

# Noa, He

The nearness of the sea and you  
Obliterates all hopes of rest  
Your salty breath has blown over the sea  
To penetrate my breast  
The rising of my love  
Is like the waves at tide...  
Come, my bride  
In a red moon over sea  
Your blood is burning  
In a red moon I can see  
Our blood is turning  
The rising tide  
Will call and cry  
Your name, your name in yearning  
Come, my bride  
Come my bride...  
How can I close the window  
When the storm is near?  
How can I close my window  
When your feet are bare?  
How can I close my window  
When the ocean weeps  
How can I, knowing you're  
Awake somewhere...  
The owl shattered my sleep  
When in the night he cried,  
Come, my bride