

Spun

Chelsea Wolfe

I lift my eyes, I slow my gait
And I never wanna see you again
You leave me restless, you leave me hung
You leave me coiled, you leave me...

Spun, spun, spun

Awaken in a tangle of wire
I slept desperate, trying to reach you
You leave me reckless, you leave me sick
I destroy myself and then I want it again

Spun, spun, spun, spun
Spun, spun, spun

Heavy love
Coiled and spun

A brute, an angel, and a madwoman
A most elegant impediment
Was there from the start
Waiting and repeating within me
Waiting and repeating

My problem is their downthrow and upheaval
And my enquiry is as to their working
And my effort is their self-expression
But I was only rock, dust, water, and ice
And animal instincts all along

The hyperosmia and the base sense
The prodrome and the aura
The shadows and the sleep deprivation
The trichomes and the deliriants

Cut through the fear conditioning
To finally understand
It was all and everything or nothing
And all and everything or nothing

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