

02 Burning

We are burning, burning,
Burning with fever,
Burning with touch.
Burning kisses.
Our heads our hair on fire,
Our breath a flame.
Incendiary whispers.
Our skin, our bedclothes,
Our eyes are scorching.

We thirst, we burn.
We tumble over, and over.
Just like hot cinders
Turning in a drum.

The walls are on fire,
The room is in flames.
Our appetites consume
Like pillars of fire,
Tear up the floorboards,
The house breaks around us.
Through the wobbling smoke column
We see the constellations
Of our bright sparks.

We thirst, we burn,
We tumble over and over.
Just like hot cinders
Turning in a drum.

Sexual passion inspires human life and strengthens marital relationship, but obsession itself can exploit weakness and can sometimes even be fatal, as in the case of addictions and other self-destructive behavior. Burning lust can become heedless to any restraint and can even become soul-destroying—burning everything down to the ground.