

The Storyteller

DisJam

I have loved you a thousand times,
cared not a whit you were not mine.
The wise men say I dove too deep,
but fools can swim and breathe in sleep. Under the blue, under the air,
Magicians we can conjure where
the slightest sigh above the floor
is like a scream we do bear more
interest to cease
desire within split seconds of a pause so thin. This shooting breathes like molten glass
and so we blow it is our task,
to tender well the shyest need
the silent prayer as thought were deed.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>