

# 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.

Lyrics provided by

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