

Vert "Tomb"

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literature always reads
the cut bleeds
the puppy feeds
and a soul needs
and a soul bleeds unless it feeds
laying there I never saw
the ground move from under me
staring at the stars with you
I'm swallowed by the lie
of never seeing where I am
for one moment I can understand
I would give you anything
anypart of me
my haert beets faster than light
it's a dark world no candle in the night
well my soul is wanting yours
my haert is wanting syone
my life begs for early death
when I'm with you you're all alone
and a soul bleeds
bleeds on me and you
and when we're one
we fall apart
die alone with a blank tomb stone
that reads...

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