

## Infiltration

Dark Suns

A sweet disorder in the dress  
Kindless in clothes a wantonness  
A lawn about the shoulders thrown  
Into a fine distraction  
An erring lace which here and there  
Enthralls the crimson stomacher

I'm crying here  
Would you ever come with me  
Never let me infiltrate what I call free

And not expecting pardon  
Hardened in heard anew  
Thunder and rain with you  
And grateful too

My reality for you  
Could be quenched simply by returning  
To those shores where I might hear your voice  
My reality for you  
Could be quenched simply by returning  
To those shores where I might hear your voice  
In a cantilena of blue

A sweet disorder in the dress  
Kindless in clothes a wantonness  
A lawn about the shoulders thrown  
Into a fine distraction