

Noa, He

The nearness of the sea and you
Obliterates all hopes of rest
Your salty breath has blown over the sea
To penetrate my breast
The rising of my love
Is like the waves at tide...
Come, my bride
In a red moon over sea
Your blood is burning
In a red moon I can see
Our blood is turning
The rising tide
Will call and cry
Your name, your name in yearning
Come, my bride
Come my bride...
How can I close the window
When the storm is near?
How can I close my window
When your feet are bare?
How can I close my window
When the ocean weeps
How can I, knowing you're
Awake somewhere...
The owl shattered my sleep
When in the night he cried,
Come, my bride