

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 sleeps 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 uncontrollably
within the night