

Your Face

Peter Murphy

Water lily
Freedom
Where does the
Spirit lay?
Freedom
Lying in shadows
Of light and clay

I trace your feet
Like transparent thrones
I dream of your clinging
I am not alone
I glide with you
Draw you with kole
Your paint the river
I am not alone

That lover
In the crash
That scent
lingers now
Your face

Your face

I trace your feet
Like transparent thrones
I dream of your clinging
I am not alone
I glide with you
Draw you with kole
Your paint the river
I am not alone