

At last dawn is upon your lips, light begins your hair and emotion blooms into incoherent mumbles. Sound escapes my range leaving sight to kindle; it burns without pause. Here the opposition is void, not without but laid to rest. This love is responsible in all manners because of its state. Absolution is logical and the heart does not condone such an aberration. What play will we construct when its appetite is unfulfilled. It does not die as we do and can not live the same. I hang fire because I cannot do without... I will not... This passion is raised like an adolescent and requires everything a child would. I bring to you all as I am willing, in hopes that you have been touched...