

## 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...

Gentle? I think you're mistaken  
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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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s and for weeks...  
For weeks and for weeks and for weeks...