

Atlantic Popes, Skin

Blossom of your skin
Silk of my desire
Honey from your mouth so swell

Powder pur and wild
Floating in the air
So enticing all the way

More than a thousand words of virtue
More than your diary could say
I never would no I never would hurt you
Not tonight, I won't hide what's inside
Deep inside of me

Lacquer of your eyes
Moist behind the veil
Checking up the size sublime

Leisurely reclined
The unforgettable smile
So inviting all the way

More than a thousand words of virtue
More than your diary could say
I never imagined you would hurt me
Not this night, can't you see
Now I can't hide it anywhere else than inside of me

Never can hold on to natural highs
Vanishing slightly just leaving a sigh
Playing with all kinds of artistry
Adroitnes and subtlety everything you could require
More in a while, maybe well do it again and again
Maybe without all the artistry
Adroitnes and subtlety everything you could require

More than a thousand words of virtue...