

Love

Abney Park

Gentle? I think that you're mistaken
Delicate? I went through that phase
Tender? Want me to say I love you?
Love? I heard it's all the rage

I run my tongue down white marbled flesh
In my hand leather, of harness on breast
Reaching around, I claw at your cheeks
I've bitten at this chest for weeks and weeks and for weeks and
for weeks...

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I scratch my fingernails under your mane
Endlessly mingling the tingling with pain
I scramble for traction, I'm grabbing your back
Is it love that we're making, or some sick attack?

Your skin is all glistening, from your head to your toes,
My legs are all shaky, and my growling grows
My vision is dimming, I'm gasping for air,
You're biting the pillow, and biting your hair..
(panting)

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