

Blood Has Been Shed, Of Sand And Sulfer

I know we have been here before
countless times engaged
in an empty embrace
your every word teh touch of satin
everything you do is a cold blade in my ribs
leaving me breathless
suffocating my thoughts

and I am helpless to your beauty
my eyes and woulds are still weeping
let it dry up so I can fly again

biting my tongue in hopes that words
of weakness don't escape
counting the days
counting the moments
to dream of you again
waiting always waiting