Cycles

cyriak

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 tonightTurn 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 doomYou 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 errupt
From your cup that I now sup
Ever flowing ecstasy
In your knees it's time to feedYou 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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