

Autumn, Angel Of Desire

A cold wind is blowing from the sea
Yet I'm walking barefoot
on the shoreline (bearing to my destiny)
Words of fire burn like salt in my blisters
And frozen whispers represent my enemy
All has fallen to the sea
Why do I still feel the heat?
Are your whispers frost or fire?
Am I drawn to these extremes by a
never resting need,
or the angel of desire
But it was not always so...
We used to share a destiny
Am I imagining, or do I see you
walking towards me?
Put your hand in mine, pull me closer
There are no more words that burn
or frozen whispers on the waves