Dark Entries

Black Atmosphere

Caressing bent up to the jug again with sheaths and pills
Invading all those stills in a hovel of a bed
I will scream in vain
Oh please miss lane, leave me with some pain
Went walkin' through this city's neon lights
In fear of disguising my warping seathing
Pressure lines and graceless heirs, intangible of price
Trying so hard to find what was right
I came upon your room it stuck into my head
We leapt into the bed degrading even lice
You took delight in taking down, all my shielded pride
Until' exposed became my darker side
Puckering up and down some avenue of sin
Too cheap to ride they're worth a try
If only for the old times, cold times
Don't go waving your pretentious love
He's soliciting on his tan brown brogues
Gyrating through some lonesome devil's row
Pinpointing well meaning upper class prey
Of walking money checks possessing holes
He often sleekly offers his services
Exploitation of his finer years
Work with loosely woven fabrics of lonely office clerks
Any lay suffices his dollar green eye
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