

## Tiny sister

Sistars

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

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

The joy just cannot stay inside