

Arctic Death "Bathe My Heart"

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call you, begging me to call you
i'm not entertainment
mixing me into your pavement
patronize me crossly
the pictures you took were both glossy
out into the mineland
fall into my whole hand baby

bathe my bathe my heart in disappointment
both of us love the sting of the ointment
i've been trying not to follow you
we are moaning on and on and...

over it and over it
running with a hint of it
trying not to call it a sermon

be my be my excuse not to retry

this drive's got me falling and concerning

you're my cellophane
i'm your elephant
there's bones on my shoulder-blade
bones on your windowpane

but i won't open it
you wouldn't open it
sharing what we put together
calling us opponents
soaking in a mixture of displeasure and monuments.
say all this.

bathe my bathe my heart in disappointment
both of us love the sting of the ointment
i've been trying not to follow you

i've been trying not to swallow you whole

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