

Fool's Garden, Ismael

Please,
spread them!
Fly to end all
the sadness in your eyes,
miles and miles away.

Step around the walls we've built to defend
abundance assail.
We're close to the end of
Ismael. Ismael.
Watch us now, forward not back.
Late, too late to change the track
for Ismael.

Breathe,
I'm sorry for the echoes.
Sorry, sorry.
Breathe, oh
sorry for the echoes,
and it gets us high,
and it gets us down again.

Please,
spread them,
fly a long time.
There's no tomorrow.
Fly away today,
miles and miles away,
million miles away,
away.

Breathe,
I'm sorry for the echoes.
Sorry, sorry.
Breathe, oh
sorry for the echoes,
and it gets us high,
and it gets us down again.

Spread them out - shout!
The eyes in your face
still seem to believe
in human race.
Oh Ismael,
don't you see
we're deaf and blind
in a way so absurd to believe
that we don't pay.
Oh Ismael. Ismael.

Breathe,
I'm sorry for the echoes.
Sorry, sorry.
Breathe (sorry, sorry), oh
sorry for the echoes,
and it gets us high,
and it gets us down again.

Breathe (it gets us down again),
I'm sorry for the echoes.
Sorry, sorry.
Breathe (it gets us down again), oh
sorry for the echoes,
and it gets us high,

and it gets us down again.