Hotline

Emanuel

Breathing hard. Static on the line. I'll never get enough.
Emptiness of telephonic sex.
I imagine you undressing and i can barely stand.
Turn down the lights.
Your mouth turns me to rust. So let's unwind.
I can't escape the hotline.
Take your picture. Bite you on the neck. It's all i wanna do.
Secretly romancing the recluse.
There is no touch. I am dead inside. This is all that's left.
Where are you now? I need your voice.
I've been wrapped up tight and spending all my nights...
There's not enough.
You cant stop now I'm almost there.

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