Tiny sister

It's round noon, Your toys look so dumb Nobody wants to play anymore A lot of people seems to be asleep Except Your mother - the person with milk

In one room, deep gloom She's holding that girl Smaller then Your doll The smell of warmth And sweet pure love Is bringing a huge tear into Your eye

Hold Your breath and understand There is no word that You can say You're summers just two pinkies That is all You know today

You are coming closer wondering if she's also Yours Her face so beautiful, her dream is only about the mummy boobs

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The joy just cannot stay inside