

Saavedra**"Song From The Highest Tower"**

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Let it come, let it come! The season we can love!

I have waited so long,
That at length I forget
And leave unto heaven
My fear and regret
A sick thirst
Darkens my veins.

Let it come, let it come! The season we can love!

So the green field, to oblivion falls, overgrown,
flowering,
With incense and weeds and the cruel noise of dirty
flies.

Let it come, let it come! The season we can love!

I loved the desert, burnt orchards
Tired old shops, warm drinks.
I dragged myself through stinking alleys
And with my eyes closed
I offered myself to the sun
The god of fire

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