



Making
Out
By
Accident



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To coincidentally find myself in between your thread count
Is like accidentally stumbling upon a pride of lions
I have no escape plan for this
The only way to get through it is through you
Maybe I can slip passed you after I've made you wet
Or better yet keep working till I outwork you
Either way I'm not leaving without leaving you parts of me
With puddles of your secretions in all four corners of this
room

