

Gojira, Indians

Ride a horse that's cleaving through
the air and space of dreams
travelling through time
All alone I pray
where am I ? Who am I ?
And that old man trust in me
His words are running now
because we have lost all guides
you're extended now to a world of light

you're not the one
you think you are
since you were born
you're only love

On a mount I'm standing now
and it's coming over me
that I'm not here,
I am on another plane
humping around, hit myself
I returned inside of me
tears sliding down my face
(I die again)
And the horse is leaving me
running out of space
running out of reach

you're not the one
you think you are
since you were born
an Indian tribe