

If I go out to the underground spot  
With the darkness like a mine  
And the lights like christmas morning -

And if I see you there  
In the torn-up twilight  
With the artificial wind  
Of a hundred sighing voices -

And if I take your hand  
Though my skin is cracked  
And my fingers slow from disuse -

And if I hold your body  
Though your body isn't what I came for  
And my hands are reaching for the darkness anyway -

And if I breathe your breath  
Your voice like laughter  
And your body like home -

And if I move with you  
Under lights like christmas morning  
With all the promise of a childhood vow -

And if I kiss you  
With a breaking heart  
And a laugh like velvet  
And the darkness hurrying to our side -

Then  
Would you meet me there?

Alright.  
Now what if I don't?