

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