

The Vineyard

Nightfall

In thee place where all spirits rest
I leave my soul to touch the fate of fire
So proud, so strong, but yet, desperate as it fades
while thoughts and pictures remind me of you...

...you, sweet as any dandle drop of blood
liquid fire, mother of thee carnal desires
emblem of my manor and all those...
all those who dance, attendance on my equestrian golden effigy.

I'm supping the juices of eternal life
going astray by the marvelous muscatel grape
and I think no end of this enormous river, yet soft caressing like,
as my throat is being victimized by fluid earthly seeds

I've become enamoured of fire's beauty
alike deep white cygnets of lakewaters blue green sky
Someday I'll be one who'll elope with her, the enchantress
however, no sooner said than done, and... it lasts
...until the ends of the world.