

## Dryad

Frown

The morning dew  
Flowing down her breast  
As she lies on the poppy  
She's a dryad-it's her excuse

Inside the old shack  
Of oak wood  
Overgrown by weed  
She's a dryad-as a shrine

In her eyes flower blooms  
She smells like a perfume  
She's a dryad-she has to shine

After the nightfall  
Night's so long  
She's dancing on the meadows  
She's a dryad-wild as hind

She takes a bath  
In crystal pool  
As moss she is green  
She's a dryad-i want to see her

She's jumping over the trunks  
Through the musk  
And shade of dusk  
She's a dryad-she has to fly

I'm yearning to see her  
Sometimes it's so hard  
She avoids grey daylight  
Sometimes it's so hard  
To find her

She's a dryad-she's not my woman