

Air Condition

Winter frosts over windowpane
Crystal coldness still the warm wind
We exchange heat and sweats
For the frozen peace of winter
Looking from the inside out
We snuggle together
Breathing the dry air
For we loath the sweltering sun
For tonight the moon has a golden halo
For we buy off our own reality
Stay in our castle made of ice
The comfort in winter's embrace
Just to look at the sun's blazing glare
And its long, dark, blinding shadows
From behind the frosted window glass.

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