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...