

Love Philtre

The Church

The buzzing chrome of blue unending
Pretending I still have somewhere left to turn
The fading flower of hours wilting
Love philtre, still something left to learn

There's still a love to live for
We're reinvented, our minds are made up
The moon's pretending, our lives invaded
The way corroded, our love is philtred

The sensual realm of stone invaded
Pervaded by a sense of betrayal
The hidden life of love corroded
I'm loaded to love's details

There's still a love to live for
We're reinvented, our minds are made up
The moon's pretending, our lives invaded
The way corroded, our love is philtred

A lovely loss of blossom scented
Repented by the tops of the hoy, coy

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