

700 Miles

Orange & Lemons

My eyes have yet to cast a look upon you
In distances that will allow me a touch of your hand
A taste of your precious lips
A moving scent
My other senses are useless
Your voice is enough
Multiplied with hundreds of messages and images
To ensnare me in such a short period of time
I am yours now, as you are mine
700 miles away
In three full moons
All sweetness and light
Our lives have engaged
And when the time comes
My other senses finally find you
My love will then be multiplied
Tenfolds