

Introspective (B)

Sparks

So, I said it: I killed my wife

I didn't mean to... God knows I didn't mean to
She woke up, so beautiful
She looked at me and smiled... That smile
She is... was, a very shy person you see... and I know
I knew this shy smile meant she wanted to fuck
But this time, I pretended not to get it
And I kept on pretending and so she said it
Ever so shyly: "Please, Henry, fuck me, Henry..."
And I could see the effort in her smile... for her to ask that.
.. to say those dirty words... to be wicked and bold... so out
of character
That very shy smile I loved so much... But I couldn't answer
I couldn't meet her desire
'Cause yes, being in love makes me sick... sick!
I'd been sleepless all night, you see, suffocating, suffocated
by love... a wreck... absolutely no desire left

Come on Henry, drop it, please!

What? Am I letting you know more than you care to know about me
?

Uh-huh

About her? Sex? Death?