

Desire

"Chapter XII: ...An Autumnal Night Passion Movement II"

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Tell me... What are you?
Are your flesh?... Or are you spirit? ...
I'm sorrow...
I am the demon... The demon...

You... You are the graceful light
Amidst the darkness
You... You are the life for this empty
Soul of mine
Which feels useless and ugly
Inside my heart

Light of my life...
Fire of my loins...
My sin...
My soul... My soul...

The taste of your mouth
The echo of your moaning
Such love has driven my soul raving mad
My eyes, my grievous eyes
Lost in yours... Yours... Yours...

Your voluptuous breasts
Made of pure honey
Laid bare by the silken veil
Where I shed silent kisses
Only heard by the moon,
Up above there in the sky...

You have a scent, the perfume of a flower
Trail of your nude body, temple of love...
Where my being weeps
For such a delightful and sensual moment
The one immortalized by the flame of desire,
By a tear of pain...
Light of my life...
Fire of my loins...
My sin...
My soul...

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