

between piety and desire

Kristin Hersh

Incense, strawberry candles and soap
Way to butcher a street

There are spells, dizzying spells
You can smell them coming
A torture on the breeze

Did you call me?
What did you call me?
Trying to turn the other cheek

All clean junkies miss dirty secrets
We're gonna die so what the fuck
We're only here through sheer dumb luck

And we don't like the shit between piety and desire
No we don't like the shit
Cuz we belong in it