

Spark

Stream of Passion

Spare a thought
for me, my love,
while you stare at the distance;
for the spark that was born in your eyes
lit my senses. Dream of me, my dear;
press my song on your temples.
Let my voice draw away all your fears
and embrace you. As the night extends over the daylight
please remember
that for a glimpse of your smile I'd give
my everything:
smiles and secrets, hopes and fears;
tears and wishes, words and dreams. Spare a thought
for me, my love,
when you wake from your slumber.
To the spark that was born in your eyes
I surrender.

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