

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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