The Sweetest Curse

You draw me in like a slow-rising tide,

Whispering sins at my feet, Aphrodite’s design,

In a language only we know,

Seducing my petals to softly unwind.

Your beauty drifts like a jellyfish in the waves,

I reach—though I know the sting it hides.

It burns on contact, and can leave a man blind,

A face so sharp it carves the mind.

Though I know you’re not mine to hold,

I still want to be tangled in your flames as I fall below the water’s surface,

Let fate etch its scars on my soul’s refrain,

Leave the marks of a love doomed in time to fade.

I know you’re not usually my type, but still—

I want to step out of line,

Taste what’s forbidden and touch the divine.

The sweetest curse I never deserved,

The sweetest curse I never deserved.

In my loneliness, I craved something real,

To breathe new life into my slumber.

Your eyes brushed me softly like quiet rain at dusk,

Each glance a love song, beneath the sheets.

Like a flower rising from twilight’s embers,

You bloom, leading my heart astray.

From the dark, I’m drawn to you,

Entranced by your light, like a moth to the flame.

I know you’re not usually my type, but still—

I want to step out of line,

Taste what’s forbidden and touch the divine.

The sweetest curse I never deserved,

The sweetest curse I never deserved.

I know I’m not your type,

No bright shining star to charm the night.

They’d say you could do better—

And maybe they’re right.

You think I’ll let you down with time,

A fleeting taste you’ll leave behind.

Plus silence is my clue that truth may be gone,

Your words full of promises, fragile as dawn.

I yearn for an honesty beyond the depths,

A bond that in truth our hearts can rest.

I know you’re not usually my type, but still—

I want to step out of line,

Taste what’s forbidden and touch the divine.

The sweetest curse I never deserved,

The sweetest curse I never deserved.

If the brightest star was mine to give,

And I knew your eyes would never wander,

If you’d be a goddess, standing by my side,

If you’d grant me some time, to prove what I might.

I’d tell only one lie, repaint the sky,

And trace constellations in your tender sighs.

We’d ride a comet ‘cross the bottomless pit,

To rest on a throne made of clouds so high,

Our tale etched in stone,

A cosmic flame that never dies.

Though I know we’re not meant to be,

If you said you’d run away with me…