

She Speaks the Language

AFI

If you'd tell me it's real
I can make an appeal
To the controlling fragile child.
Let me speak. He won't make sense
Until we reach the consequence.
It's voluntary like your smile,
As he quakes.

Now I know
This must be love.
Now I know
Now I know
This, this must be love.
Now I know
This must be love.

This must be love.
Oh.

When you dared me to feel,
When I made that appeal
To the incorrigible child
You stuffed his mouth with dirty rags
And tied his head within a bag
Pitch black and silken like your smile.
He's silent...

Now I know
This must be love.
Now I know (oh)
Now I know
This, this must be love.
Now I know

Little drops upon my cuffs
(Little drops upon my cuffs)
Let me know this must be love.
Red, red, drops upon my cuffs
(Red, red, drops upon my cuffs)
Let me know this must be love.
Now I know this must be...
This must be love

Now I know
This must be love.
Now I know (oh)
Now I know
This, this must be love.
Now I know
This must be love.

Little drops upon my cuffs
(Little drops upon my cuffs)
This must be love.
Let me know this must be love.
This must be love.
Red, red, drops upon my cuffs

(Red, red, drops upon my cuffs)
This must be love.
Let me know this must be love.
Now I know this must be...
This must be love