

**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.  
Place 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 ~~gentle~~ tenderness.

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 in halcyon as if, for evermore.