



## ***Dying Night***

I want to fly  
To the end of the dying night  
And land like a dynamite

I want to kiss your lips with soft bites

I want to kiss your cheek on the right

And to the left,  
whisper into your ear, with words of delight

You're a definite catch,  
When you spark that loving match  
It's an affirmative fire, of a love so bright