

Trace me where I'm heading  
Cover me with broken blankets  
Show me things that can't be seen  
Just like my reflections  
Close the door  
So that I won't be afraid

It's my turn,  
to be burned on a stick  
If you'd ask  
I would've passed,  
but it's too late

It's not my fault  
It's normal to see  
people in a different way  
It's just like a circle  
Please don't fall  
Give it the can

Open all the windows,  
so that I won't be afraid