

# Fitting Into Skin

Joseph Kerschbaum

Exhaustion,  
Subsides to sleep,  
And we dissolve,  
Into dreams.

I hold her here,  
But she's not mine to keep.  
Exhaustion subsides to sweet sleep.

She disappears to depths I don't know how deep,  
Then she rises higher than spent steam.

Exhaustion,  
Subsides to sleep,  
And we dissolve,  
Into dreams.

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Lyrics submitted by Sarah K.

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