

It's bending and pretending

Flighty on most nights, when the sheets are too wet to notice...

Its crushing weight enraptures me, filled to capacity but still hollow

I'll follow you anywhere...through highs and lows...into the throws of passion and despair

It's the I don't care, the I moved on, the why do you need a title to be happy

Because I LET YOU HAVE ME

I let you have my smile and my soft lips, my mind and my eager hips...my money my time my focus...

It's Hocus Pocus

Witchcraft

Voodoo

And it was so new...at one point in time...it was fresh...

Your breath against the back of my neck. Hands all over, desperate to feel everything inside

It's all a lie...

Love