**In the impact before the shatter**

In the impact before the shatter   
Your skin a house of fever  
And my tongue it runs a murmur  
  
My hands the curve of your shoulder  
Wash over your spine a river  
In the impact before the shatter  
  
Recede and rush I find your ear  
The lobes they yield like wheat like fur  
And my tongue it runs a murmur  
  
Your hands they wrap my neck my collar  
A push and you have me down under  
In the impact before the shatter  
  
Close eyes call skin your lips they cover  
A cloak each stitch my mouth they hover  
And my tongue it runs a murmur  
  
My arms tighten a loop a shackle  
Your body a cage and I prisoner  
In the impact before the shatter  
And my tongue it runs a murmur