

I need your lips for a fringed connection  
so you can savor our love's tainted confection.

Teach me how artists touch, all the  
lessons sketching lust's ephemeral rush.  
Trace lovers' cries along the horizon's pale, silver line;  
shade you in lies.

You love the chagrin I hold within.  
Allow perplexing passion effortlessly in  
as our savage love games go unhinged.  
Your eyes imply, right or wrong,  
that you've waited all along just to watch us fall.  
Doesn't matter if I'm strong.

Your eyes can't quite align  
with the guise perpetrated by my lies.  
Your body ravaged and comprised  
by the passions of those you've kept blind.  
Go play with sultry and divine,  
in due time, you'll once again be mine.

My body yearns for the jealousy you seem to spurn.  
Now, in turn— embers furiously burn.  
Only when you return  
will lust reach its crucial crux.  
How I love being the heart on your locket  
because you're just a fool in my pocket.