

# 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  
From this no past land  
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