

The Soft Collision

Machines of Loving Grace

Soft now- the lips that dragged me down
Soft now- until I hit the ground
The night is soft
The light is soft
And i don't want to wear this off- tonight
Sleep alone- seems to me
The virus bleeds

Soft now- she played her love scenes well soft now-
Should have sensed the sulfur smell
Soften the blow
Finger to tongue tongue to finger
Honey smear
Finger to tongue tongue to finger
Soften the blow