

Thirst For Sun

Dew-Scented

Just a cruel recollection
In your sentimental breath
All our expectations
I still believe in life's sore
A myrtle imagination
And my appeasant cry

Thirst for sun
Sear for me and dwell inside
An ode to faithfulness lies here
Soar to our altar as gold

An impaled desolation
Amid the shifting sands
All our expectations
Dissolving as do tears I swore maturity
It is my own duty to serve

It is our shadow smelting my lust
Stare at this bare residue of dust
Magnetize my wish to flee
From my own imaginations
The undued price, eternal suffering
A sweet kiss, oh soledad

In my own flesh incarnated
Lamentations in vain
All our expectations
Are just flowers of fraud
An existential wisdom
Becam infinite pain