

Connelly Chris

"Come Down Here"

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beyond the softward silence shadows midnight mind
the warmth appeared in seconds like the dark
a trail of swollen fruit leads to a higher kind
lips and lovers' limbs begin to part
search and you shall find
what you want take what's mine
breathe in the air
of the hour we were there
in the middle of the magic is a perfect flower
in the heat of the moment is a flame
it all comes real to me to you in a secret shower
and blends the blood inside til we're the same
I disappeared between you many times before
and every single time I never leave
awake with you and stranded on another shore
too dreamlike and delirious to believe
bring in the night
and the moon and the light
shake off the day
you were born and I'll stay
in the middle of the magic is a perfect flower

in the heat of the moment is a flame
it all comes real to me to you in a secret shower
and blends the blood inside til we're the same
close to the skin
shut your eyes we begin
fall like a leaf
onto me in your sleep
in the middle of the magic is a perfect flower
in the heat of the moment is a flame
it all comes real to me to you in a secret shower
and blends the blood inside til we're the same

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