

Kingston Falls

"Diplomacy, Day 8"

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I'd waive the fare to the portal, of the existence
between us.
I'm longing for moments with you, perfection.
And you're proof of it.
I'd drink the poison from the bottom of your scarlet
eyes.
Together you and I.
And excreting aspirations.

Time stands still on angel's wings.
Your wings; you angel.
(So let's find a road where no one goes and make a
toast, here's to the night).
Don't be foolish; this is only time stepping around us.
Everything seems so still.

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