

# Russian Red, Neruda

I let go my words  
To make crew for your temper traps  
And your dancers to though farthest melody  
As really if only through transparent skin.

We traveled far  
To try to understand  
But no one will ever break this  
No one will ever breaking our promised land

I let go my voice  
Its stratulity will only make me strong  
Your heart dances and it speed I?ve never known  
Your heart dances living mine art of control.

We traveled far  
To try to understand  
But no one will ever break this  
No one will ever break our promised land