

The Receiving End Of Sirens "The Crop And The Pest"

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Come away,
Come away with me.
You perfect, perfect shell.
You nautilus, nautilus.

I will treat you so well,
I'll take you up from this hell.
My gracious host,
You're my lover,
Won't you be my concubine?

The pleasure's all mine,
Your pleasures are all mine.
To twist and turn around,
In figure eights and out of place.
Refuse the bounty of his right for the hunger of his left
hand.

I'm the fervor of the fever you can't sweat.
I'm the garments stuck to your skin,
Drenched and dripping wet.
I'm a spring of flowing fume and fret.
A barren spring of fume and fret is coursing it's way,
Through everything inside of me.
And I know what won't ever sink,
Will slowly swim to the bottom.

Just promise not to see me as I am (Or what I'll
become),
A pestilential scab,
The scarlet of sunburned skin.
I will stick to you like a wet cloth (You just can't shed).
I will cling to you like a child to his mother's breast.
You fertile crop, I won't be shed.

I saw my shining shield and armor rust,
I felt my posture bow and fall to dust.
But all the vigils, and the stakes I claimed,
Couldn't take the sting from out my shame,
Couldn't take the color from the stain that I became.
The stain that I became.

I'm the fervor of the fever you can't sweat.
I'm the garments stuck to your skin,
Drenched and dripping wet.
I'm a spring of flowing fume and fret,
I'm the melody stuck inside your head.

What have I become?

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