

Jump, Lover's Greed

What is it in nature which lends its hand
To the tongues of young wondering lovers in flight,
That by the silent mood 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 seeked?

What has not been taken by a lover's greed?
What has not been taken by a 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?
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 of it
Can't get enough...
Can't get enough of it
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?