

A Whisper From Marseilles

Renaissance

A touch upon my forehead
A kiss so soft and warm
A smile that faded in the night
That never meant me harm
He lives inside a special place
That's deep inside of me
Sheltered by my feelings
That no one else will see

A whisper from marseilles
A whisper from a friend
That drifts along an empty shore
His love he tries to send

Imagining an ocean
Riding on the waves
Things we used to talk about
The things we used to crave
No footsteps left behind him
Or voice that can be heard
No questions left to ask now
Love was the final word

All things living, moving, breathing
All we want to see
All things living, moving breathing
All we'll ever be