

Pleasure Is Kisses Within

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When we laugh,
Our soul's being tickled
By the past.
When we weep,
Our smiles 'n giggles,
Secrets keep.

Pleasure is kisses within'.
Pleasure is kisses.
Pleasure is kisses within'.
Pleasure is kisses.
Who's in charge
Of the typhoons and the cyclones?
Who makes the moon pull at the sea?
When we cry,
The sea becomes the ocean.
I stand and grieve for reality.
I know.
I know.