

The Game

Action Action

Don't want to fall in love when it's in front of us. Why can't we dream? Fantasize without compromise, a tear duct short of an alibi. Please thaw me out, and brush me off. Is love is quite the fallacy, underneath the mystery? So, you finally came right out of my head and into my arms. Now these feelings I know, I'll never let go. I've beaten the game. My alter ego's upstairs strung out on the couch. I need a touch of innocence, so comfortable. So velvet lush and nectarous, there is a price to pay for dreaming. Is love an emergency? Join in my perplexity!