

Stop, stop,
do not engage with the wrong
kind of
nasty people down by the
rail lines,
playing games without any thought
for your heart and your body,

Are you feeling
like your walls are closing in?
Are you feeling tired?ÿ

Love, lust,
kitten in the bath, don't get
her wet,
or you'll be covered in scratches when
trains cost
more than enough to burn all the
hope hearts
you drew on your letters.

And I'm feeling
like I'm out of energy.
And I'm dreaming of
your warmth against my skin...

Your warmth against my skin...

And the mother will send you the message,
there's tea in the post and there's stains on the
bedsheets.
The smile on my face will hurt you I know, but we
live in our lies as we love through our loss...

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