

1. Forbidden, and sometimes, stealthily hidden  
 Yet, the things that make our world go 'round.  
 Inticed, intoxicated, I am bidden  
 Amazing woman, how your treasures astound!  
 Your female charms--  
 Beyond those found wrapped in your arms  
 Sweep my feet completely off the ground --  
 YOUR LIPS, YOUR TURN-ON SWITCH, AND OH! YOUR SACRED NECTAR!
  
2. They say, these are the things we can't talk about  
 Yet mean so much more than lesser things we can.  
 In those special moments, gleaming gems a man can't do without  
 The treasures of pleasures, under ban.  
 From your depths to your heights--  
 Peaks of mountains, flowing fountains  
 Surrender all to your famished man --  
 YOUR LIPS, YOUR TURN-ON SWITCH, AND OH! YOUR SACRED NECTAR!
  
3. From your scent to your skin, woman take me in!  
 Till I come home in your deepest part.  
 To your gifts of heaven more lusted for than sin  
 For these are the circuits of your heart.  
 Your touch, your voice--  
 Your whisper - I've no choice  
 I've been captured, as I wanted from the start --  
 TO YOUR LIPS, YOUR TURN-ON SWITCH, AND OH! YOUR SACRED NECTAR!  
 OH! YOUR LIPS, YOUR TURN-ON SWITCH, AND AAH, YOUR SACRED NECTAR!

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5th (or 6th) song for the one who captured my  
 heart; but I can't give this one to her until  
 Yahweh gives her to me

MARKET: PERSONAL/PRIVATE/EROS

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