

Spitvalves

"Pandora"

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A lavender tide
Breaks almond green
Exploding in nightfall's garden
Where lovers play unforseen
Suggestive in movement, sight, and sound
A gentle advancement would be so much more
profound

I do, I do, I do, I do, I
I feel so elated
Would you, would you, would you, would you
Please bring me joy

A chronic desire
Is doomed to bloom in winter
And die with the passing seasons never to return
The lighter the touch, the longer sensation lingers
Too close to impassioned fire
May bring misfortune's burn

Pandora plays with frenzied exaltation
Waiting for my strength to be undone
Indulgence lead my senses to a place
Where joy is a roll in the garden of delights with no
hope of spring

Indulgence lead me to a place where joy is waiting for
my strength to be undone

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