



After the Rejection from my Heartbeat,  
The heartbreak was devastating.  
I felt like trash, like nothing,  
because of her refusal, lawma.  
I wanted to end it all.  
Love indeed is just a fairy tale with no happy ending.

I decided to walk home from work  
Just to fill my head with my thoughts,  
Not knowing that my life was about to take a new turn.  
There she was at the end of the turn,  
There she was standing by the road.  
An angel sent from above to bless me,  
Lucifer or Leviathan, can hell tell?  
Who could she be?

She had the shape of that small coke bottle.  
She smiled and I blushed.  
It's happening again, my senses leaving me.  
I stood there staring at her,  
She made me motionless and speechless.  
I want to know her more, for I hate being in the dark,  
Except when she will be there,  
And then I can accept the lights out.  
Who could she be?

I don't want what happened before to repeat itself.  
I wanted to take my eyes off her,  
But my eyes already took her close offer (clothes off her).  
My face was red from staring at her beauty



She was hotter than the sun rays,  
And I got tanned by her curves.  
I had already x-rayed her entire body with my tiny eyes.  
She was perfect.  
She is the manifestation of my fantasy.

My heart rate increased.  
My legs facing her direction,  
I wanted a leg over to her signal station.  
My eyes fixed on her,  
They were all over her and she was all over my head.  
She is all I needed but I was scared to approach or rush her,  
I got cold as I got near like I was in Russia.  
Who could she be?

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I regained consciousness and she was gone,  
I felt like putting my head to a gun,  
Because I woke up all cocked up.  
And I thought I was close,  
Back to bed or death with my hard-on,  
I was already a die-hard fan of her beauty.  
I then realized it was all a dream.  
I lost my chance to get her name and number.  
I lost everything.  
But who could she be???

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