

## Pieta Brown

### "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  
Now 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  
Like I shame you?

I've got a legacy of hot night and bloody heights  
I was bired baby  
She was 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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