

Versaemerge, whisperer

You play my nerves like strings, all upside down.
Try to keep straight... my limbs are bonding now.
Since a few aprils ago, endless chase
to send away this... tireless persistence of taste.
With a touch of your words
I saw the devil sneak between my fingers (all to familiar)
With a touch of your words
I've learned to reverse. It's gotten me no where...
A deep shade of horizon gold...
the constellations remind me I am home.
We were lit from the west, our silhouettes,
yet a sight of industrial-ness
as the silence wins over every word.
What am I supposed to think about wondering round inside out...?
Patterns don't feel right, still speaking like you know what I'm all about