Tantric

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Lights are dim, the aroma
Of the incense fills the room
Roll the curtains, welcome inside
Sandy outsides, lusty dune
Slip my veil off, as our eyes lock
Presence of electric thoughts
Bashful motives, so you notice
How the slippery lips will cross
...Don't stop now... Don't stop now... Don't stop now... Don't stop now
Heavy breathing, oh this teasing
Slowly pleasing, gentle strokes
Moistened entry, stay above me
Clear and loudly, state the pose
Make it tantric, I won't panic
I'll submit to each command
I'm your maiden, I'm consumed in
All of you and your demands

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