

Autumn, All My Lovers

all my lovers turn to stone
relics of hope in a night garden
only i visit when i sleep
i walk among you
touching the surface
this is my secret place where i unafraid
and unashamed
linger at your lips
tasting your milk
it's my renewal
in times of isolation
i come to you
secret addiction
and in the daylight i wait eagerly
to visit you
again and again and again
for ever when i will stop
oh, i do not
this is my only link to freedom
i fear
all my lovers turn to stone
relics of hope in a night garden
only i visit when i sleep
i walk among you
touching you