

# Kissing

## The Bliss

The red light of the sun  
Slowly descending  
The sky is all I see  
It's never ending

We could fly  
You and I  
On a cloud  
Kissing, kissing

The wind plays with the leaves  
The weather turns colder  
But as long as we believe  
Love doesn't get older

We could fly  
You and I  
On a cloud  
Kissing, kissing

On a journey of the heart  
There's so much to see  
And when the sky is dark  
You'll be right here, right here with me

Right here with me  
Kissing

Kissing, kissing  
Kissing, kissing

A journey of the heart  
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