

The Joy Formidable, Cholla

Cholla, Cholla, you've kept us away,
we'll come back tomorrow, and give you more day,
The talent of time, the thief and delay,
We'll come back tomorrow and tear down your ways,

Where are we going?
What're we doing? (Oh, oh oh)
(Unidentifiable)
How do we move on?
When nothing is growing?

Your hands turn to daggers again.
Nonpar, Nonpar, Nonparel, you rush to the future, and paint it yourself
Together we're lucky, together we're set,
But nothing comes easy, only the finest are left

Where are we going?
What're we doing? (Oh, oh oh)
(Unidentifiable)
How do we move on?
When nothing is growing?

This is the way it has played,
But these are our riches to take.

What came of, our goodness, our fairness,
Nothing proves other,

Where are we going?
Where are we going?
Where are we going?
Where are we going?
Where are we going?
What are we doing?

Cholla, Cholla, Ohh-