

The Crop And The Pest

The Receiving End of Sirens

Come away,
Come away with me.
You perfect, perfect shell.
You nautilus, nautilus.

I will treat you so well,
I'll take you up from this hell.
My gracious host,
You're my lover,
Won't you be my concubine?

The pleasure's all mine,
Your pleasures are all mine.
To twist and turn around,
In figure eights and out of place.
Refuse the bounty of his right for the hunger of his left hand.

A barren spring of fume and fret is coursing it's way,
(I'm the fervor of the fever you can't sweat.)
Through everything inside of me.
(I'm the garments stuck to your skin,)
And I know what won't ever sink,
(Drenched and dripping wet.)
Will slowly swim to the bottom.
(I'm a spring of flowing fume and fret.)

Just promise not to see me as I am (Or what I'll become),
A pestilential scab,
The scarlet of sunburned skin.
I will stick to you like a wet cloth (You just can't shed).
I will cling to you like a child to his mother's breast.
You fertile crop, I won't be shed.

I saw my shining shield and armor rust,
I felt my posture bow and fall to dust.
But all the vigils, and the stakes I claimed,
Couldn't take the sting from out my shame,
Couldn't take the color from the stain that I became.
The stain that I became.

I'm the fervor of the fever you can't sweat.
I'm the garments stuck to your skin,
Drenched and dripping wet.
I'm a spring of flowing fume and fret,
I'm the melody stuck inside your head.

What have I become?