## Autumn, Resurrection

another year grows cold and closer still to another year i take an image - a scent of us - and will it to become closed eyes send you back to me and you will never leave again a memory of our sex has stained me and to taste myself upon your willing lips it would release me with no regrets and no remorse the loss is imminent but the gain was great these things are mine for now and always.always and i would follow you anywhere and i would take you with me and i would follow you and i would take you another day grows tired and so returns me to this place lights extinguished - now all is still - i can feel you start to breath closed eyes send you back to me and you will never leave again the torture of this ritual is staining me but with fervor i reach out and draw you in with the hope that you may release me with no regrets and no remorse the loss is imminent but the gain was great these things are mine for now and always and i would follow you anywhere and i would take you with me and when the dreams come i would follow you anywhere when the dreams come i would take you with me don't you know that i would follow you anywhere