

Xiu Xiu, Save Me Save Me

Though this is all you'll ever get
It would be a strange delite
No eyes no nose no mind
The grey light of Porto stays with you
Oh how can you love a tiny bug impressed
By the night when you cut yourself?
Save me Save me
Your body rotten as the last melon
On the vine
Pull your shirt down
Save me Save me

Press my thumb onto your tounge
Hand a knife up to me
No mouth no neck no rest
The white poem of self hate stays with you
Even though you know a chance to cut
Is still a chance to cure
Pull your legs apart
Save me save me
Your body doomed as the last apple
On the tree so let me hurt you

Save me save me
Save me save me
Oh how can you love a tiny bug impressed
By the night
Save me save me
Your body rotten as the last melon
On the vine