

Conjure Me

Afghan Whigs

I smell your blood, my love
But I can't taste it yet
I have your mind, my love
But I can't waste it yet

Please understand, my love
I find this sickening but
My head is ice, my love
My skin is thickening

But oh my love
We could still be friends
And oh my love
With me you must contend

I'm gonna turn on you before you turn on me
I'm gonna turn on you, can you conjure me?
And walk the mile into this web of my conspiracy, oh
I'm gonna turn on you before you turn on me

I'm in a hole
But I don't feel the safety net
I have your soul
But I am wasting it

But oh my love
We could still be friends
And oh my love
With me you must contend

I'm gonna turn on you before you turn on me
I'm gonna turn on you can you conjure me?
And walk the mile into this web of my conspiracy, yeah
I'm gonna turn on you before you turn on me

I'm gonna turn on you
I'm gonna turn on you
Before you turn on me
Before you turn on me
I'm gonna turn on you
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Before you turn on me
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