

Paragon Of Beauty "How Futile It Seems To Sow"

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It is fragile every day
A useless delay
This moment
Same sleep
Will you never understand what I miss

How futile it seems to sow
I am looking for nothing and all
My fleeting hope
Your fading heart
When we will cast our final spark

On tiptoe I moved off to the
all-knowing cranes
They said we were only a
brief yearning for
Something far too bright

"A reflecting image of paper
is still more than a directionless fool
within a celestial scenery
So our deeds are never as hopeless
As we may think sometimes."

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