

# Memoir

## Gossamer

The city lights are beckoning  
Their sirens softly call  
All the fantasists and fetishist  
Are preparing for their ball  
We've been stuck here on the doorstep  
With nothing to forsake  
But we might as well be anyone's to take  
So I give myself to strangers  
Like I gave myself to you  
The tenderness I felt has been replaced

By something new  
And in the end I can vaguely hear  
An outline of your call  
But I may as well be any words at all  
Every memory is sailing  
To the kingdom of your soul  
As you patiently await  
I lose my sense of self-control  
For you were the lighthouse to my broken boat  
But I left you behind  
Now I might as well be anyone's to find

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