

## Cycles

Jag Panzer

Take me down to the floor  
Shake me down to the core  
make me chomp at the bit  
Watch me crawl and plead and fit  
All the while you're in control  
Seeing right into my soul  
Like a child I curl and cry  
For the flesh I'll taste tonight

Turn the screw hear the cream  
Something juicy in between  
Dripping, drenching, pouring out  
Who is master there's no doubt  
With each scar I know my place  
Marks of pleasure can't erase  
Smell the musk thick in the room  
Warning all impending doom

You make me beg  
You make me plead  
You make me burn  
(Make me bleed)  
When I am torn, you lick my wounds  
Then I return...

Turn the table time to feed  
Time for you to beg and plead  
With each thrust I spill out life  
Draining out from deep inside  
Body bursting to erupt  
From your cup that I now sup  
Ever flowing ecstasy  
In your knees it's time to feed

You make me beg  
You make me plead  
You make me burn  
(Make me bleed)  
When I am torn, you lick my wounds  
Then I return...