There's a crawling sensation

An Astral vibration

That's sucking me into your sight

I can tell by your hair In the juniper chair

And the piraty twist of your mouth

I've constructed your frame In a plasticine game

And your eyes are the sweets of my youth

But I'm naked and bare in the ice of your stare

And I'm useless at telling the truth

So I hide with my head in the tent of the bed

And my body is sucked through your eyes

Then I quiver and shiver and start to deliver the goods

Then I vanish in size.