

## **Pretty Girls Make Graves "Wildcat"**

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Violet  
It bleeds purple behind lucid eyes  
Negatives flash reverse of real life  
Promises made with India ink  
Bit your lip there's a flush in your cheeks  
Hold it  
Mercury pir of travellers and thieves  
Grant us speed, wisdom, and winged feet  
Flying through the night  
Thunderbolt blinding temporary  
Born of foam, we ride through moon coloured streets

There's lightening in our hair  
Wildcat  
Turn the volume turn the tone  
Wildcat  
I'm in stereo  
Pull me close; tell it will always feel so right  
In the cold chill of a crisp October night  
Can you take a moment turn it infinite?  
Tell me  
Love is eternal

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