

The Aquatic Garden of Extra-Celestial Delights

Shpongle

I'm on the borders between delights
I feel my heart streams blood down on us
Blood's always still, behind it all
The softest cushion for our fall

Our topple, our tumble, our spiral from grace
We're held together, yet out of place
Beyond the veil lies a frequency
Suggesting a wisp of sweet ecstasy