

Emanuel "The Hotline"

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Breathing hard. Static on the line. I'll never get enough.
Emptiness of telephonic sex.
I imagine you undressing and i can barely stand.
Turn down the lights.
Your mouth turns me to rust.
So let's unwind.
You can't escape the hotline.
Take your picture. Bite you on the neck. It's all i wanna
do.

Secretly romancing the recluse.
There is no touch. I am dead inside. This is all that's
left.
Where are you now?
I need your voice.
I've been wrapped up tight and spending all my
nights...
There's not enough.
You can't stop now I'm almost there.

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