

# Jump Little Children, Lovers Greed

What is it in nature which lends its hand  
To the tongues of young wondering lovers in flight  
That by the silent boot of a dying word  
A scythe was taught to moan and to write  
What is it that is left for the blushing cheek  
To blink the lips of a blooming rose  
When lovers' eyes as black as summer crows  
Picked the blackened rose that they sought  
What has not been taken by lover's greed  
What then from all the vine and seed  
On the fragrant air of spring they feed  
They come in swarms of two like me and you  
Fattened by the love that they need

What has not been taken by a lover's greed  
On and on they come  
Forever saying I would die without you  
In the chasm of these eyes  
Nothing satisfies  
Staring into the starry-eyed infinite  
Can't get enough  
Why is it then my pen should stall?  
When by your wondrous eyes I shake  
When we, this world is ours to take  
What has not been taken by a lover's greed