

## **The Renaissance**

### **"A whisper from marseilles"**

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A touch upon my forehead  
a kiss so soft and warm  
a smile that faded in the night  
that never meant me harm  
he lives inside a special place  
that's deep inside of me  
sheltered by my feelings  
that no one else will see

Chorus:

A whisper from Marseilles  
a whisper from a friend  
that drifts along an empty shore  
his love he tries to send

Imagining an ocean  
riding on the waves  
things we used to talk about  
the things we used to crave  
no footsteps left behind him  
or voice that can be heard  
no questions left to ask now  
love was the final word

Chorus

All things living, moving, breathing  
all we want to see  
all things living, moving breathing  
all we'll ever be

Chorus

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