

A White Dream

Dying Passion

The death coloured snow
Which blew over from Far Asia
To melt in Pinning City,
To moisten our hearts,
To bring our desire and hope back to life.
That's our colour.

Bloody arms, set teeth,
Pinning eyes, rough feet,
The ground is a hell carpet
Burning with thousands of requests,
The hell, the paradise is ours.

Let closed door open, open forever!
And we'll cease to be other people's slaves,
Slaves of things, slaves of life.
That's our call.