

Cycles

Stephanie Sante

Take me down to the floor
Shake me down to the core
make me chomp at the bit
Watch me crawl and plead and fit
All the while you're in control
 Seeing right into my soul
 Like a child I curl and cry
For the flesh I'll taste tonight Turn the screw hear the cream
 Something juicy in between
Dripping, drenching, pouring out
 Who is master there's no doubt
With each scar I know my place
 Marks of pleasure can't erase
Smell the musk thick in the room
Warning all impending doom You make me beg
 You make me plead
 You make me burn
 (Make me bleed)
When I am torn, you lick my wounds
Then I return... Turn the table time to feed
 Time for you to beg and plead
 With each thrust I spill out life
 Draining out from deep inside
 Body bursting to erupt
 From your cup that I now sup
 Ever flowing ecstasy
In your knees it's time to feed You make me beg
 You make me plead
 You make me burn
 (Make me bleed)
When I am torn, you lick my wounds
 Then I return...

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