

## Indians

Gojira

Ride a horse that's cleaving through  
The air and space of dreams  
Travelling through time  
All alone I pray  
Where am I? Who am I?  
And that old man trust in me  
His words are running now  
Because we have lost all guides  
You're extended now to a world of light

You're not the one  
You think you are  
Since you were born  
You're only love

On a mount I'm standing now  
And it's coming over me  
That I'm not here,  
I am on another plane  
Humping around, hit myself  
I returned inside of me  
Tears sliding down my face  
(I die again)  
And the horse is leaving me  
Running out of space  
Running out of reach

You're not the one  
You think you are  
Since you were born  
An Indian tribe