

Sculptured, Her Silence

Eyes of sienna muse and dance
To our tune of subtle romance
Exchanging of conversing stares
Casts a tune so potent, so rich, so rare
Eyes that speak whispering words and more
Gentle images opens dream's door
So graphically elicit so delicately explicit
Is your beauty and every gaze

Trapped in this routine so shapeless
But I can't let myself speak nonsense
Such a trivial thing those first words
And who am I but a songless bird

(pre-chorus)
Forever in need of substance
But won't find it in that empty dance

(chorus)
You deserve so much more
I want to give what I adore
My heart bleeds it's bloodied tune
A silent serenade for you

Can't find the words to articulate
A fantastic text to saturate
With these words I shall release myself
From your eyes to be never confined

I can't speak empty words
So is silence the option?
The comforting warmth of absent phrase
Trust in the quite dignity of sight

Where are the impeccable lines?
Where are golden stanzas, surreal?
The couplets of rich poetry?
Dancing words of passion and romance?