

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