



Bring me some hope.  
If only a feather.  
a feather who once belonged  
to a bird.

I've never seen hope and  
reality together  
but its a beautiful thing  
as far as I have heard

I was only eleven when I fell  
and since that day I've  
known that dark so well  
and now I can't see  
anything clear  
there is no happy songs  
for me to hear





I would kiss you.

if I could.

but your not  
mine to kiss  
on an airport  
in amsterdam.

