

...An Autumnal Night Passion: Movement II

Desire

Tell me... What are you?
Are you flesh?... Or are you spirit?...
I'm sorrow...
I am the demon... The demon...

You... You are the light amidst the darkness
You... You are life for this empty soul of mine
Which feels useless and ugly inside my heart

Light of my life...
Fire of my loins...
My sin...
My soul... My soul...

The taste of your mouth
The echo of your moaning
Such love has driven my soul raving mad
My eyes, my griveous eyes lost in yours... Yours... Yours...

Your voluptuous breasts made of pure honey
Laid bare by the silken veil
Where I shed silent kisses
Only heard by the moon, up above there in the sky...

You have a scent, the perfume of a flower
Trail of your nude body, temple of love...
Where my being weeps for such a delightful and sensual moment
The one immortalized by the flame of desire, by a tear of pain.
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Light of my life...
Fire of my loins...
My sin...
My soul...