

## Flowery Noontide

Espers

Fits well, a flowery noontide  
And tell a tale of springtime  
Someone will call, hungry to spite me  
Absent from luck and blame so slightly

In sight, the tale goes hiding  
Reveal a bite, skin tightening  
Soon gone the thought, am I distracted

Please cover up, our lies are abandoned

So sad, the tide so rightly  
We took the tale so lightly  
Snows are so far, and lost stars lightening  
To enter scorned and tempers tightening