

They had just made love  
Silent on the bed  
This was their celebration  
She had her eyes closed  
Nothing was said  
They had fulfilled temptation  
He looked through the curtains  
He looked at the phone  
He couldn't be certain if this was his home  
Satisfied that this was it  
A rhythmic breath and a gentle grip  
Satisfied and they were sure  
They couldn't fulfill each other more

They stroked each other  
He played with her hair  
Deep in a warm sedation  
The legs of his jeans  
Hung over the chair  
Love was their meditation  
She looked at his shoulders  
She looked at his eyes  
The look there told her he was satisfied

They laid there apart  
In another world  
Deep in a warm sedation  
As love turned to sleep  
Their bodies curled  
Into sweet inspiration  
They looked at each other  
They looked at the night  
Under the covers they were satisfied