

Talis Kimberley, Eleven Candles

It was a strange cold day, it was a long cold drive
He'd been too many hours southbound on the M5
And he as hungry for her sweet caress
And he found her in a painted room in a long gold dress

And the windchimes rang and the Moon wept pearls
And he wound his hand in her long red curls
And the pale fires bloomed eleven candles lit
And every way they touched their two bodies fit

Then he pulled her close and he laid her down
She was sweet with trust, he was lost and drowned

In a painted room
Lying side by side
Ah the lust and love
Ah the passion and pride -

Eleven candles put to
Shame by the fires inside, and he kissed her long and
Hard to quiet her cries; lovers all been swept
Away on a passiontide - and he
Claimed his own

And the windchimes rang and the Moon wept pearls
And he wound his hand in her long red curls

And he stole her breath
And he drew her sighs
And he held her firm
Felt her longing rise -

Eleven candles put to
Shame, by the fires inside, and he kissed her long and
Hard to quiet her cries, lovers all been swept
Away on a passiontide - and he
Claimed his own, and
Took his
Prize