

Flying, The Fire of Your Feelings

The fire of your feelings
The light of my desires
The flash of your hope
The beam of your love
So much bright and scorching

Only the angel of my dreams
Can beam that way
The angel of suffering,
Of love and pride

You wait and hope for us to meet
You are invited by your tender look
And soft touch of your feelings
You're afraid of your demon
But you're attracted by him

He suffers greatly
His heart is broken, his soul is crushed
Like a shroud of dense mist on his way
His blind oblivion kills his flesh
On the bloody feasts and voluptuous pleasures

He escapes from his past
He destroys his real world
It's the thirst of irreparable

War with himself
The ray of light is his only salvation
Your demon is dead without an angel
The fire of love will warm his heart
And will return him back to life.