

# Sub-Urban Tribe, If Only...

Gravity hard to beat  
caught in urges  
I just can defeat  
It pulling me down  
flat on the ground  
weak flesh compels to  
shed my second skin

Craving  
restrained  
Twist all you can  
I already bent

If only... then I would  
If only... then I could  
Let it go though I could hold it back  
If only... then I would  
If only... then I could  
Let it go now  
don hold back just let it go now

Fragrance of your skin  
confusing the unity  
soil my sanctity  
Scent of love intense  
the smell of sin  
tell me when to stop  
wish I could feel something