

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?