Amanita

Macabro

What will happen to the stories from the bogs?
The trails of the Vikings?
The passing of sea sirens?Is tradition holding regularly in this town?
If it's going hiking
Then I'm going hikingTo the other places
That we never had
Something like a misplaced future
That is old and sadWith big ravenWhat will happen to that storytelling clown?
His voice hypnotizing
The fireside frighteningI have to travel so far just to hear his sound
But I'm going hiking
Are you coming hiking?What have we done what have we done?
Fantasy is falling down
She's breaking apart breaking apart
Has she lost her number one?
Throws out her hands, throws out her hands
Let her tell what she can tell
There's nothing to do, nothing to do, nothing to do
Imagination floating around
Then build it back up, build it back upWhat are you gonna do?
Go into the forest
Until I can't remember my name
I'm gonna come back and things will be different
I'm gonna bring back some stories and games

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