Cyclical

Kins

Slide into my open legs, I'm longing to be vicarious in my deceit.Hooked on the pull, forever playin', how i long for...I wanted to say, I can make no sense.
I ponder my thoughts back and forth,
I ponder til death do us apart.
Is this all it is, til the end?
Is this all there is to comprehend?
I got what I needed,
I befriended who I need.Round and round again
relieving none of the faults.
Delve the sensation
before it oozes out mold.

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