

I Give In

A Life Once Lost

I continue to succumb to mundane hospitality.
Fabricating pertinent dinner conversation.
Fascinating breath pressing drawls.
Asking myself why.
Unbeleivable isn't it; the way we twist words around just to get that quick fix.
I swore someday I'd save myself from cum dreamt lines forcing faster.
Aching in the waste of primitive lust.
Again asking myself why.
At last can I please rest?
Vacate every day after day.