

Vanden Plas "Scarlet Flower Fields"

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One day before the rain only for a moment the earth
inhales again
It seems like time stood still before the wind creeping
to the trees upon the hill
And a blind man finds a way between the beauty and
decay
Over roses in the dust, behind doors are made to rust
Lies a field of a thousand nails beneath cemetery vales

And one day before the rain
He is searching there again
Where no one ever meets
And one day before the rain
He is searching there again
Where no one ever meets
On the Scarlet Flower Fields

The scent of sweet perfume is a lair of pale illusions
with a tainted Paris tune
The dark an lonely side binds this liquid marriage for
shadows and the light
Somewhere by the fireside lies a man, eyes open wide
Flee on the effect of plants, he translates and
understands
For the hidden side to see in this secret poetry

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