

Love's Lament (a poem by Moons July 6, 1975, Ocean City, MD. Rejected by Ryz'n as a potential song lyric for personal reasons, though Nick always held it out as a possibility.)

Come, lie with me and rest.
Place your head on my sweet breast.
Lay your cheek where you may ~~snuggle~~ snuggle
And put aside all your struggles.

Forget about all things which hurt you
And all of them who would desert you.
Come lay down in my ~~warm~~ soft nest.
Rest your troubles on my chest.

I am here. I long to hold you.
Do not fear. I will not scold you.
Feel free to speak or to confess
I won't betray your ~~tender~~ gentleness.

And I'll honor, if I must,
Your code of abstinence and trust.
And that is so hard for me to do,
Cuz you know that I want you.

My lips are warm. My tongue's on fire.
And you're the soul of my desire.
My hips are round and beckon you,
To love you, not to [wreck on?] check on you.

Alright, Ok, just calm yourself.
I'll put my love upon the shelf.
Please quiet and I'll sing to you,
~~Just let me~~ If only I may cling to you.

You must rest before the day

Dawns bright, to ~~take~~ steal away
These precious moments, which are so few
And far apart betwixt us, ~~too~~ two.

That's right My Love, breathe in, breathe out.
~~Take the path~~ Assume the slumber you've gone without.
Sleep gently dear in my caress.
Take all my love and tenderness.

For when they are yours, so too, am I,
Though it ~~takes all cups my will shakes me, breaks me,~~
~~prune~~ wounds me not to cry.
For I know our love, it cannot last
And I must lose you to your past.

Until then, in these short, wee hours
I bask in love that grows and flowers,
And hope sweet hope that some day
A miracle will bid you stay.

And above all else, know this My Sweet,
I ~~will~~ gladly kneel here at your feet,
To ~~stroke~~ salve your wounds and give to you
All my love, ~~I'll do~~ give Anything, my every treat.

Perhaps, we will consummate what we ignore,
That is, my love for you, whom I adore.
Now lay gently here upon my breast,
And please, My Sweet, forget the rest.
Slumber on in halcyon as if, for evermore.