

## Closing In

### In The Woods...

Where there used to be a wax-candle  
Blowing in the rhythm of a mind inside a man  
Working in the shadows of a midnight land  
Where words were sealed with feathers on  
Rough papers like a symbol of the present  
Madness and its demand this absence  
Is more than I can handle in lack of a  
Seveninch candle desperately waiting for a  
Woman to abuse me and amuse me with sharpened  
Fingernails - thorns in modelled trance

I would like to crawl underneath your  
Skin revel in forbidden and ferocious  
Sin touch your breath feel the  
Satisfaction - there is nothing like a stunning  
Piece of nighttime attraction we would  
Bring in some species of nature - if you  
Were closer now - throw them right  
Across this room - if you were closer now  
(???) the laws no words upon our lips -  
If you were present now - celebrate our  
Presence until now - I feel you're  
closing in somehow

Join in - the mysteries of heaven  
Miserable, optional doors maybe sell  
Our fortune to a devil on the way  
Abusement that turn us into slaves

A song about the words so commercially  
Despised - prostitution trapped them in a  
Corner of my life - lines  
Though I know a place where  
They still can be written down and  
Blossom like only spring can do when winter  
Has been around So come with me and  
The pleasures of mine - we'll walk the  
Drawn fields, expose the secrets of life

There is no simple desire  
Only harvesting of your rare fruit  
To many words I cannot put words to  
To many movements I cannot hide