

# Flying, The Fire of Your Feelings

The fire of your feelings  
The light of my desires  
The flash of your hope  
The beam of your love  
So much bright and scorching

Only the angel of my dreams  
Can beam that way  
The angel of suffering,  
Of love and pride

You wait and hope for us to meet  
You are invited by your tender look  
And soft touch of your feelings  
You're afraid of your demon  
But you're attracted by him

He suffers greatly  
His heart is broken, his soul is crushed  
Like a shroud of dense mist on his way  
His blind oblivion kills his flesh  
On the bloody feasts and voluptuous pleasures

He escapes from his past  
He destroys his real world  
It's the thirst of irreparable

War with himself  
The ray of light is his only salvation  
Your demon is dead without an angel  
The fire of love will warm his heart  
And will return him back to life.