

Dearestazazel "Touch"

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Wandering eyes through the rain
The water was cold and my hands were shaking
I took a taste
It was such a waste
Left a line of blood upon my face
Voices emerge from the crowd inside
Their bodies entwined
Moving side to side
A mob of flesh
It was easy to hide
I laid my head on the door and closed my eyes

It smelled so sweet so I came in close
And in the din of the lights I couldn't possibly know that
this would turn to something deadly in the sense of
being dead

And then this touch...
It became a scene
Futile attempts to return clean
And half a heart that hopes for it to mean a little more
than touch for touch

Touch me
Touch me
Hold me close and never let me go
Touch me
Hold me
Leave me dead and never let me know you never
wanted this

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