the war of miracles
I give you the door, the diamond, and the crown...
the door

existence and non-existence are equally infinite with or without observation

I am weak, but I am going to have a crush...maybe purity is simply another strong word that replaces a weak thing

or, perhaps, just a corpse

I promise, you will be ruined by what you love

so I will pretend to join you while we pour coffee for show, but drink wine for our soul

the party will not hurt us...I cannot feel anything, and I do not want to know why

I am going to be a little bit of a little bit of rain so possibly I can be saved

while I do not want to do anything so I can prevent decay

but even a chandelier without the rain contains a little bit of a prism, even if only for a minute
tis where I see you, my secret flower

separate one of one color of one rainbow, and make it your favorite...I have been ready for three colors, but the trinity in another is what escapes me from finding a mirror...

you want to take your child mind to the original home of creativity

a shooting landscape and everyone is the target for potential beauty

for the best of the writers, but, again, who is the one? who is the one? who is the one? who is the most beautiful to me?

no one told me why

when she went to be asleep, she was alone in her dreams, waiting for me with a flower under the songs of the barefoot imprinted meadow sky

and if you go crazy, you are simply behind you ready for the fall from dreams

you were like a bet everyone said you would not come in but you came in

leg by leg, such a hardworking character and one day a lucid model of yourself
but, first, look at yourself because you have not been here for a long time, have you forgotten how you look?

the process of getting ready is hard, and I want to be richer, but when I start to do something, I feel apathetic

the secret is the flower, the flower dances, the flower feels, the flower blooms as I wish to

look up to see the souls of your feet

I did not know when to get ready because the motion to get ready is not important, but I did not know it was a little bit of a mystery

I am going to have a light today, and I am going to eat it...I want to be happy and go toward the cloud and lightning

why does it always rain on me?

when the dawn met the naked day...I can spend a special night...I will meet the gods that live inside me

steal your heart if you are the only one in existence, and be perfect whether you fly toward or away from the mirror
that will give you a good taste of the moon

and smile while you drive away a little frustration and change the free rambling in character to not be magnificently superficial...

practicing silence requires strength

a good day to be

and see out of nature comes the most beautiful things

can you tell I am in love

be your own god

why are you going to be here?

down is the grail

it is a lot of work to do, but if you shut up, you are the only one who is going to do it

enchant me

before your light goes off, good evening to you
the time has been long since I have had a lot of moves in the morning and to conveniently fit this night sky belt in my dreams

wide flowers will also be warm arms

know you can find me in the meadow in the sky

one day again, we will hurry back, and I know the heart has been in a new bloom for a while, and my love will dream again, but I do not want to forever dream...the heart must be lived

thankfully, I am an easy to read heart, but you must go through my soul, but leave me to the long journey...I will follow the flowers
taste time in circles

it is raining and I see flowers in the air...it has been a long time since I have been on the other side of a window

good people are self-made in their own good self-image and vice-versa...the hyphen connects all things
even if you sit down you are going to have a sexy self, same as if you stand

strengthen you

flowers do not happen much in the soul of a thin wave that penetrates and washes away where the soul should stay

it will be a pleasure to make you happy because without you nothing of this would be possible

the brave must be fearless

she is water...soft enough to offer life...tough enough to drown it away

I saw you

I do not have the flower photo

honestly, do you want to water an angel?

true action might not be action at all even if the action is pure-pure

and if the rain came down
there, outside of consciousness, every day
bloom new blooming flowers

I personally liked the concept that I liked
it so much and now I am a thousand years old

finally I can liberate the screams from
where I am

pull up your heart

but oh well,

when I look at it, I feel like I am going to
find a soul flower on my own, and I do not
know what to do with it, but I do not think
I am going to touch it

who is the most beautiful in the world?

everything feels clear and so beautiful
flying close to the sun

almost there...

the diamond

dear my blue love,

I feel like I am chosen
but today is leaving...wait for me
delicious taste
inspired by souls and flowers
only if rains come
today I send the day forward so I can let me
go for a long time
do the flame colored skies light the
dragon’s fire inside of you?
I did not worry about it until this time.

the goal is one

I see you watching over me across the sky

now it has been a long time since I was in a
rainstorm...I am going to go back to my body
once I find myself
til then I happily and drunkenly wait for
bliss and crossed legs to blossom inside my
warm arms

pearls and flowers are not the only jewels
that thrive in water

introspection is the journey of the hero,
and that is where the jewel hides
everything I have ever wanted, I have created...passively...which is why you left me

I am the god of the shot

silver dawn one day I dishonored you with love and weakness

walking time is a beauty time and time drips down every inch of your leg...the hind legs can be easily conscious, and the legs are also effective from today through the new era...I live politely and walk carefully so I am not seen coming

in the secret skin of mine

the importance of sunshine

I have been soaked in grace by myself

the choice always makes me fall back into myself where all of us belong

in the secret skin of mine

I will throw everything and fly away to be like the universe...magical chaos...to create randomness with a plan leaves a chance for a miracle

anything you say is your spell

no bad side only power
when the sun looks right into your eyes
the perfect color for me is me...so enjoy your life
the soul does not lie to the soul...go to art and you will be free
bacchus and sappho
naive and romantic and never to go away
there is a shooting so I mess with my body
to attain my perfection
if I find a way would you walk it with me
morning is my favorite flower time
it is not beautiful what is beautiful, but it is beautiful what you like
hypnoza
as I hold up your island
angels die in the puddles of their own blood
while devils swim around them