

## Want

## Recoil

I want to know how it will end.  
I want to be sure of what it will cost.  
I want to strangle the stars for all they promised me. I want you to call me on your drug phone.  
I want to keep you alive so there is always the possibility of murder later.  
I want to be there when you learn the cost of desire. I want you to understand that my malevolence is just a way to win.  
I want the name of the ruiner.  
I want matches in case I have to suddenly burn.  
I want you to know that being kind is overrated.  
I want to write my secret across your sky.  
I want to watch you lose control.  
I want to watch you lose.  
I want to know exactly what it's going to take.  
I want to see you insert yourself into glory.  
I want your touches to scar me so I'll know where you've been.  
I want you to watch when I go down in flames.  
I want a list of atrocities done in your name.  
I want to reach my hand into the dark and feel what reaches back. I want to remember when my nightmares were clearer.  
I want to be there when your hot black rage rips wide open.  
I want to taste my own kind.  
I want to be wrapped in cold wet sheets to see if it's different on this side.  
I want you to come on strong. I want to leave you out in the cold.  
I want the exact same thing but different.  
I want some soft drugs...some soft, soft drugs.  
I want to throw you.  
I want you to know I know.  
I want to know if you read me.  
I want to swing with my eyes shut and see what I hit.  
I want to know just how much you hate me so I can predict what you'll do.  
I want you to know the wounds are self-inflicted.  
I want a controlling interest. I want to be somewhere beautiful when I die. I want to be your secret hater. I want to stop destroying you but I can't. And I want and I want and I want and I will always be hungry.  
And I want and I want and I want.