

# Delight, The Last Temptation

You breath so quietly  
While you sleep  
I wont to feel every breath of yours  
I am not here  
Silver smoke from your mouth  
Flies away to the sky  
It grows like ivy  
Straining your hair  
I want to be like it  
Touch you and fly away...  
My skin burns in fever  
it is thirsty for your cold hands  
Open your eyes, see me now...  
The last temptation...  
When you breathe so quietly  
While you sleep  
I catch each breath of yours

[written by P. Maslanka]