

## Thirst For Sun

## Dew-Scented

Just a cruel recollection  
In your sentimental breath  
All our expectations  
I still believe in life's sore  
A myrtle imagination  
And my appeasant cry

Thirst for sun  
Sear for me and dwell inside  
An ode to faithfulness lies here  
Soar to our altar as gold

An impaled desolation  
Amid the shifting sands  
All our expectations  
Dissolving as do tears I swore maturity  
It is my own duty to serve

It is our shadow smelting my lust  
Stare at this bare residue of dust  
Magnetize my wish to flee  
From my own imaginations  
The undued price, eternal suffering  
A sweet kiss, oh soledad

In my own flesh incarnated  
Lamentations in vain  
All our expectations  
Are just flowers of fraud  
An existential wisdom  
Becam infinite pain