

Flowing Tears, Purple Red Soil

a fading plastic sun I cry
to breathe your odour by my side
afraid a tear could fall and dry... a summer

a drying fish an aimless frown
indifferent words in velvet sound
a stranded love too weak to drown... a sailor

a dreaming plastic moon has died
no more to colour any night
hold back the solemn in your eyes... a moment

a sailing child on waters blind
elate the sundown you will find
and deep inside no sun will shine... for never

prevail my part□
come drown me in your sight

this painful art
to sear me with no words

a searing mark□
come drown me in my world

as like a park□
asleep to hold the wintersun