

The blue of love is bigger than the sky above,

It is better than the ocean and the reflection of true love;

The blueness of love is brighter than the sun in the sky,

For it's brilliance is greater than the ability to fly.

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It rises up beyond the dawn and setting of the sun,

To fill our hearts with wonder and gladness and blue fun;

It rides on the heavens with a total blue open sky,

And the blueness of love is more majestic than having to die.

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The blue of love is like the sexual gratification high,

It fills the body with the instantaneous satisfaction to try;

It is like moonbeams beaming down and shining with their light,

It is like holding her too tenderly and softly without giving a fight.

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The blue of love is like blue berries ejaculating sweet tasty juice,

It is like flying over rainbows and dreaming a blue truce;

It is where everything of magic is blown around by the wind,

And it is true and perfect without knowing anything sinned.

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And the blue of love is like the gently trickling wet love,

Of the coming of an orgasm where love is blue from shove;

So the best is in the heart of passion forged for service,

Where continual romance blossoms and proposes purple surface.

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For the black and white are contrast and the gold is red and blue,

Where the love of God almighty is like the twisting earth to screw;

And the clouds are screaming anguish as they cry out with pain,

When then blue of love is crystal clear coming as blue rain.

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**Signed,**

**True injection**