

Felt Tip Pens, The "Angles Of Light"

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Enveloped in fog
Desolate road
Time is turning into beautiful world
Spread my palms
I glance down
Mountain breeze blows against your face
Season colour
Hang low
I ask God to do everything

So beautiful world
Sky high
The season advances to a wintry scene
Angles of light
Time creeps
We were freezing in the cold that day
All our love
Can you see it, too?
It seems like the beginning of snow for all

Oh, I'm not here to make
some kind of judgement
Oh, My heart feels so wide
and so strong
And I will pray to do
everything well

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