

## Sparks

### "The Scene: Your Bedroom"

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The thought seems to be too much, I shrink at the  
incline of your touch  
Your fingertips are needles to my skin. They sink  
straight down to the core  
Revealing the things we can't ignore... said sweetheart.  
Your tearing through my veins

The fires burn - I'm in your bedroom  
The tables turn - Well do you miss this?  
You make it all the same.  
The mirror stares - The Scene: Your bedroom  
Reflection glares - We're flirting kisses  
You wouldn't have this any other way.

And maybe next time when you reach to grab my hand,  
I'll pull away.  
I've seen your intent, and it's not much to be proud of...  
So why don't you just stay the hell over there with your  
prim and proper friends?  
The wannabes and maybe next time I'll let you stay with  
me.

(Was I just the last chance to be the rise in your  
mattress?)

It's not worth it. Just stay with me

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