

The Taste Of The Floor

Have Heart

The taste of the floor reminds me of the skin
That leaves me in oceans of my soul
Without a shore. So alone,
So we'll hold
Those barren bodies
Beret of any soul
To get back what
The "middle of the nights" stole:
The forgotten feeling of feeling whole. But the loneliness
Of our togetherness
Creates an empty nest
For the emptiness
Freezing in this chest.
So can you make me feel good?
Me me feel complete?
Help me return to a dream of a love
Worth more than
Dirt and meat.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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