

Wings of Desire

Markéta Irglová

I've often thought about the nature of our meeting:
a handshake for a greeting, a look of tenderness in your eyes.
Your hand, it felt warm. I held it tight in both of mine,
the way I'd cling to a cup of steaming tea in winter.□

It's not that I was cold, although the□ autumn breeze blew cooler at the shore.

It's that when we touched I saw a glimpse of my future
and I hoped in holding on I'd see a little more.

Now I still thirst for that vision, I still hunger for that touch.

I hardly know what to do with myself, I want you so much.

But my heart will burst before I die of hunger or thirst
for the love I feel but try and contain.

If you only knew then I could let it grow freely for you.

You'd see□ how much has been asked of my self-restraint.

If I could soar like a bird on these feathered wings of desire...

Yeah, I love you. Could you ever love me too?

You□ don't know how good to you I'd be.

I'd make you feel like the wildest of your dreams were real.

I'd show you every day how much you mean to me.

I could soar like a bird on these feathered wings of desire