

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