

The Secret Garden

The Divine Comedy

So much time, and so little to do
I furnish my mind with pictures of you
Fading portraits, peculiar name
Replaced by your face in a big golden frame

Take me inside you—
There I will find you
Quietly sleeping;
Water is seeping
Down from the skies and
Into your eyes and
Into the secret garden

The icon hangs alone on the wall;
Her sweet mouth is saying nothing at all
Golden fragments of moments in time
Tarnished with guilt for an innocent time