

Immanence

Stuart Davis

When we cum your skin is mine
as if we die and combine
and then we spill our souls
in sacred folds

Every body wants to taste
a little something carbon-based
Sex is proof the Holy Ghost
crawls around in stuff that's gross
Yeah

There's a serpent in my body
right below my belly
When I crave an apple
you are redder than an orchard

We tangle up like rubber bands
We make more noise than pots and pans
Bodies join in novel ways
Before they're buried and decayed

Every body wants to taste
a little something carbon-based
Sex is proof the Holy Ghost
crawls around in stuff that's...

Conflating, inter-penetrating

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>