

## Autumn "Angel Of Desire"

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A cold wind is blowing from the sea  
Yet I'm walking barefoot  
on the shoreline (bearing to my destiny)  
Words of fire burn like salt in my blisters  
And frozen whispers represent my enemy

All has fallen to the sea  
Why do I still feel the heat?  
Are your whispers frost or fire?

Am I drawn to these extremes by a  
never resting need,  
or the angel of desire

But it was not always so...  
We used to share a destiny  
Am I imagining, or do I see you  
walking towards me?

Put your hand in mine, pull me closer  
There are no more words that burn  
or frozen whispers on the waves

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