

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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