No Past Land

Russian Red

If my hands weren't there
Like I saw in the stream
Of the drawings been made
On a full colour screen
If they weren't to be found
Then what else could I be

If your hands weren't there
Like I saw in my dreams
And the poets we made
Had all gone, disappeared
Then what else
Then what else could I be

If your hands and my hands
Strolled together around
If they were to make friends
We'd be possibly up

To escape from this world
From this no past land

If I looked in the windows
While walking pass through
If I stared at the willows
With my seven black truths
If my eyes were to see
What belongs to your mind

If you'd like, keep perceiving
What lies on my back
And your eyes will shine
Through the glass of my wine
And the willows, the windows
The pillows, and your mouth

If your hands and my hands
Strolled together around
If they were to make friends

We'd be possibly up

To escape from this world
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