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I Miss the Old Old Lantern

Kelven Ka-shing LIT

I miss the old old lantern.
When I was young and innocent,
It was you who brought me downstairs;
Carrying this little old old lantern,
On the day when the moon was full.

I was afraid,
Afraid that the lantern would be burnt,
Afraid that the candle would be hot,
Afraid that you would leave.

Your caring hands,
However just comforted me,
In that frightening moment,
You just held me,
Across the festive path downstairs,
Carrying the old old lantern.

It was my happiest time, When warmness is no longer in scarcity When family is no longer in dream.

Today,
I am still afraid,
The lantern would be burnt,
The candle would be hot,
And you would have left.

You really left.

The day when the moon was full could no longer be the same, I cried,
But please don't worry,
One day,

Under the full moon;
I will hold your hands again,
To show you what I have done,
To honor what you have dedicated to me.

We will play the lantern together again, one day.

I miss the old old lantern.

I miss you.