

4 Bonjour's Parties "Amalthea"

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In a cave of plastic circuits
Makeup birds dance a rondo
Damaged feathers changed into green

Some painkiller
Then I begin a picture story show

I fly low with you over a grassy plain and I teach you
secret words
Inner universe
I see a distorted star
Fill your broken horn with light sleep

Golden goat watched us from far away
While he pecked a crown in search of a small weak
fragment
He picked an invisible corsage

He wanted to know a name of the brightness
The warbler who lost her face stayed in his shoulder
"If there's a color for wind you may emit light"

But this page has color less
It accelerates
Become gradually fast

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