

# Papermill, Undress

Let's undress our souls  
so we can see the bare bones of our thoughts  
right beneath our skins,  
the skins that hide our veins.

Let's expose our stains  
so now we can get over our mistakes.  
Let's try not to be scared.  
Let's try not to be ashamed.

Let's put a spell on ourselves:  
we're not immune to sorcery, I know.  
And lead me to a place  
where we can sense some daze.

And through poorly written memories  
I will express my gladness for these days  
and realize that with few words  
you started a revolution in my heart

The climbs became a gift,  
the cobblestones a hand.  
The moon became the sun,  
the animals a game.

The trees became our shades,  
a conspiracy my sacred town.  
My quest became my past,  
your words became my law.