

755-1000
Red hour

When i think of red hour
It's not festival
It's sunset in the summer
Where i can hear the waves
It's not a church
Where someone tells me jesus saves
When i think of red hour
It's not on some distant rock
But more a sense
A feeling
Hot
But not
Or a drive on a summer dawn
Humid but yet to scorch
No torch to bear
Just a softness in the air
That to me
Is
The red hour