

Me'shell Ndegeocello

"The chosen"

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Your lips are like strands of scarlet
Your mouth is my temple
Your neck's like the tower of David, shields my tunic
Your breasts are like falls which feed among the lilies
Until the day breaks
To the sweet day breaks

Come bare your soul to me
Come bare your soul to me
Come bare your soul to me
You ravish my heart
Come bare your soul to me

I am dark and lovely
If there are chosen, then chosen is me
I sleep but my heart is awakened by the voice of my
beloved
Bathed in the scent of sweet myrrh

Come bare your soul to me
Come bare your soul to me
Come bare your soul to me
You ravish my heart
Come bare your soul to me

Come
Come bare your soul
Come bare your soul to me
Your lips
Your lips are like strands of scarlet
Come bare your soul to me
Come
Come
Come

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