

Wooden Spaceship

Liblikas

Who owns these lips that woke me?
Whose fingertips control my mind?
Whose interests burnt the sleeping forest
to smoke me out of the dream of lies? I own these lips that woke you.
My fingertips control your mind.
I built you this wooden spaceship.
Go travel through space and time Wake!
Seek!
Find!
Fall!
Lake!
Spirits!
Mind!
Blown!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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