

Uaral, Eternal Beauty Of The Trees

Eternal Beauty Of The Trees

The pretended smile of the lewdness that he lives on me,
No longer in case alone he makes alike
Upon never to smile of the trees...

Dawn: he falls to your feet a tear out of every star...
The night: he falls to your feet the unhappiness and the no love...

The great problem to breathe,
He is to want the impossible,
Making possible only
Another sigh that he propagates you to lashes the pain