

# BLISS, Kissing

The red light of the sun,  
slowly descending.  
The sky is all I see,  
it's never ending.

We could fly,  
you and I.  
On a cloud,  
kissing, kissing.

The wind plays with the leaves,  
the weather turns colder.  
But as long as we believe,  
love doesn't get older.

We could fly,  
you and I.  
On a cloud,  
kissing, kissing.

On a journey of the heart,  
there's so much to see.  
And when the sky is dark,  
you'll be right here,  
right here with me.

Right here with me.  
Kissing.

(Kissing, kissing)  
(A journey of the heart)