

Appetites

Jib Kidder

She, I'm told, is up and out here.
Never let me know so I become my own one.
Aside from truth, my own: in piles, in nightmares.
Appetite for love, I see you in the nighttime.
Alive, though born in mud, in waves of nightmares.
Metal in your head and magnified inside me.
Through tooth to bone, I'm on you. Stop me !
Never let me go, I cannot make you find me.
So take me home, beyond you : light years.
Different than you were but pleased to come and meet me.
I could cook (my phone) and drive through nightmares.
Break me into crumbs or things that make you hunger.

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