Exit, 53 Hours

your words seem so vague
from hot lips, from your cold lips
mostly forgetting more than just the topic
melting eyes losing sight and breaking away
fighting a memory of the touch
my eyes catching hold and wishing to stay
but instead only just wishing away
mine so wild and taken aback
on a three month ride
this whole concept mirrors
this never-ending dream of love,
struggle for love
in which no one wins, but
someone seems to hurt
melting eyes losing sight and breaking away
fighting a memory of the touch
my eyes catching hold and wishing to stay
but instead only just wishing away
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