Baboon

This Town Needs Guns

While time waits for no man
Ill be here in winter.
Tear down your baracades
so I may enter.Your lips are warm
they comfort me.
Open up
and lets begin.So Ill lay on this
bed that I have made.
So soundly sleep
and whisper your name.Oooooh youyou burn me up.One touch and I am in
a trance like state.
Entwinning our fates to another
the cost of our will now both bound to each other.
What was in your head
when you said
until death?The marks upon your skin
tell tales while envy
mocks without remorse
and ties you up in knots.One touch and I am in
a trance like state.
Entwinning our fates to another
the cost of our will now both bound to each other.
What was in your head
when you said
until death?Your lies unfold
like lines that were left
in turn and consequently
told all.

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