

Merchant Natalie

"Old Gospel Melody"

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Take a look at my body
Look at my hands
There's so much here that I don't understand
Your face say these promises
Whispered like prayers
I don't need them
Because I've been treated so wrong
I've been treated so long
As if I'm becoming untouchable
Well, content loves the silence
It thrives in the dark
With fine winding tendrils
That strangle the heart
They say that promises sweeten the blow
But I don't need them, no
I don't need them
I've been treated so wrong
I've been treated so long
As if I'm becoming untouchable
I'm the slow dying flower
In the frost killing hour
Sweet turning sour and untouchable
Oh, I need the darkness
The sweetness
The sadness
The weakness
Oh, I need this
I need a lullaby
A kiss good night
Angel sweet love of my life
Oh, I need this
I'm the slow dying flower
In the frost killing hour
Sweet turning sour and untouchable
Do you remember the way that you touched me before
All the trembling sweetness I loved and adored
Your face saying promised whispered like prayers
I don't need them
Oh, I need the darkness
The sweetness
The sadness

The weakness
Oh, I need this
I need a lullaby
A kiss good night
Angel sweet love of my life
Oh, I need this
Well is it dark enough
Can you see me
Do you want me
Can you reach me
Oh, I'm leaving
You better shut your mouth
And hold your breath
And kiss me now
And catch your death
Oh, I mean this
Oh, I mean this

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