

Whip

Mr.Kitty

I'm secure when you tie me up
You're obsessed with these chains of lust
To satisfy I don't need a ring
I'm hypnotized as I cry and scream

I'm on my knees will you make me yours?
I bite my lip behind the closed doors
I will be good for bruises and sores
You'll break me down, I'll always endure

The coldest touch burns my flesh
I feel your voice upon my neck
To crave your lips I'm on the cusp
I won't get my way as the leather cuts

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I bite my lip behind the closed doors
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I'm on my knees
Will you make me yours?