

Ordinary peach

Zrní

Skies of honey
And the plastic Sun
Its only one use
is in your eyes
Soon we will be there
But I don't know where

I'm out of me

She cries
behind a purple veil
then she flies
to see the Corporal Snail

I'm out of me

I'm out of me
Now I am the bee
This kind of war
Isn't good for me