

Rapture

Pedro the Lion

This is how we multiply
Pity that it's not my wife
The friction and skin
The trembling sigh
This is how bodies move
With everything we could lose
Pushing us deeper still
The sheets and the sweat
The seed and the spill
The bitter pill yet undiscovered

Gideon is in the drawer
Clothes scattered on the floor
She's arching her back
She screams for more

Oh, my sweet rapture
I hear Jesus
Calling me home

Finally a chance to breathe
Reaching for the the fallen sheets
Collapsing in a glowing heap
We've gone too far
We've done too much
We have to quit it
Just one more kiss
Just one more touch
Please ten more minutes

This feels so good
Just barely moving
The tension building
Our bodies working
To reach the goal

Oh, my sweet rapture
I hear Jesus and the angels singing
Hallelujah
Calling me to enter the promised land