

Scarlet Flower Fields

Vanden Plas

One day before the rain only for a moment the earth inhales again
in

It seems like time stood still before the wind creeping to the
trees upon the hill

And a blind man finds a way between the beauty and decay

Over roses in the dust, behind doors are made to rust

Lies a field of a thousand nails beneath cemetery vales

And one day before the rain

He is searching there again

Where no one ever meets

And one day before the rain

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The scent of sweet perfume is a lair of pale illusions with a t
ainted Paris tune

The dark an lonely side binds this liquid marriage for shadows
and the light

Somewhere by the fireside lies a man, eyes open wide

Flee on the effect of plants, he translates and understands

For the hidden side to see in this secret poetry

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