

Towards The Top

Artrosis

With kisses, in which night lives,
You wrap the shadow in flames of your arms
You wish for rising with her
Tears of happiness drop adoring the smile
You do feel spark which lit fire between you
Let it persist
Let it feed new flame
Fiery handshake
Melts ice-bounded faces anew
Which - blankly - spy you
They gaze slowly
You're falling down with her and wish for rising again
Your kisses' song
Will light a fire that will let you rise toward the top
again