

Gunrunning

Ten

I wanna dance in the dark someday
Touching the lace on your skin
Holding you close as my hands start to wander
Perfect in your lingerie, immersed as we begin
I'm gonna dance with you come what may
Slaves to a passionate kiss
You'll bring the lightning and I'll bring the thunder
You and I were born just like a storm from the abyss
So you scream from the inside
As you breathe it sustains
Ecstasy, pleasure entwined with pain
This fantasy turned physical
And now the need is so bad (now the need is so bad)
Passion on fire hits the high ground running
We're Cyclones reaching critical
Our destiny is storm clad (destiny is storm clad)
We're on a high wire with a World War coming
But never ceasefire when desire's gunrunning
I wanna speak from the heart someday
Words of a love deep within
"Touch" is the cage of this spell that I'm under
"Lust" the heavy chain to such a strange hypothesis
I'm gonna capture you come what may
Peace in our time can't exist
Sex is your weapon that tears me asunder
Making me the force that you are powerless to resist
So you scream...