

WENDLA – MELCHIOR. THE WORD OF YOUR BODY

WENDLA

Just too unreal, all this
Watching the words fall from my lips

MELCHIOR

Baiting some girl with hypotheses

BOTH

Haven't you heard the word of your body?

MELCHIOR

Don't feel a thing, you wish

WENDLA

Grasping at pearls with my fingertips

MELCHIOR

Holding her hand like some little tease

BOTH

Haven't you heard the word of my wanting?

O, I'm gonna be wounded
O, I'm gonna be your wound
O, I'm gonna bruise you
O, you're gonna be my bruise

Just too unreal, all this...

WENDLA

Watching his world slip through my fist

MELCHIOR

Playing with her in your fantasies

BOTH

Haven't you heard the word – how I want you?

O, I'm gonna be wounded
O, I'm gonna be your wound
O, I'm gonna bruise you
O, you're gonna be my bruise