

# Rapture

## Pedro the Lion

This is how we multiply  
Pity that it's not my wife  
The friction of skin  
The trembling sigh This is how the bodies move  
With everything that we could lose  
Pushing us deeper still  
The sheets and the sweat  
The seed and the spill  
The bitter pill yet undiscovered Gideon is in the drawer  
Clothes scattered on the floor  
Shes arching her back  
She screams for more Oh my sweet rapture  
I hear Jesus calling me home Finally the chance to breath  
Reaching for the fallen sheets  
Collapsing in a glowing heap  
We've gone too far  
We've done too much  
We have to quit it  
Just one more kiss  
Just one more touch  
Please 10 more minutes This feels so good  
Just barely moving  
The tension building  
Our bodies working  
To reach their goal Oh my sweet rapture  
I hear Jesus and the angels singing  
Hallelujah  
Calling me to enter the promise land

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