

Motives

A Plea for Purging

Hey beautiful, you think you have me fooled?
But I know you're game,
like the pretty face it hides behind.
It's time you learn this world isn't yours.

You waltz around
room to room,
looking, searching.
You waltz around room to room
looking for a bed to find worship in,
but you're not going to find any worship here.

You knocked on my door too many times
I've heard your screams from the other room.
Your motives are as pure as the body you pass around.

You call this love, but we both know
that it is damned to the end.
I hope you learn this world isn't yours.