

Cirque du Soleil, Meditation

Love is beautiful, fierce, and strong.
An insatiable, all-consuming fire.
A lion pacing on the red hot embers of desire.
Love is a thirst that's never quenched,
A sacred flame that can't be drenched
By icy showers of sobriety
Or a society
Strangled by notions of propriety.

So what kind of love is this,
This love that dares not speak its name?
This love that hangs its head in shame?
Is this so-called love even worthy of its name?

True love doesn't lie,
It doesn't hide,
And it will never be denied
The right to sing its furious song
In the sad, empty streets from dusk 'til dawn.
Love laughs at fear
And cries out its name for all to hear.

Love is beautiful,
Fierce, and loud.
But most of all,
Love is PROUD!