

## Of Sand And Sulfur

### Blood Has Been Shed

I know we have been here before  
Countless times engaged  
In an empty embrace  
Your every word the touch of satin  
Everything you do is a cold blade in my ribs  
Leaving me breathless  
Suffocating my thoughts  
And I am helpless to your beauty  
My eyes and wounds are still weeping  
Let it dry up so I can fly again  
Biting my tongue in hopes that words  
Of weakness don't escape  
Counting the days  
Counting the moments  
To dream of you again  
Waiting always waiting