

09 The Other Side of the Air

Is it then my lot to receive so rare,
What you hold in your folded hands, so fair.
Like a child who possesses her soul without care,
The rainbows touch the ground somewhere,
Where the wind begins, the other side of the air,
Where the wind begins, the other side of the air.

This day has a face that smiles at me;
Whispers promises that will surely be.
In the folds of her flowing skirts, I'll see
In her arms I will finally be complete.
Then she draws on her darkening coat to leave,
She draws on her darkening coat to leave.

When I said, "My love, I love you so,
Let our lives be a winding of our souls!"
Your lips barely moved when you finally spoke,
Like a woman whose heart was an empty hole;
Like the letter 'o' in the whispered word No,
Like the letter 'o' in the whispered word No.

Why do we love someone who will never love us back? Why are we so sick with passion and obsession? Here, rejection torture turns into smoldering sarcasm.