

Intrigue

I am intrigued with war
Broken by your touch

Intellectual wisdom
Cannot counter this attack
of mastered tactical strategies
with weaponry so primitive
you leave me terrorized
and nearly frantic
Do I run for cover?
Build a shelter to hide?
Or do I surrender?
Who says it is not my destiny –
To let you control me?
Wrong or right
I cannot turn my head
from the scenes you promise
I won't look away
as it horrifies
Sometimes the world
just doesn't make sense
Wrong or right
This battle carries me through the night
as I wonder
exploring the strange new continent
of you

Memorizing contours and ambush points –
wishing I could send spies
into your mind
You cannot quite reach me –
the burden I carry
And your intentions are continually
haunting
Between fright, flight
And strange delight
I am losing to the twilight,
Squirming under the heat
of your interrogating eyes
Breaking down
under the power of your regime

Broken by your touch
I am a fan of such wars.