

# Kirsty McGee, Bliss

if bliss was a place  
it would be in your arms  
to find ourselves again  
skeleton to skeleton  
with nothing in between us  
but the beating of our bosoms  
and the light on our faces  
from the fire and the candles

love and fire  
they're one and the same  
lift you to the heavens only  
to drop you down again  
oh the blistering heat  
of a lover's embrace  
can bring tears to your eyes  
leave you devastated

and home is where it feels right  
home is where your heart is  
and my heart is the one place  
i think only you can touch  
and your touch is as  
light as any zephyr  
the summer breeze  
couldn't touch me so tender as you

when the heat of your arms  
and the strength of your skin  
the fire in your eyes  
melt me again  
well i'll rise like a phoenix  
and i'll fall like a moth  
or i'll crumble into ashes  
in the strength of touch

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