Thin Layer

The Honorary Title

I threw a thin layer of rubber
And a thick rusted armor
Of drunken lustI think when our clothes were on
We had a different image of what
This was supposed to beHeres what I intended
Here is the truth
So heres what I intended
Here is the truthThe soundtrack to our meeting
Fills the awkward spaces
Between our strained breathingAnd the only thing between
Between the two of us
Is your blood and our sweatSo heres what I intended
Here is the truth
And heres what I intended
Here is the truthHere is the truth
Here is the truth
Here isIll disguise this whining
With melody
Hope that it leaves
Leaves you intriguedI hope you feel
You feel what I did
Time that this was
This was theThe silence is pleasing
Between our breathing
Now its over with
This is not what I intended

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