

Your Face

Peter Murphy

Water Lily freedom
Where does the spirit lay?
Freedom, lying in shadows of light and clay I trace your feet like transparent thrones
I dream of your clinging, I am not alone
I glide with you, draw you with kole
You paint the river, I am not alone That lover in the crash
That scent lingers now
Your face
Your face I trace your feet like transparent thrones
I dream of your clinging, I am not alone
I glide with you, draw you with kole
Your paint the river, I am not alone

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