

Why don't we hush our voices and speak with our hips?
Keep at bay these anxious lips.
Our intentions conveyed with these kissing palms.
Traverse these curves, recite their psalms.
All traces of humanity have gone astray.
Tonight we'll give in to our animal ways.
There won't be a witness, as the moon hides her face.
Stars flee from the sky,
As the night is disgraced and our innocence dies.
We get down to our most basic form,
Never as pure as the day we were born.
We can't control this carnal need,
To go numb to the world, embrace this ancient deed.
Eager rays of the sun wish to cleanse the earth of all we've done.
To speak of love would leave a bitter taste.
To offer more than lust would be a waste.
There is beauty in using hands to see.
Why don't we hush our voices and speak with our hips?
Keep at bay these anxious lips.
Our intentions conveyed by these kissing palms.
Traverse these curves, recite their psalms.
Breaths are short, and fingers trace.
Keep feelings at arm's length. We're better off that way.
We focus on our instincts and hide from the day.
Try to find the secret to prolonging the night.
If we move slowly we may stay the light.
Innocence is the price we pay.