

# Infinite Kiss

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And when your clothes are on the ground  
and your hair is falling down  
Will you surrender to it now?  
Because yes only we exist in our symphony  
of flesh in our universe of bliss

In the infinite kiss, the infinite kiss

As it subjugates you now, as it pins you  
to the ground like a tethered animal  
As it drags you by the hips and it forces  
you to this, it is hell but in is bliss

It's the infinite kiss, the infinite kiss

As you move like a machine and the child within  
you screams 'when was heaven so obscene?'  
It's our playground of excess, it is poetry made  
flesh, it's our symphony of bliss

The infinite kiss, the infinite kiss