

My Poor Lover

Empires

My poor lover arrives at my door
I hope she comes in blind or sexually sore
'Cause I am guilty, my clothes on the floor
Not hers among them, cause I needed more

I shook the evil down from the cave in my mind
And I let loose a demon I kept hidden for a time
Born with another voice that I stifle so deep
And it scares me to hear it, I lose sight of everything

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I still affiliate with the whims of my youth
When I held many other girls with a heart so aloof
I grew to never lose what I feared to become
and it's part of reflection I had missed when we begun.

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