

Coffee House Gypsies "Tribals"

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Drawing tribals on your lips
My canvas is your tongue
You scratch, you claw over my hips
Towards heaven where you clung
Before you fell like forbidden fruit
To tempt me with one bite
And forge with fire, flesh, and sweat
Forever in one night
A hunger so intense and deep
That when it hits the veins
It wakes the dead from ancient sleep
Perverting virgin brains
By tainting every cell inside
With dirty little thoughts and dreams
So vividly surreal they drive
Those sworn to silence into screams
And rabid little rage enhanced
Impassioned fevered fits
That sends them out for miles declaring
They'd draw tribals
On your lips

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