

# Tantric

[iio](#)

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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