

O' Cealleigh

"11's"

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Eleven's tip to toe in joy
Oh how I regret, that I'm a boy
Dainty gentle, shades of pale
Forbidden kingdom for a male
Forgiven now that love prevails
Oh, how I lose track of time

Stroke my sugar cane and again
Never tired of feeling the same,
Her words clear my sky keep me sane
Distract my mind mature it from tame

Whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop

A thousand years here Would suit me fine
Mix my emotions so fine
Candy slips like grains of mind
Silkworm spins a cocoon
Every motion gone too soon
Lifeline flows through this dangling thread

Stroke my sugar cane and again
Never tired of feeling the same,
Her words clear my sky Keep me sane
Distract my mind mature it from tame

Whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop

Reaping gifts from edge to inch
Begging more always gives
Selfish while in perfect peace
Sands of time in sheer class
Body dissolved in orgasmic mass
Lovers sweet beauty carry's me

Stroke my sugar cane and again
Never tired of feeling the same,
Her words clear my sky keep me sane
Distract my mind mature it from tame

Never empty of passion for you

Gently, gently I am coming through

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