

Flowers From The Man Who Shot Your Cousin, L

Don't come to me with forever
I love you more with each new day
But there is nothing everlasting
And Death blows promises away

Don't tell me I don't have no secrets
There's still a place I wanta be
There's still a path I haven't wandered
But I'm afraid of where it leads

Let me hold your hands
Your arms, your sides
The small of your back
Your shoulders and
Your wrists, your thighs
Your ankles and I'll
Find my way inside
You say I don't deserve emotions
That my devotion isn't true
You say I gotta find my place
Well my place is inside of you

So don't be hasty in your judgment
Don't pull the bag over my head
For there are many here who hunger
And there are many who despair

Lay down your arms
Your hair, your gown
The scroll of your spine
Hand me your head
Your waist, your breath
Your nipples and I'll
Find my way inside