

Steep

Ohbijou

This could be our last resort
Let's cut these limbs that weigh us down
The spies hide out in smoky leaves
Our love is sweet espionage

My temper flares with moves off course
Romance misplaced in busy days
The night sinks like stones in this dirty gut
That haunt with the ghosts our bodies make

And I swing sweet
And skim these streets
That hold me in one piece

And dismiss these spells
of wishing wells
whose costs on me
have been too steep