

Demise Of Eros "Smoke Rings"

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Another night of the same charade
I find myself wanting her call
Yet dreading the sound of the ring
Have I come to love my self-imposed confinement?
Do I loathe the one in the mirror or just not enough?
These smoke rings remind me
That I am just as hollow and undirected
Winter approaches and with it come
The nights of aimless wandering
The sky and the temperature have nothing
On this gray soul and this cold heart
Desiring anything but what I know I need
If there was no way into your warmth
I would have let the ice in these veins
Still my heart long ago

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