

Good Morning Good News

The Pillows

Have you noticed? This ship swaying in despair is slipping bit by bit to a sea of recovery.

I put my hand to my heart, asking "How many times?" This wind I feel is everything, a melody I can believe in.

I'll surely start to cry without any reason. I'll aim for the dazzling sky with you, and a blank shot will ring out.

Now, the pain of the day that I ran from will begin to leave my heart.

I noticed it; In this dark despair, though it's as small as the eye of a needle, this hope is as bright as the sun.

This curtain in my heart is something that I chose by myself. If I were worried about it, I'd tear it off in an instant without caring.

Now, the pain of the day that I ran from will begin to leave my heart.

To this self that I'm still not used to I want to gamble it all .

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