gossip is propagative
And more like betrayal

Secrets are forever, on the lips of liars
Secrets are forever, traded for confession

Secrets are eternal, on the lips of spies
Secrets are fragmented, traded for succession

I know you can hear me, i know it totally
take your fingers out of your ears x2
I love you so tell me (once, twice, once)
What your new secret friend says is for your ears only

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