

Re; 3AM

I want you in ways that which can only be said in metaphor
I want you in ways that which can only be said in whispered hymns at night
I want you in ways that which only the moon hears my pleas
That which I take to my grave
That which will not send me to paradise
I want you in ways that transcends the physical
That which causes friction as we press ourselves together
That which pierces our flesh and rubs our bones into dust
I want my blood in your mouth
And yours in mine