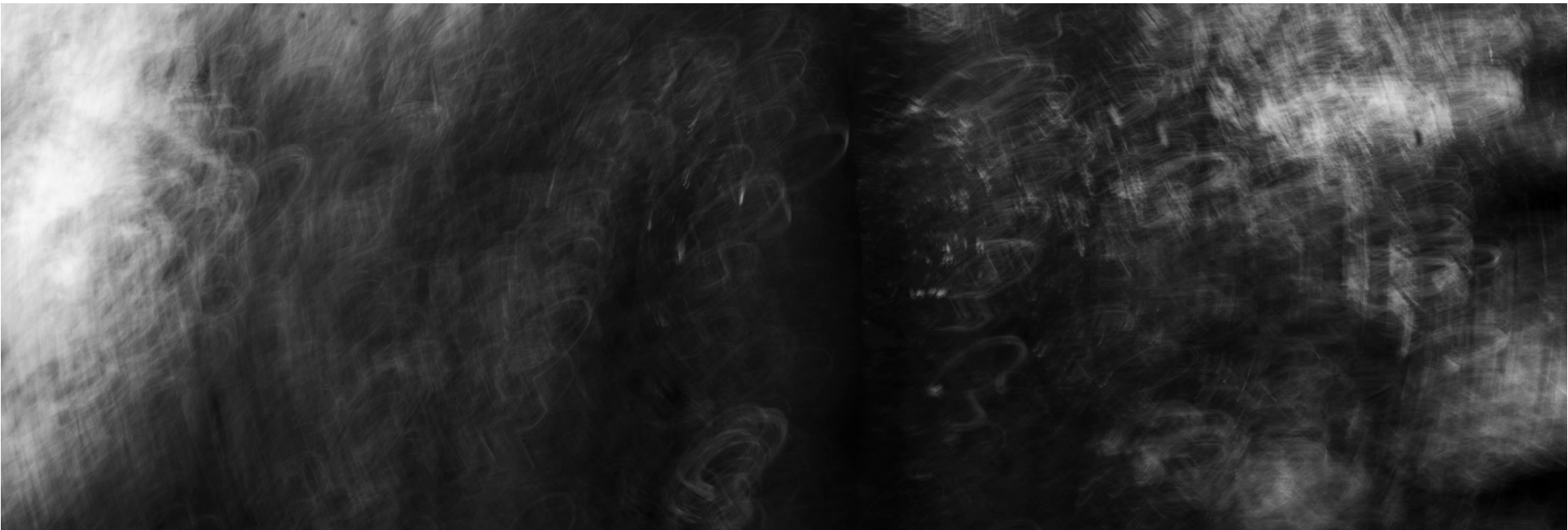
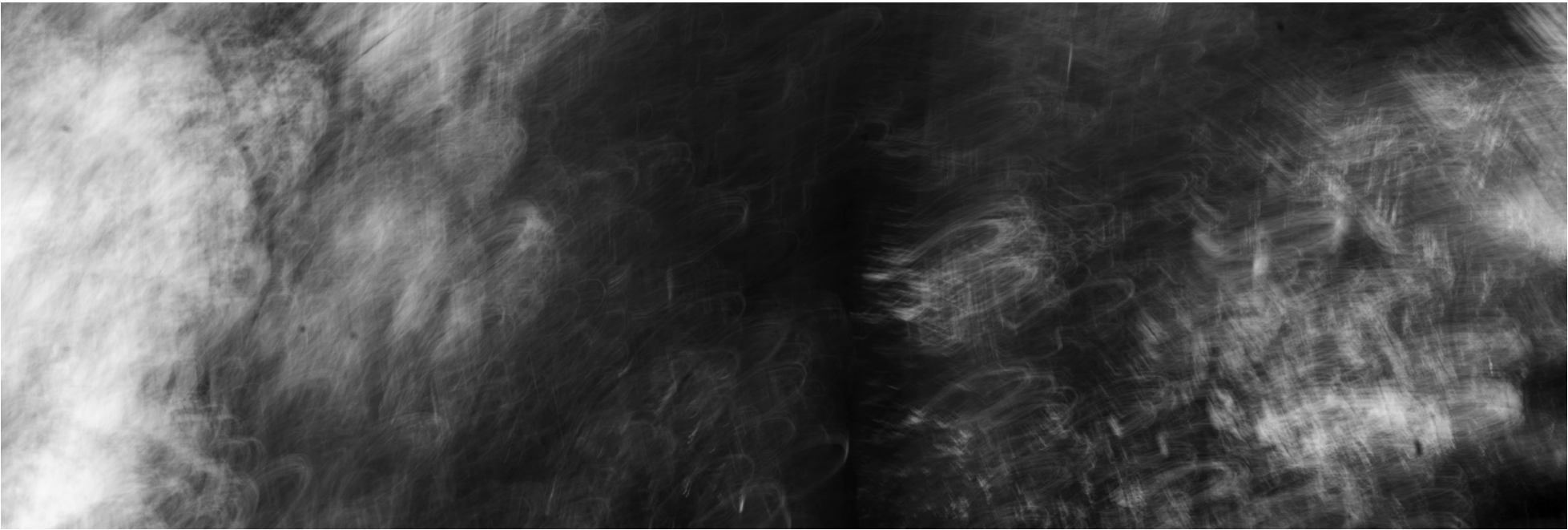


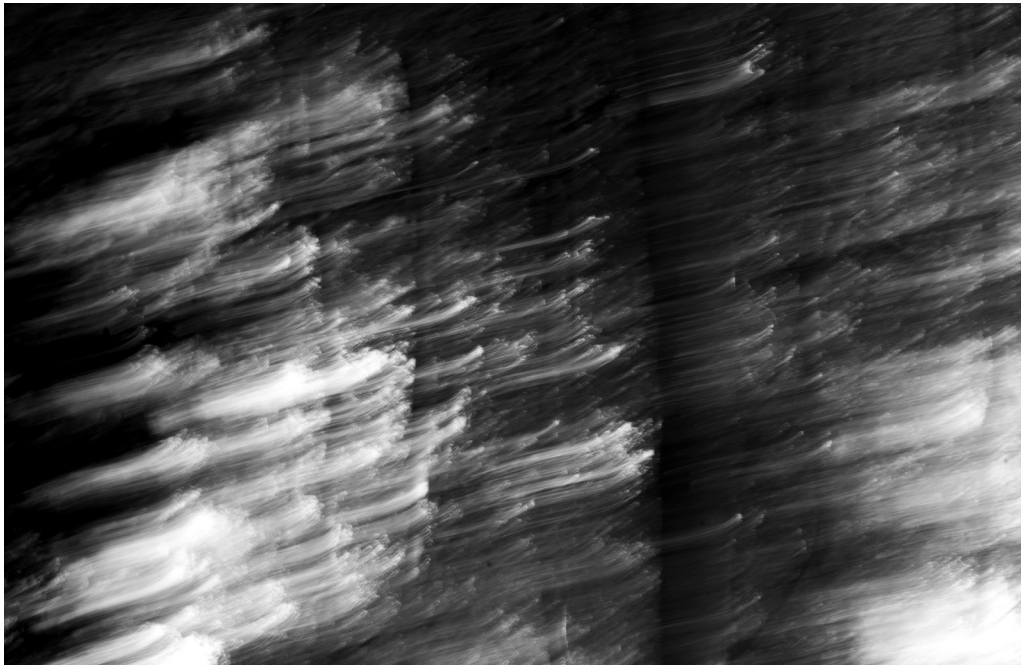


bacha na rusalky,



koušou.





run around, spin in circles;
dance in the forest's embrace
as the branches caress your shoulders
and wrap you up in lace

just be wary of the light flickering afar
don't give in to temptation
it's not a firefly, nor a fallen star;
only whispered lies of moonlit revelation



dewy moss and luminous silhouettes
scent of lilac, the night's blue hue
angelic echo and dizziness
...you gave in, didn't you?

