

Pedro The Lion, Rapture

This is how we multiply
Pity that it's not my wife
The friction and skin
The trembling sighs
This is how the bodies move
With everything that we could lose
Pushing us deeper still
The sheets and the sweat
The seed and the spill
The bitter pill yet undiscovered

Gideon is in the drawer
Clothes scattered on the floor
She's arching her back
She screams for more

"Oh my sweet rapture
I hear Jesus calling me home"

Finally a chance to breathe
Reaching for the fallen sheets
Collapsing in
A glowing heap
We've gone too far
We've done too much
We have to quit it
Just one more kiss
Just one more touch
Please ten more minutes
This feels so good
Just barely moving
The tension building
Our bodies working
To reach the goal

Oh my sweet rapture
I hear Jesus and the angels
Singing "Hallelujah"
Calling me to enter the promised land