

Tell Me You've Taken Another

Black Tape for a Blue Girl

And yet the fever burns and I live with this ideal of eyes upon her flesh, taking what is mine.

I decry their foolish belief: "A lover should be hidden like a treasure".

They talk of duty when there only should be questions of pleasure.

I toss their commandments asunder, "thou shall not desire that thy wife is coveted..."

Yet there is a painful joy.

Take my hands, look in my eyes, tell me you've taken another.

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I look up to her with ecstatic burning eyes like a martyr. Crawling on bloodied knees.

I no longer separate the shame from the pleasure it arouses.

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What feeling could be more pure than betrayal by she who he loves?

Take my hands, look in my eyes, tell me you've taken another.

Do you know this joy of being betrayed and left like a dog?

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