

Cabaret Noir, On A Sunday Morning

In the clear
June lighting of a
Sunday morning she lies

A soundless dream
Blows into her sleeping head

The way she
Drops from her chaos
And slides to his smiling

A warm wet summer breeze blows
Into her lying down head
The water, veil
Under the unminding sky
Now she lies
Innocent and still
Between two grains of sand

Nothing is there but white sun
The silent tide holds her softly
Only the waves last forever
She's only a watercolour

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