

Whispering Forest "Flamescape"

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My eyes are aching to see
The sight of the sacred grounds
And ears are yearning to hear
Its sweet and whispering sounds.
Let me tenderly view in disguise
The landscapes of death in your eyes.

I wither in front of your charm,
I burn with a blue flame of pain.
In a state of fragrant alarm
I forget what is lost what is gained.
Let me burn, let me hurt, let me fly
Through the landscapes of death in your eyes.

You've a scent of October wine
And your face has a light of it's own.
Come join the unlit soul of mine
In this nebulous twilight zone.
Let me kiss the white of your hips
And the landscapes of death on your lips.

In the darkening calm where we dwell
The most beautiful things are unseen.
I must strain to see you as well
As all the dreams that you ever have been.
Let me search, let me walk, let me find
The landscapes of death in your mind.

Every time I inhale you I weep
For our passion and pleasure and pain,
For the secret we both have to keep.
And I know it will not be in vain!
How long was the time that you knew -
Once I'll come to the landscapes of death
In you?

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