

Forget the sun, sullen loves have never fallen as far
as when they've plunged into an abyss
of a broken lover's bliss.

Truth be told, I've given up on being sold
concepts of love's wanton gold.

Bring me deep into your affectionate folds.
How I cherish your eyes carnal glow,
guide sailing ship through your undertow.
Thunderstorms rage betwixt sheets as waves form.
For I am lulled by the Siren's warm storm.

Wrapped tightly round every abstract
part of a fleeting heart.
Chain me to the bed and ravage me until night's end.
Come morrow I'll fight and fend
the pain of love; distended.