

The Last Temptation

Delight

You breath so quietly
While you sleep
I wont to feel every breath of yours
I am not here
Silver smoke from your mouth
Flies away to the sky
It grows like ivy
Straining your hair
I want to be like it
Touch you and fly away...
My skin burns in fever
it is thirsty for your cold hands
Open your eyes, see me now...
The last temptation...
When you breathe so quietly
While you sleep
I catch each breath of yours