

Stimulation

Diary of Dreams

Others cry for help
Just like it would change anything

Lunatics find no conclusion
Bodies simply gliding
Figures draw wildest illusions
Drag me in their draft

My back so strong like thousand reptiles
My fingers reach for miles
Perversion finds its roots within our hearts
Some-body dares to love

Fingertips touch so many bodies
Motionless accepted
And lips regret so many kisses
Whispered words just as well

Mistaken seem my careful moves
Misunderstood my choice of words
Psycho-logically seen
I prefer this kind of stimulation