

In the Absence of Her Eyes

Peter Saint-Andre

Slow

o - mma-ton d'en a - che - ni - ais e - rrei pas A-phro - di - ta

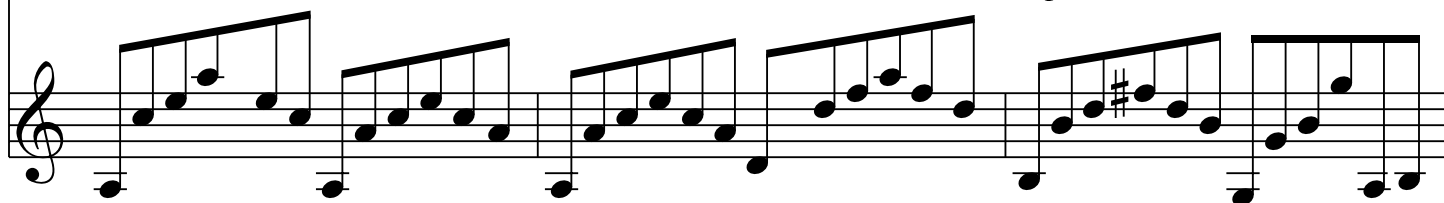
o - mma - ton d'en a - che - ni - ais e - rrei pas A-phro - di -

ta Why now that I am

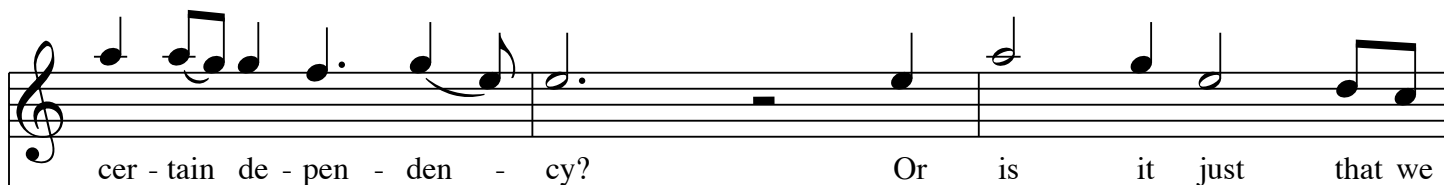
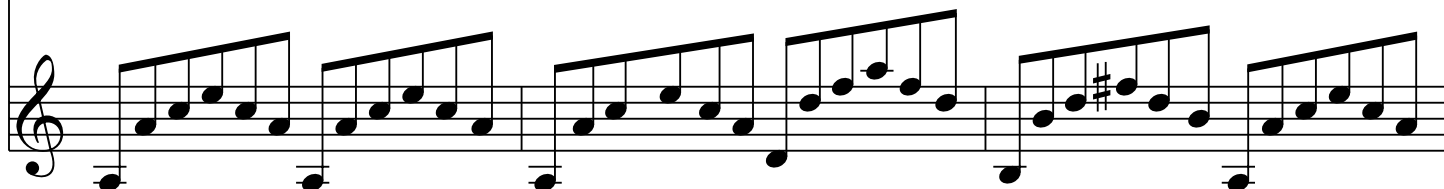
heal - thy is our love a de - sert sand, dry



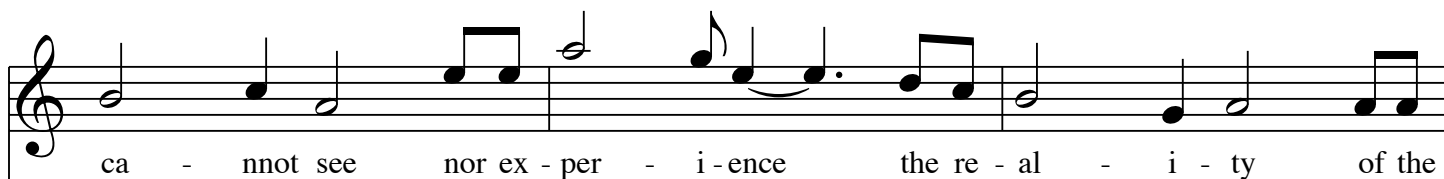
fea - ture-less land all drained of the sap of e - -



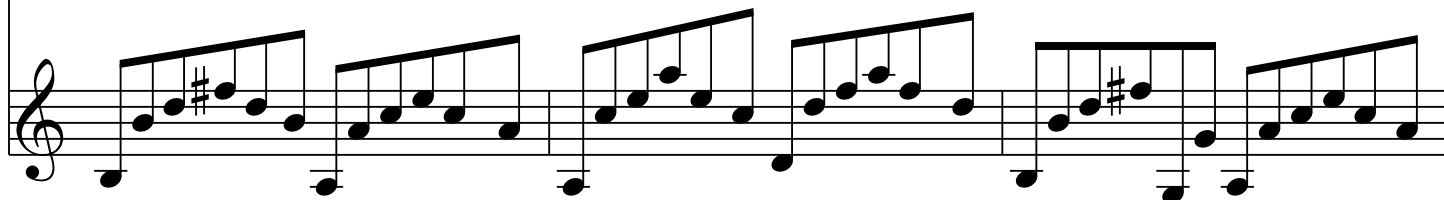
ros? Was the foun - da - tion of our re-la-tion a



cer - tain de - pen - den - cy? Or is it just that we



ca - nnot see nor ex - per - i - ence the re - al - i - ty of the



love I sing, of our love I cry

and I cry o - mma-ton d'en a-che-ni - ais

Slow

rit. *harm.*

e - rrei pas A-phro - di - ta o - mma-ton d'en a - che - ni - ais

harm. *harm.*

e - rrei pas A-phro - di - ta

harm. *rit.*