

Odd Nordstoga

"Dry Touch"

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The tide is always crashing, and things are never the same underneath. only the waves stay consistent. so lets put this behind us. we know things aren't the same. hope plays a decietful role in this scharade we call love. did i win. does anyone win? my lips longing for your touch. like a desert in summer. dry and desolate. another lost soul barried beneath this mound of regret. how can i take this back. if i did would you take me back. the moonlight reflects the image of a dream that is long over. revive me, this cold is taking over. hope plays a decietful role in this scharade we call love. did i win. does anyone win? my lips longing for touch, longing for your touch. fuck you. who said this is a game?my lips longing for your touch.like a desert in summer. dry and desolate. another lost soul barried beneath this mound of regret.

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