

# Aching Beauty, Endlessly

Each time, forgetting each time  
The harm I can have done  
Keeping thinking of merging through  
May I recover one day  
The spring I once lived on  
That endless wind beneath my wings

Each time, forgetting each time  
The virtuous world I thought  
I could live in and refer to  
Try hard towards my last flight  
Stretch my feathers once more  
Reaching further the hope that you live

Dry heart, it may be our last fight,  
We'll eventually become  
Rich together of all what we've lived