

## Masque "Feeding Her"

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I could teach your tongue to taste  
She whispered, she, who did not show  
Naked ran her feet in vain  
Weakness racked her bones, it knew  
Feet like those will not remain  
Wasted was her breath upon him  
Laughs and cries to raise his faith  
So ardent was the trembling voice  
Tried not to let his hands away  
Like light leaves the pleas went down  
As light leaves the bile will not drown  
He raised his hands, subdued the shivering

And ran his tongue across the palms  
He felt the life along the fingers  
And let its breath refill his lungs  
The hands were love and they were joy  
Like fruit wine they brought delight  
But rest won't breathe in empty hands  
And empty they were folded tight  
Like leaves the pleas went down  
As light leaves the bile will not drown  
(Words: Sahlin Music: Rellmark)

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