

# Avec Tristesse, She, The Lust

Pushed against a stone wall,  
Your heat betrays in darkening eyes.  
So smooth and moistened skin (of yours),  
Our lips entwine in crimson wine.  
I wake up in the morning  
And feel your naked skin alive,  
In thoughts that sad emotions hide,  
We live each day as if we're about to die.

Fly away into clouds of grace.  
Read the stars again and again.

Seas arise as thunder strikes in furious cries.  
We hold ourselves,  
In motion for the fate of God.

Beauty withering my sanity,  
Mending our bodies,  
So close to the sky.

Through the stars we will ride,  
Past the sun burning wild.  
Face the dark; Close your eyes.  
Sing for me, sing forever more.

Fields of tall green grass.  
Swirls of high emotions from your eyes,  
They reach out to me.  
And their colours,  
Oh, how they touch my heart again.