

# Sinai Beach, Candice

She grabs me, takes me to the bed once more.  
I'm just a baby, but she's done it all before.  
Taken advantage of a two year old, raped his innocence.  
And what for? Power?  
Well I hope you got your score.  
You ruined me; my physical communication to other beings,  
my overall sense of feeling.  
I wish I could cut your memories from my brain.  
They haunt me, isolating me, infecting me with fear.  
A fear of a touch, and fear of women.  
Didn't you think that you would turn me into a man that's afraid of a touch?  
It's just skin against skin, but it freezes me from within.  
This english-burdened tongue cannot express how plagued I feel.  
The slightest touch brings me back to her lust, to her perverseness.  
Dear God, take this away.