

Desert rose – Sting

I dream of rain
I dream of gardens in the desert sand
I wake in pain
I dream of love as time runs through my hand
This desert rose
Each of her veils, a secret promise
This desert flower
No sweet perfume
Ever tortured me more than this
And as she turns
This way she moves
In the logic of all my dreams
This fire burns
I realize that nothing's as it seems
I dream of rain
I dream of gardens in the desert sand
I wake in pain
I dream of love as time runs through my hand
I dream of rain
I lift my gaze to empty skies above
I close my eyes, this rare perfume
Is the sweetest intoxication of her love
I dream of rain
I dream of gardens in the desert sand
I wake in pain
I dream of love as time runs through my hand
Sweet desert rose
This memory of Eden haunts us all
This desert flower, this rare perfume
Is the sweet intoxication of the fall



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych