

Hundred years old sleep tired me  
It's time to get up  
And be awake

I dream about reality  
I long for touching of ground

My eye-lids are so heavy  
My belief in life is slight

I had a dream about water  
It was cold,  
I wanna jump and feel  
Million of dissolved shaving-blades

Although I feel pain  
I wanna touch this chilly thing  
I must feel it's real

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