the most beautiful bitter fruit

[unknown]

After sundown, before sleeping, I am the worst of me, I am a mess of these
Old themes and the murmur of half-dreams, whisper seductively and stage scenes.
It's fear fiction, these visions, caught somewhere between delusion and prophesy.
What I haven't done, what I've wanted to do, and what I fear you have
Becomes reality here.

Bright lights in the young night keep to the beat.
A classic party scene, crowded and interesting.
No love, no life, no history.
Just touch, just chemistry, just
A roaring undercurrent simple and sensory.
Young bodies, warm skin, perfect symmetry and
It's a moment, harmless. It's energy.
It's like medicine,
It's self-discovery.

See, all the secrets I keep, why are they secrets?

It's only temporary, that fleeting feeling of warmth,
Just a flash before the line gets blurry,
Between a longing for more than what the body wants now and
What the body wants now more than anything.
Was it integrity that kept my hands to myself or
Just the thought of getting too far ahead of you?
Was it that I got too tired of the consequence?
Or was I just scared?

I only know I never wanted to get left behind.
[Lyrics from: http://www.lyricsfreak.com/l/la+dispute/the+most+beautiful+bitter+fruit_20981840.html]
No pauses, not a second guess.
First a swaying then a stumble then a swagger.
They're just movements towards feeling. It doesn't matter
Neither hesitates to carry on a kind of energy,
Sweat and block out everything to
Find every aperture and compel the animal parts.
Fan flames, taste fruit, taste bitter fruit.
Just trying to learn how all the wires in the body work.
Just trying to feel it out, it's like medicine.
Trap the healing in whatever bed they end up in.

I want to feel it out. I want to know how it works.
I want to know if it was worth it to worry,
About the ghosts I feared would haunt the memory,
About the damage that I'm sure the fear has done to me now.
I want to know what it is in me that won't follow through
Those nights the instinct takes a hold of me and pushes too.
Maybe it's only that I've never gotten over you.

Or am I still scared?

I see the church steps, a vision. Is there fiction in this one too?
It's true, I've made a tale of it here, still, it's a little unclear who's
Been haunting who.
And time can be such a funny thing, always moving to the future
Glorifying the past and amplifying the pain in frames and glass.
So was our touch half as sacred as I've made it seem
Or just another fabrication of a half-dream?
Just those chemicals, the adolescent love.
Just us trying to grasp onto meaning,
Onto a purpose,
Onto a sense that
Something spiritual releases when the feeling hits.

And when the feeling hits.

And in that moment sparks and harps play out
A sweeping melody through fog and fantasy
And in that moment there's an honesty instinctive and pure but
It departs like it came, rapid and bearing no more
Than fleeting ecstasy of natural harmony.
They fear the notes being played and try to sing along.
Don't be ashamed, be free to the feeling. Don't be ashamed, keep feeling.
But find it: a body that makes sense.

I've felt it.

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