

Penknifelovelife

"On The Contrary, Everything Is Going To Be Bad"

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The lampposts will burn as they witness each scene,
where the chalk outlines
mark the place where we once slept.

The sweetest kisses come from killers

wrap your hands around my waist, don't let go, hold
your breath.

The air is dead, turn the lights out on board.

My dearest, we are make believe, hollow, with no eyes.

lets never let this stop

I will rock the sound of your heart tonight.

I don't want to fall asleep in anyone else's arms.

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