Memoir

Cherose

The city lights are beckoning
Their sirens softly call
All the fantasists and fetishist
Are preparing for their ball
We've been stuck here on the doorstep
With nothing to forsake
But we might as well be anyone's to take
So I give myself to strangers
Like I gave myself to you
The tenderness I felt has been replaced

By something new
And in the end I can vaguely hear
An outline of your call
But I may as well be any words at all
Every memory is sailing
To the kingdom of your soul
As you patiently await
I lose my sense of self-control
For you were the lighthouse to my broken boat
But I left you behind
Now I might as well be anyone's to find

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