There were words of lust in these arms of the stranger And there in silence though were words of no milder So in thinking of that madness that ravage the thoughts in the loneliest of hours

I resist without control

The demand I get from excellence the void I felt from answering Not only an addition It generated need In these endless nights of freezing my weight on the other side

I resist without control Feel the thorns of UnControl

Claws that set in sleep' December Let loose on the verge Talked to me as strangers once did The tone was set for winter

Sweet UnControl
Beyond proportion
Into the night
So strike me deeper

I resist without control Feel the thorns of UnControl

the death that craved no life now ended in return Drifting uncontrolably Within the night

Sweet UnControl
Beyond proportion
Into the night
So strike me deeper