

Want

Recoil

I want to know how it will end.
I want to be sure of what it will cost.
I want to strangle the stars for all they promised me. I want you to call me on your drug phone.
I want to keep you alive so there is always the possibility of murder later.
I want to be there when you learn the cost of desire. I want you to understand that my malevolence is just a way to win.
I want the name of the ruiner.
I want matches in case I have to suddenly burn.
I want you to know that being kind is overrated.
I want to write my secret across your sky.
I want to watch you lose control.
I want to watch you lose.
I want to know exactly what it's going to take.
I want to see you insert yourself into glory.
I want your touches to scar me so I'll know where you've been.
I want you to watch when I go down in flames.
I want a list of atrocities done in your name.
I want to reach my hand into the dark and feel what reaches back. I want to remember when my nightmares were clearer.
I want to be there when your hot black rage rips wide open.
I want to taste my own kind.
I want to be wrapped in cold wet sheets to see if it's different on this side.
I want you to come on strong. I want to leave you out in the cold.
I want the exact same thing but different.
I want some soft drugs...some soft, soft drugs.
I want to throw you.
I want you to know I know.
I want to know if you read me.
I want to swing with my eyes shut and see what I hit.
I want to know just how much you hate me so I can predict what you'll do.
I want you to know the wounds are self-inflicted.
I want a controlling interest. I want to be somewhere beautiful when I die. I want to be your secret hater. I want to stop destroying you but I can't. And I want and I want and I want and I will always be hungry.
And I want and I want and I want.