

# 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  
I dream of fire  
Those dreams are tied to a horse that will never tire  
And in the flames  
Her shadows play in the shape of a man's desire

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 realise 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 sweet 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  
Each of her veils, a secret promise

This desert flower  
No sweet perfume ever tortured me more than this

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Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych