

## **The Killing Moon** **"A Book Of Love Stories"**

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The homeade scars on my arms are slowly fading  
Just as your fingernails are setting in to begin a new  
chapter  
So sink in as deep as you can and I will do the same  
We can share one sensation and ignore the flourescent  
riddles  
In your eyelids and you surrender  
It is something that I never intended to risk  
Your skin is a canvas for my heart to paint  
So let go and if we're careful not to breathe  
We'll hear nothing and see everything we are feeling  
In each other's eyes  
Is is something that I never intended to risk  
Without devotion all words turn to scabs  
Unity is letting nothing be predeterminded  
Unity is letting us be ourselves  
Unity is letting each page write itself  
Our book came to be unannounced  
Our book of days, our book of loe stories  
Each promise that I break is a day's draft burned  
forever  
These are limits that I never intended to reach

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