

Dryad

Frown

The morning dew
Flowing down her breast
As she lies on the poppy
She's a dryad-it's her excuse

Inside the old shack
Of oak wood
Overgrown by weed
She's a dryad-as a shrine

In her eyes flower blooms
She smells like a perfume
She's a dryad-she has to shine

After the nightfall
Night's so long
She's dancing on the meadows
She's a dryad-wild as hind

She takes a bath
In crystal pool
As moss she is green
She's a dryad-i want to see her

She's jumping over the trunks
Through the musk
And shade of dusk
She's a dryad-she has to fly

I'm yearning to see her
Sometimes it's so hard
She avoids grey daylight
Sometimes it's so hard
To find her

She's a dryad-she's not my woman