

Blemish

In Dying Arms

I've never felt so exhilarated,
i can't picture this frame being broken.
A fragile display of what we are,
fragile, be gentle,
don't break what we have.

My hands slide down your perfect structure.
My senses are tightening by the second.
I could never see this bind breaking.
I see you on your knees like how is your fucking kind.
You disgust me like a slut. You disgust me like a cunt.

The scars spread all around yourself,
if you're so pure, then whats that blemish.
Your blemish