

## Battles

### "Dark Entries"

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Caressing bent up to the jug again  
With sheaths and pills  
Invading all those stills  
In a hovel of a bed  
I will scream in vain  
Oh please miss lane  
Leave me with some pain  
Went walking through this city's neon lights  
In fear of disguising my warping seathing  
Pressure lines and graceless heirs  
Intangible of price  
Trying so hard to find what? what was right  
I came upon your room it stuck into my head  
We leapt into the bed degrading even lice  
You took delight in taking down  
All my shielded pride  
Until exposed became my darker side  
Puckering up and down some avenue of sin  
Too cheap to ride they're worth a try  
If only for the old times cold times  
Don't go waving your pretentious love  
He's soliciting on his tan brown brogues  
Girating through some lonesome devils row  
Pinpointing well meaning upper class prey  
Of walking money checks possessing holes  
He often sleekly offers his services  
Exploitation of his finer years  
Work with loosely woven fabrics  
Of lonely office clerks  
Any lay suffices his dollar green eye

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