

Shrug "Sweetsirengaschamber"

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you're a slow-acting potion
you draw me in like a tide
you cloud my mind like a fever
you strip away my pride
your voice calls to me from corners where you hide

my world is burning badly borne on your breeze
my head is pounding madly from your sweet disease
i tumble towards the rocks and you control the seas

sweet siren
gas chamber
such a love is this
so poison
so lovely
kill a thousand with a kiss
make it go away
make it go away

i have no expectations
of how this dream will be
i can't tell the nature of the things i'll see
you're the phantom beacon
beckoning to me
she goes in circles come in threes
she coils and hisses at my knees
she's got me walking spanish
and speaking japanese

make it go away
make it go away

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