

## How Like A Winter "Bescreen'd"

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You can hide in my arms  
If the Sky unleashes his fury  
For He's betrayed  
In your heart lays my sight  
For all the things  
I've searched and looked for...  
My end belongs to your beginning  
My death will follow your blossom  
My eyes will seek your hands forever  
Oh thou, pale tulip of mine  
"What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night  
So stumblest on my counsel?"  
In Night I came to you  
Or There were born our kisses  
And pleasures breathe so far from the Sun

Envious by the grace  
That shines in light of yours  
A sweet damnation fell on my breath  
Since then I can't but look for you  
Wearing a mask of Night  
For There were born our dreams  
My end belongs to your beginning  
My death will follow your blossom  
My eyes will haunt your life forever...  
Our fields will be forever  
Visible to no one  
That can't reach the light above us  
... so dim...  
I hold within my fever  
Your Eyes as pure as water  
Never I will chase Them in the Sun  
'Cause Sun is only a vision  
A strange kind of illusion  
Night is the only mother we have  
Wait is my own father

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