

Do your flirting in my other ear  
A vague little clue as to how you feel  
But where will you be when the lights go out?

(Digging up bones that reveal what you're all about!)

Before i touch you i would like to think  
Of black hair and butterfly milk  
Ingredients of your gift

Did you know that angels go to war  
And that it's you that they're killing for?  
So where will you be when the lights go out?

(Banging my drums with your bones as you scream and shout!)

Before i touch you i would like to think  
Of black hair and butterfly milk  
Ingredients of your gift