Her Fantasy

Matthew Dear

Itâ€™s just one in a million hearts that feel the way, the way I do x2
Am I the chrome man, am I not of great design?
Do I feel love like all of the others or this feeling only mine?
Are you my delicious game? Is it an obvious play?
Iâ€™ll eat like a lion and pretend Iâ€™m trying but we know itâ€™s one in the same.

Am I one heartbeat away from receiving a damaging shock to my life and believing that love was a cost worth a witness and seeing a larger machine?
Fighting is futile but I canâ€™t concede to interior beliefs that control and deplete you dismounting a love which has grown from beneath you an ancient machine.

Weâ€™re on the ground, we canâ€™t go far,
Godâ€™s in the hands, as in their hearts,
A poison brain, pass through the day,
Point at the frame, around the flame,
Trust is a form, and as a breed,
I will protect, you from my needs,
We can go far, sit where you stand,
And on your heart, and on your man

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