

Coptic Rain

"T.t.i.d"

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Die inside of me
give me your heart
I'll let you bleed.
Need your body
to please my hunger
really need to taste
someone who's stronger.
Using your hands to grab the world
to build the passion in my blood
you are here to give me joy
you are here just to be my toy
Come and I'll nail you to the floor
come and I'll give you the pain and joy

you won't be able & breathe the air around you
couldn't see the things only I do.
Only the pleasure
which burns inside of me
only the pleasure
takes me higher torturing desirely
Feeling you trying
to reach a certain point
feeling you trying
I need to tell you
my object is now hot

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