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Through Naked Flame

O would you dance with me through naked flame?

Our feet upon a floor of red-hot coals

With lips ablaze I whisper would your name

And off your ember tongue your answer rolls

We swirl in heated motions through the halls

Aware of that one fact we leave untold

We know as long ongoes our feverish waltz

The flint and steel of love shall not grow cold

For while we dance this flame we share is real

It flickers out when dancing feet grow numb

The burns that we've sustained that far may heal;

Desire is a meeker flame than some

Thus if we burn, the fire's not to blame

Then would you dance with me through naked flame?

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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