

Pretty Boy Floyd

"Wildcat"

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Violet

It bleeds purple behind lucid eyes
Negatives flash reverse of real life
Promises made with India ink
Bite your lip, there's a flush in your cheeks
Hold it
Mercury pir of travellers and thieves
Grant us speed, wisdom, and winged feet
Flying through the night
Thunderbolt blinding temporary
Born of foam, we ride through moon coloured streets
There's lightning in our hair

Wildcat

Turn the volume, turn the tone
Wildcat
I'm in stereo

Pull me close; tell me it will always feel so right
In the cold chill of a crisp October night
Can you take a moment, turn it infinite?
Tell me
Love is eternal

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