

Scott Matthews, Sweet Scented Figure

Sit pretty now, watch the wishes fall
Wait patient now, never learn till you call.
Silence so sweet, feel the dreams unfold
I awake in my sleep and it's you I hold.

Oh oh, I gaze at the way
that the colours merge into a beautiful view,
But nothing compares to the path that I tread on now,
and I'm led into

The rise to my senses
I follow the sweet-scented figure
I'll taste it now;
A taste I can only describe as a dream I once had;
It tastes so good.

So merge my soul to the depths of your waves.
Under lock and key is the feeling I crave.
So with every ache, with the touch of your skin.
You're living proof that there's healing within.

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that the colours merge into a beautiful view,
But nothing compares to the path that I tread on now,
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I'll taste it now;
A taste I can only describe as a dream I once had,
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