

Reverend Horton Heat

"Living Reciever"

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The moment in review.
Time turns so slowly.
Your tongue and your mouth wording
Wet whispered disclosure.
Thawing me right through.
I pulse in our exchange.
The Living receiver
Belief flows from the touch of her hand.
The moment in relief.
Music between seconds.
I want to warm you, surround you, and fill you with
breath
Do I stand out in mirrors, like a cold hand of age?
Because you so spirited me, I want to steal you away.

The moment in release
Parting shattered colony.
The blush that you spent.
Not yet faded, out've my head.
Bee stung along by the sweep of the road.

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