

Marty Willson-Piper

"Come"

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Your labyrinth
Your trips and turns
Approaching clandestine
My presence melts you
As you burn
So when you gonna come
I paint pleasure on your face
High inside you come
Sound asleep in your cocoon
Glass eyes ecstasy
I hate to see you there marooned
You only have to come
Arcs and rainbows
Hidden pearls
Ruby folds you come
Searing heat
Intensity
Diamond waterfall
Euphoric rush
That sets you free
So tell me
When you come

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