

# Hunger

Rökkurró

I took your hand  
and cut you open.  
I stole your heart  
and drained your vessels  
to see if you had the will,  
the courage.  
But the hunger,  
the hunger we shared.

My bloody hands,  
digging in your dark corners,  
finding all your demons  
and introducing them to mine.

My sweetest spot  
was your weak spot.  
When I grew stronger  
you grew weaker.  
The blank in between  
two transparent faces.

The rope is pulling tighter.

How deep can we go  
before we drown?  
How deep can we go  
before we drown?  
How long will you follow,  
blindfolded?