

Drainpipes

Sophie Hunger

In the land with no drainpipes there's a girl
with a flute in her throat
She's only in bloom whispering
by the command of a ghost
She dares not to speak knowing that this would unfold
The lack of a voice, genuinely hers all alone

In the land with no drainpipes again
they are switching their seats
A new order to what has bored them enough,
where's the news?

So she, Sophie, buys herself a skeleton
to simply believe
That there once was a shape underneath
our infinite possibilities

Bring her snowstorms
Bring her back to the chain
Bring the dictator
who is now sleeping in vain