

# Empires, My Poor Lover

My poor lover arrives at my door  
I hope she comes in blind or sexually sore  
'Cause I am guilty, my clothes on the floor  
And not hers among them, 'cause I needed more

I shook the evil down from the cave in my mind  
And I let loose the demon I kept hidden for a time  
Born with another voice that I stifle so deep  
And it scares me to hear it, I lose sight of everything

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I still affiliate with the whims of my youth  
When I held many other girls with a heart so aloof  
I grew to never lose what I feared to become  
And it's part of reflection I had missed when we begun

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