I'm Cold And There Are Wolves After Me

iwrestledabearonce

Never wanted to forget our last looks
Our kindling lust
In the corner of your eye
A lingering inside
The last place you and I...
This is the place where you and I call our home
Hands touching
He turns them into gold
And the rhythm of my heart
Smile
Bites at me
Lips cry red salt
He makes me stay golden
While caressing my flesh
He rips me open
With my eyes closed so tightly
He cradles me
Softly we drift into sleep
Turning hands into minerals
I melt into him
My bones depart from me
I open my hands into a pool of water
Creating the sound of waves, animals, and creatures
Waves of hair drift over your ears
Waves of hair drift to the rhythm of your heart
What is mine is yours
What is yours is forever mine

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