

# Enchantment, Carve Me In Sand

Such are lovers more than grace can seem  
The pictures of the immaculate  
Even their heaven bows to this earth  
The fairest, beautiful and withered  
Not even nature's own shapes can imagine  
Shameless and splendid with youth  
The winds now blow with feathers  
And tomorrow I wear them  
How the trees bow to subtlety  
And eden has fathered their souls  
Savour the nights for rain  
Your impetus has left me shapeless  
Beat the passion and carve me in sand  
Wondrous skills, fountains of the tomorrow  
A journey for dead lovers as even grief was sorry  
My smiles leap through the ashes (and touching with pain)  
I touch with pain  
Such a poetry I have answered desire  
And as ever the innocent sleep within  
Temptation lays to beating hands