

## Paintbox "Big Ant"

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Leaving the sleepless city, big ants stand in a long line  
Beating time to bouncing rhythm, you can melt yourself  
into any sky

Spread your arms like wings

Like the birds flying over the high waves, you can catch  
the winds freely  
Catching the different sights, your lungs are filled with  
enough hopes  
So you can't keep from laughing

Viva la viva la viva la travelling, go  
Viva la viva la viva la travelling, good  
Travelling moth

Going to the ends of the endless world, using every  
trick to coax my rickety body  
Swinging paralyzing gasoline, let's become ape-men  
with an engine and go

You can hear the melodies of sleeping

The maps in your heart are like a maze, you can't  
always have your own way  
If you have a spring to jump out, your lost heart will be  
back

The beat of ancient drum can be heard

Viva la viva la viva la travelling, go  
Viva la viva la viva la travelling, good  
Travelling moth

You can't escape from obstacles at night, the moon  
rises up from the bottom of the deep sea  
Like insects clustered around the light, moths are  
flitting like crazy  
Under the moon in the distant sky

Bivouac, bivouac, bivouac in my house  
Bivouac, bivouac, bivouac in my home

Reverse, returned, reverse in my heart  
Returned, reverse, returned in my soul

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