



Bring me some hope.
If only a feather.
a feather who once belonged
to a bird.

I've never seen hope and
reality together
but its a beautiful thing
as far as I have heard

I was only eleven when I fell
and since that day I've
known ~~that~~ dark so well
and now I can't see
anything clear
there is no happy songs
for me to hear



I would kiss you.

if I could.

but your not
mine to kiss
on an airport
in amsterdam.

