

Enemy, love.

John Mark McMillan

I don't trust a fool
I don't trust myself
I don't want to bother you
With all of my doubt and regret
Said I wouldn't bury you
I promise that I'm doing my best
But I think I'm losing my head
Losing my head

Heaven in a china girl
Heaven in an empty dress
Heaven in three wild birds
Heaven in an empty nest
Said I wouldn't miss one minute
Said I wouldn't buckle under stress
But I think I'm losing my head
I'm losing my head

Oh, Christ!
Do you wake my ghost?
Sometimes, it seems impossible
Did you give your body
Up to forge my trust?
Did you give your body up
Just to suffer for my savage love?

We've got dreams
And there are things you know that I thought that I wanted
But now it seems they don't mean to me as much as I thought
And not that I'm being ungrateful
Yeah, and I know what I hold in my hands
But I think I'm losing my head
I'm losing my head

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Sometimes, it seems impossible
Did you give your body
Up to forge my trust?
Did you give your body up
Just to suffer for my savage love?

I'm willing, but I'm weak
So come and talk to me
I don't want to, want to be, want to be
Your enemy, love
I'm willing, but I'm weak
So come and talk to me
I don't want to, want to be, want to be
Want to be your enemy, love

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