

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