

On That Trip

Silent Descent

It's a Thursday night and we've got brushes to spare.
My boat's a normal sight, spent more than usual, taken care.
Walk to the door and spin a story for the price,
Unexpected of who was about to lay before our eyes.
You walk through us knowing what we all think; 'Do you come here often?'
But it's you that sits and starts talking to me, Oh what I'd do to you!

See, you, so beautiful elusive.
I'll have you before the night is out.
When the glass is gone and my head's just filled with air,
Why do I relent for you?
Eyes start to wander, but that's the original goal.
Walk to another guy, attempt to light his soul.
Look back over and grin to reassure,
I'm tempted to grin right over and force you to the floor.
Pressing your hips into mine I pour on my hands,
Oh how I'd love to laminate your eyes.
Show me a good time but you're surrounded by fans,
Only thirty Euro.

Because you taste so good. Let me in, I will not be silenced.