Orenda Fink, Easter Island

Those were shards of glass that cut your foot
From the dishes you smashed, I knew you would.
Standing there helpless, like a child.

The fight's over and, you won
But against two there's no one there now.
Me and you
I put you to bed
And close the door, but there's still war
Ooh, on Easter Island.

The demons they hover, your father & mother
The things they did to you, like no other
Over the years have been forgotten.
But not in your heart and it's still fighting.
Ooh, on Easter Island.

(Haitu noises/voices in background)

I'll search that stretch, come back home.
Come back home.
Come back home.
On Easter Island.
Come back home.
On Easter Island