

Surrevival

Quidam

Our street is not the same
Though walls remember us
Space of freedom closed in frames
Children fix the world with fist
It's so sad

It's time to escape,
It's time to find our sueREvival

Let's hit the road lead by the light
Let's leave behind this crazy world
Let the wind carry us to place
Where everything strange is a truth

Big propellers we need
To air bad thoughts up
Fresh breeze of revival
Like a twister will blow us through
Fresh breeze of revival