

Renard, Aspirations

Twist and turn in the violent wind
Sealing heart, mind and skin
Imagining the crying shame
When everything stays the same

But my aspirations are different
With the white of my eyes peering deeply
Through the black of your soul

Search the sky for a spot of dark
And build upon it your sweet ark
Imagining that nothing's left
Memories put to rest

But my aspirations are different
With the warmth of my breath rolling
Slowly across your skin

But my aspirations are different
With the white of my eyes peering deeply
Through the black of your soul

But my aspirations are different
With the warmth of my breath rolling
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Sealing heart, mind and skin