

# Maccabees, Tissue Shoulders

I love your eyes, my dear  
Their splendid sparkling fire  
When suddenly you raise them so  
To cast a swift embracing glance  
Like lightning flashing in the sky

But there's a charm that is greater still  
When my love's eyes are lowered  
When all is fired by passion's kiss  
And through the downcast lashes  
I see the dull flame of desire