

Smoke City, Giuletta

Something happened yesterday
I feel lost
Afraid that my love
Loves another

Giulietta
Do you know
To be happy we must wake up
And a place to confront with passion as the body
The body
Yes the body and the shoulders
And the space between the breast

The green birds
The flamingos
The doves the sparrows
Some that can be used according to the occasion

There are different types of byte
Dog bytes, wouf!
Playful bytes, miaou!
Dialectical (? !)
Byte of a wolf, ohhh

Giulietta love this
The religion
And your lover is your god
Ever stimulator of the cold
Your spirit
Like the incense it must stay
Smoke on the outer of your loving body

Giulietta
Now you know
The kamasutra