

## **The Bled "Needs"**

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As the moon waxed and waned,  
He felt the depth of his love shoot right to the surface.  
Overwhelmed by the once suppressed need to devour  
something whole.  
The shapes began to shift and right before his eyes,  
his angel became his meal.  
Call off your hunt, that kill is mine.  
I'm leaving town with her blood on my breath, lord  
knows when we'll feed again.  
I walked away with her hand on my chest, lord knows  
when we'll feed again.  
Angel, keep your wings clean.  
And don't get near him if he isn't "me" angel,  
Until his eyes go red to blue,  
Keep your thoughts as pure as gold,  
Cause he can read your mind and his head ain't right,  
no.  
Before the fever leaves our home pray for his  
salvation.  
He'll say he means no harm.  
Eclipsed eternally now by the echoes of her final  
breath.  
Roaming tormented from town to town to forever stalk  
the highway.  
The shapes began to shift and right before my eyes,  
you become my meal.  
Call off your hunt, that kill is mine.

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