

Schaft "Fetid Air"

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I was coming up for air
I was sick, she was despair
My mind was thrilling
Her body was willing
How I weep to sleep
I count the cost
I can't believe all that I have lost

Do you hear me?
Or feel me?
Believe me?
When I tell you could I bleed?
Less than is needless, could you be
Shamed, damned, and blamed, like I shame you?

I was gonna get my share
I was drunk on the fetid air
She was breathing
I was seething
She was blotched, beautiful, bloody, and bored
I was coming, and coming, and coming
It was running on her open sores

Do you hear me?
Or feel me?
Believe me?
When I tell you could I bleed?
Less than is needless, could you be

Shamed, damned, and blamed?

Do you hear me?
Or feel me?
Believe me?
When I tell you could I bleed?
Less than is needless, could you be
Shamed, damned, and blamed, like I shame you?
Like I shame you

I've got a legacy of hot nights and bloody heights
I was brief, baby
She was my, my, my relief

Now I hide in the light and in the love
And in this fear of a switchblade

Do you hear me?
Or feel me?
Believe me?
When I tell you could I bleed?
Less than is needless, could you be
Shamed, damned, and blamed, like I shame you?
Like I shame you, and you, and you?
Like I shame you?
Like I shame you, and you, and you?
Like I shame you?

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