

Tree

your tree, my love
where does it stand
in the spoken word
the painting, the song
I'll be the rock beneath it

Trust

belief without proof
gives us faith
faith with fidelity
brings perfect trust
its both stone and bird

Kiss

the first kiss
was pure perfection
leaving no option
than to desire countless more
each match the first

Muse

my lonely journey
a thousand miles long
my voice was lost
you gave it back to me
thank you for my life

Pulse

The ultimate journey
is from ache to release
stop, and the body is
knots, fire, sparks, and desire
the journey starts once more