

Octavia Sperati, The Final Rest

I am waiting, waiting for the words to come
Silence is taking, taking up the space and is for live
Naked skin wrapped in showers of silver beans
Sun's out defrosting years of clogged up strain

Two tied up souls inhaling
Searching for their own lived lives
Longing to flush upon its shore to come to final rest
Venomous clouds throw the sun into a shade
The drunken earth begs for her as the sky is missing its
moon

My world is shaking, breaking up the solid ground
Slowly I'm waking, waking up to see through years of pain
Drunken soul sinking, drowning in its misery
Clear eyes are watching, staring at the vast sun

Slow rivers of golden memories
Shivering down their broken spine
Longing to flush upon its shore to come to final rest
Venomous clouds throw the sun into a shade
The drunken earth begs for her as the sky
is missing its moon.