Indians

Gojira

Ride a horse that's cleaving through
the air and space of dreams
travelling through time
All alone I pray
where am I ? Who am I ?
And that old man trust in me
His words are running now
because we have lost all guides
you're extended now to a world of lightyou're not the one
you think you are
since you were born
you're only loveOn a mount I'm standing now
and it's coming over me
that I'm not here,
I am on another plane
humping around, hit myself
I returned inside of me
tears sliding down my face
[I die again]
And the horse is leaving me
running out of space
running out of reachyou're not the one
you think you are
since you were born
an Indian tribe

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