

# Aquarello

## Ataraxia

Your hands and my words trace circles,  
Lines, volutes, assonances,  
Fragrances of sonorous abstractions  
Atmospheric nuances,  
Tenuous impalpable motions of spinging chords;  
Cerulean, overseas-blues hover and twist  
In floating constellations "We open the dance like unusual  
comedians or sylvestrian  
interpreters of a bizarre picture."

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>