

To yield to the comfort of your gravelly voices.
I'll cure them. Deep down you knew I made mind.

I'll convince myself ever the idea it's just a game, no one gets
bruised.
Let's keep it playful and stay blindfolded.
In all fairness, for you, I never meant to rely open my eyes.
Your whispering breath could have been enough of a trail if only
my ears still weren't sealed.
Guide me. Oh your scent!

I can finally feel their gentle caresses over my face

Sitting on your tail, you give me such a battering high.
Within your reach nothing affects me besides deceit.
Untouchable while at the lowest, abusing weakness of mind.

Overwrite the archetype.
Absolute yet guilty.
This is self-treason.

Let the gates ajar and find yourself defaced.
There's no way back, nothing to emend.
You already fed over all I have.
Never satiated and digging even deeper, so thirsty.
I'm a dry fruit now, what more do you want from me?