

Angel of Small Death & the Codeine Scene

Hozier

I watch the work of my kin bold and boyful
Toying somewhere between love and abuse
Calling to join them the wretched and joyful
Shaking the wings of their terrible youth
Freshly disowned in some frozen devotion
No more alone or myself could I be
Looks like I strayed to the arms that were open
No shortage of sordid, no protest from me

With her sweetened breath, and her tongue so mean
She's the angel of small death and the codeine scene
With her straw-blond hair, her arms hard and lean
She's the angel of small death and the codeine scene

Feeling more human and hooked on her flesh I
Lay my heart down with the rest at her feet
Fresh from the fields, all fetor and fertile
It's bloody and raw, but I swear it is sweet

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Leash-less confusion I wander the concrete
Wonder if better now having survived
Jarring of judgement and reasons defeat
The sweet heat of her breath in my mouth I'm alive

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