

Shunning punched, all of song  
Will you spare last night till dawn?  
Your eyes have mine  
At last I've got lyric

The rest into a mood of dust  
Myself into with eyes for me  
My safe love bought love

Showing emotions  
New rules reaching out  
Reeling with  
Our mountain roses  
Oh, in their eyes and then

Little flowers in the dirt  
And gladness will fill me in your hand  
You hold and surround me in golden-vein  
Myself into, it finds a thread