

## **Lowest Of The Low "Concave"**

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Concave  
theatre of the absurd  
Like a heat wave  
Eighth Street and twenty-third  
feeling unframed  
dripping down the chelsea steps  
tasting your name  
crushed up against my lips

in the cool blue half light  
of the car park lamp light

strange pull  
the tyranny of the divine  
cool and painful  
shivers up and down my spine  
a new distraction  
bumping up against the dark  
in fits of passion  
twisting like joan of arc

in the white hot pure flame  
of a wide eyed clear haze

you're sloppy-deep in thought  
but there's so much nothing to do  
why dont we go get lost  
in the afternoon

And the sky struggles to be born  
all pink and liminal  
bleeding half animal  
like an animal  
and you brush your chestnut hair  
and smile as wide as the sky  
like the concave of your eyes  
and the scent

of you warm orange skin's glow  
in the graveyard bed clothes  
turn the lock on the door  
pull the cord from the phone

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