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By : kitteh

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He is the dominance of my inner slave.
The sanity in a world so confused.
That pleasure inside our world of pain.
The restriction of my breath. The quiet enduring muse.

Master, teach me how to serve you,
as i wait patiently on my knees,
teach me how to be totally yours,
how to satisfy your needs.

I lay before my masters mercy
palms down, staring at the floor.
The impact echoes in the silence,
I do not move, but i crave you more.

Master, teach me how to pleasure you,
show me i will always loose the fight.
Teach me how to listen to you,
as you pull my collar tight.

I dream of welts across my skin
I dream of crimson red,
I dream of having no control
Of being locked inside your head.

Master, teach me how to bow to you
and beg to feel your embrace,
Teach me how you'll not allow it,
and turn away my face.

These ropes they do hold me now,
they cradle me through the night
The comfort that my torture brings
no recollection of what's wrong or right.

Master, teach me how to worship you
how to carve your name on my skin,
Teach me how to submit to you,
to unlock the whore within

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