La petite mort

There was no end

to what I would do,

to be alone with you.

I left my family,

I forsook my friends,

I ventured into the night.

Then for a thousand years,

I fought my way,

through a burning lake of desire.

I battled with demons

I battled with gods,

I forsook them all the same.

Then gave up my dreams,

by selling my soul,

and erasing my every thought.

I wanted to live,

I wanted to love,

I never wanted to die.

And in that moment,

finally alone,

You drowned me in your eyes.

– Voltaire