

Euphoreador

"Never Even Started Avec Le Femme"

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I haven't tasted skin in such a long time
That I wonder if I will again
I've wandered through the valley of the shadow of
death
Just to catch you and my breath
Where to begin

Let's lie in the presence of the lunar eclipse
Whilst your full moon gyrating hips
Slowdown let us ponder
And lick as we launder
Our supposed dirty moves

I want to roll in the clover
And bend you right over
And feel your grooves intimately
I want to see your face in a million places
And chase you as we do it
Like Kama Sutra and make it biblical lore
Until our love-vessels be sore
Till the core and digging deeper
At non-quixotic pace
Baffled we laugh at your skills of a whore
Pure in spirit and virtue
That just knows the moves of a whore

Dawdle down into the ramparts
A myriad hue is the sex of arts
Count your times
Let's make it another
Let's fucking make love like we'll never recover
As our bodies cascade apart
Feel the beating alive heart
Grow intensity
I want to investigate thee some more
So that's what I'll do

In ramshackle feebleness naked endless
All our self we confess
And I shall teach you to yearn for love and burn

When we think we are done

We ain't never even started to run
In the way in which we can
Be for each other's more
Helping everything as we
Sing a new song
And let it be righter
Than the best wrong
And let us fawn and let us be ravaged
Until we are one

When, when will the son rise
And go between your trembling thighs
As the you're rolling back your eyes
You're pondering the gift of effort
Well no one gets hurt
In this time far beyond basic flirt
Where we will hold ourselves
In the frigid cold

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