

Ayabie

"Kisimiisunou (Kiss Me Snow) (English Version)"

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Why does snow go along on my cheek in the summer?
I quietly wait your answer at night.

The sudden words cool down the air. And it causes
speeding up to decrease the body temperature.
It is like a weak woman, reality or Karuta (Japanese card
game). I take it. (I cannot sleep well at midsummer. So
Morberia says.)

I wish that this time would be lost. The event was too
big. I cannot falsify it any longer.

It is you who do not move. The dark is blue that drives
the body clock mad. We, two gaze depth of the color.

It is me who keeps waiting in the favorite forest as it is.
I blot my thoughtless desire to my heat. The snow
kisses me naturally.

Love, no, I cannot express it with only such a word.

I notice now. It is too late. Your gesture of closing an
eye (reflection of the wall) showed your limit many
times.

We are trees in the night. Where are we going to
separately.

I keep waiting in the dream with watching the
unremovable hoop.
I call you with loud voice, though. The snow gives me a
good-bye kiss.

Love, mad, I keep looking at you because of them. No,
it's not true. I want to meet you again. I want to tell it to
you.

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