

Soraya, Sense Of Belonging

2 o'clock in the morning details quite unknown
could be anywhere in this world, anyplace but home
the smell of the room is burning, I should take your scent in a spray
have it seep thru every moment (while I'm away)
I could the endless hours of the outstretched miles that divide
the stars are in my canopy and your suns about to rise
the need of sleep is deceiving, they say love is a good substitute
I'd sacrifice my slumber to be with you.

Sense of belonging
you are my sense of belonging

2 o five this morning, the colors start to clear
I let my self enjoy the moment, for once I have no fear
you've become my favorite nutrient (my nightly glass of wine)
the most succulent food I've ever had, (the master of my time)
I take the phone and before it rings your voice invades my skin
like an anxious child in her hero's arms I tremble from within
then you tell me that you love me (eres mi pasion)
that your pillow smells of me
I swallow your words like an opiate (mi adoracion) and with them drift to sleep

sense of belonging
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