The Fruitless Orchard

When you were gone I had the time of my life.
But the days seemed too long
the sun too bright.
It burned through my skin,
my heart on fire.
In those moments your cold touch
was all I desired.

Was it the warmth of your absence
or the cold of your desolation?
My heart seemed to scream yet
it rejoiced the emancipation
The orchards of my soul are all
fruitless.
They now have a shining sun,
but they only seemed to bloom
under your stinging caress.