

How Like A Winter, Bescreen'd

You can hide in my arms
if the Sky unleashes his fury
for He's betrayed
in your heart lays my sight
for all the things
I've searched and looked for...
My end belongs to your beginning
my death will follow your blossom
my eyes will seek your hands forever
Oh thou, pale tulip of mine

"What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel?"

In Night I came to you
for There were born our kisses
and pleasures breathe so far from the Sun
envious by the grace
that shines in light of yours
a sweet damnation fell on my breath
Since then I can't but look for you
wearing a mask of Night
for There were born our dreams
My end belongs to your beginning
my death will follow your blossom
my eyes will haunt your life forever...
Our fields will be forever
visible to no one
that can't reach the light above us
... so dim...
I hold within my fever
your Eyes as pure as water
Never I will chase Them in the Sun
'Cause Sun is only a vision
a strange kind of illusion
Night is the only mother we have
Wait is my own father