

Ataraxia, Rocking Chair of Dreams

Always rock me, always rock me on the rocking chair of dreams
you embroider with silvery sugar and starch that shine on the skin-moon
thousands thousands pink butterflies are flying
if you stare at me I see silk confetti raining like umbrellas
always rock me on the rocking chair of dreams
you embroider with silvery sugar and starch
I'm a free spiral-winged butterfly that lies only on your breast
how I love your perfect figure, the sublime harmony of your shape
always rock me, always rock me on the rocking chair of dreams ...