Ángel

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There are party bells in my heart
When knowing a celestial angel
That with their shine and love
Illuminates my heart.

When I think of you,
I think of the fondness of your soul.
In the sweetness of your look
In the illusion knowing you.

When I dream of you
I dream of being in dawn
In the perfect moment
In the minute that offered me
The heat and the passion

Your angel look
That makes sleepy and tenderizes
That it is as the song of a nightingale.

The light that irradiate your eyes
It wraps and it tenderizes
It falls in love and it rouses
To my heart.

I know that
I listen in each awakening
To a nightingale
And those nightingales are you.