

God of the arena.

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By : vera90

Your lips on my skin, to feel the pale shadow of the love you felt for her. my body under the strong back of a Gladiator, your strong hands on my womanly figure.



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Somedays i think i will see you, some day i hope i can feel you.

But most days my heart just calls on you.

Your words soo deeply cut into my brain, words that was not intended for me, just words you used.

She was the sun you said, with your voice trembeling and your eyes deeply in greif.

Altough your words and your greif was not real, i would still belive you if you spoke those words to me.

My warrior, my God of the arena, stay with me.

Make my lips tremble for you.

Make my heart shine on you so that you could call me the sun.

If not then make me belive, make me belive that im yours ,

make me belive for just one moment that your heart betrays you.

Your lips on my skin, to feel the pale shadow of the love you felt for her.

My body under the strong back of a Gladiator, your strong hands on my womanly figure.

Be mine, let me feel your longing for the gental tuch,

a soft hand to caress you.

Let me hear you moan my name as if it was intended.

Then when my wish seems to be fulfilled, lay ontop of me and feel my breathing, feel my heart beating.

When the morning comes and they take me away, scream your despair.

Promise me you will find me .

God of the arena, The bringer of Rain, bring your sword down on a thousand men, just so you could hold me again.

And when you have made your part of the deal, wait for me,

stay true to me.

As my wounds bleed out on the dirty mudd floor, your tears, still not intended.

wash away The blood on my face, your dark voice screaming, My bloody hand on your pulsating neck, giving you my last breath.

God of the arena, you are destined for great unfortunat things.

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