

To Be Your One And Only

Inked In Blood

Timeless, pensive, forever.
I cannot look you in the eyes and my words, choked back.
My message frayed, my songs unsung.
Watching my hopes gather dust I am left downcast; the consequence of my cowardice.
I swim like mad, lost at sea, a satellite breathing underwater.
Have you come to save me?
Your innocence is all I have that isn't blasphemy; a memory waiting to fade.
My hopes cannot be explained without showing you my scars.
What looks like fermented pain has a love aftertaste.
We can't put this to rest.
This affects everything.
My sins are as a yoke bound to my neck.
I am a man who has been afflicted.
My eyes are spent with weeping, the perfection of beauty has stricken me.
You must not suffer my intent, your sympathy resounds like a farewell.
My hopes cannot be explained without showing you my scars.
What looks like fermented pain has a love aftertaste.
To be your one and only, I'd sever ties to life