

State Of Being "Instinct"

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Your scent
It's on the ground
No matter how i fight it, my instinct hunts you down
Your words
Are so profound
And my appetite's enticed by every single syllable you
sound
As my instinct hunts you down
You roam
And you breathe
The midnight air - the spider's web
The dust blows thru the trees
You roam
And you breathe
The midnight air - this tangled web
The fear blows thru the trees
I grope the air
My fingers clutch
Your instinct to run is overcome in need of touch

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