

## Gojira "Indians"

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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 light

you're not the one  
you think you are  
since you were born  
you're only love

On 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 reach

you're not the one  
you think you are  
since you were born  
an Indian tribe

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