

Let me feel your hot, but tender lips
Give me your poisoned french kiss
with a cold, gently tounge,
only ment for my longing mouth.

Through lonely days and nights
Imagine your slight, gingerly touch
With only an imperceptible different
I'm sliding away from you, this time

Each time, a new hour of longing
for the one I'm not ment to love
So why I cannot have what my heart desire
Will remain a mystery only you will know

So tell me again, all those lies
ingrain me once more why you're not for me
Let me know this time, and again
Why you break my heart, and say you don't..

.. without a lone glimpse of regret