

Blush

Chet Faker

I try not to reason with myself.
Should be calling,
Calling for your help
The question stands is there somebody else?
Or am I falling?
Falling far from help

Visions run across my scalp like insects in the night
The only thing to lose their way is the reason they're in flight
t
Repetition breaks the room I'm living in a hole
How does one remove the thoughts that dig a deeper hole?

I kiss you blush
Some kind of lust
I want to feel my head overthrown
I've got enough
It's in the touch
I kiss your knees and I try to be bold

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