Make War, Make Babies

This fire that burns between us ignites a flame of passion

So strong, that cold words cannot harm it

It consumes, most doubts and short comings with tenacious ambition

But its brightness blinds us of our constant miscommunication and unsolicited critique of one another

Yes the heat keep us warm when dreary skies drape our secure walls of insecurity

And leave 3 degree burns

That’s 3 degrees of pain, you know Anger, abandonment, and dismissal

Frustration is the fourth but of course all fours penetration so loud it makes the neighbors questions

Knock, knock, knock what all the yelling is for.

Word life you don’t need a ring to be my wife

But coal diamonds enrich our love can you relate?

Relative to a mind state sightless of greed?

I ask you, when’s the last honest statement you made that was constructive

Driven by this idea of “US” and not “U”?

The blame game gets old when nobody wins

Bringing us right back to this idea it’s not “US” it’s “U”

But still this fire burns with a candles whisper

Yet this fire still burns, like the tip of my joint

With a focal point on being….happy.

But with no friction, there’s no fire and maybe that’s what we fear

That what burns us keeps us close

Cause all great stories are burdened with horrid conflicts

There is no victory, without struggle

And the harder the battle the sweeter, the success.

Well I’m here to tell you I’m not here to fight

I’m here to grow, I’m here to build, I’m here to love

Cause my fire for this conflict burns….no more.