

# Out of Context

[elora danon](#)

i call action to the scene  
only a small fraction will make it to the screen  
this is but a contorted synapse of your perceptionthis is exactly where I wanted us to be  
left without something I can't find in you  
sparked by an intermittent touch  
I am sure that you never again will have all of mea weary transgression has made its transit  
to my yearning heart  
this lead will fit better when it's lodged between  
your cowardice  
slowing your palpitationsthis game is hardly a softer version of an eye to eye  
causing me to think of places come and gone  
well tonight you'll know I'm here  
as my breath trickles up your thighpucker up and taste the pain this time  
c'mon baby pucker up taste the pain insidea weary transgression has made its transit  
to my yearning heart  
this lead will fit better when it's lodged between  
your cowardice  
slowing your palpitationsyou will forever know my face (is beautiful) like the back of your hand  
you will forever know my face (is beautiful) like the back of your handthe chalk outline tells me us won't work  
I don't think you'll make it back this time  
the chalk outline tells me us won't work  
I don't think you'll make it back this time  
the chalk outline tells me us won't work  
I don't think you'll make it back this time

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