

## 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