

Of Sand And Sulfur

Blood Has Been Shed

I know we have been here before
Countless times engaged
In an empty embrace
Your every word the touch of satin
Everything you do is a cold blade in my ribs
Leaving me breathless
Suffocating my thoughts
And I am helpless to your beauty
My eyes and wounds are still weeping
Let it dry up so I can fly again
Biting my tongue in hopes that words
Of weakness don't escape
Counting the days
Counting the moments
To dream of you again
Waiting always waiting