

One day I moved to this island
Sailing on my bird
I saw a house there in the forest
I thought you were there.
There was a fire inside the house
I ran to save you,
help you not get burnt.
The only thing that I saw was doctors
saving the last people there.
They said that you'd never been here
gone to make war with yourself.

When I was trying to find you
sailing on my bird
I had to fight with the trees
that were reading my
thoughts out of my head.
I kicked them in the face with my finger
and hit them in the lap with my thigh.
They said that you'd never help me
put me together again.

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