

Painted Girls

The Frozen Autumn

I saw my years
I saw my tears, freezing,
A fairy lamp lit up my face as a gentle breeze.

Just another pearly moon through the weeping fog,
takes away the orchids from my bed !
Ordinary season of a standing world,
Where the colours slid down on my back !

I heard speak painted girls,
They believe in another life,
It's strange to say, but from that moment
My days are not the same !