

This Right Here

Markéta Irglová

Anything that I could say right now,
Would only be a pale reflection of what I feel.
Won't you let me just look at you,
Our eyes are the windows to our souls, and
They will show one another all there is to know,
About the things that I'd like you to understand.
Hold my hand and listen with your skin,
Let your inner senses take me in, and
We will go beyond words.

Like a wish that's remained concealed,
Like a wound that has never healed,
In the secret language of the heart,
I summoned you to me,
As the missing part of my life's design.
Your destiny's linked with mine,
As I light these candles for you, and
Your unspoken wish coming true, but
The present is the gift.
Yeah, this right here,
This right here.