A ward is an adventure.

A touch is a written thought.

A sight like wry mirror of the sun.

It may be broken.

Like a crystal glass on the princes head.

Noble past dominates.

in genetics of events.

Harsh like from not cut pages.

Reading the blinds poem.

Colours describing wont be his attribute.

The result will prove faulty.

Because the matter didnt get the pain.

And mixing wine with blood.

She forgot about glasses