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The Night queen dream cradle.

On the default road snowing

Through love of love

The hearts of the thin wind are durable

He is fighting

You have to be the sweet wild light

From the new terracotta stove,

I am not sorry.

I am going down on the terrace for a second

Under the heavenly aura.

The night has long been forgotten by itself

Putting my feet on my beam

And I am overwhelmed by cold jumps.

Thinking if he was lucky one day

Then he should kiss my leg

I would have laughed a little

do not do it,

To kiss the kiss

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