

Felt Tip Pens, The "Slant"

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Sometimes we all forget
that foolish disputes are there
I wonder where the birds fly?
She strains to hear the timbre around here

A powerful wind blows through
the tall standing trees
Ah, why did the birds cry?
I tried to understand when the lake dried up

Slant
She spirals down
Slant
Don't let her be lonely
Hand-in-hand together
You can

The broad blue sky above me
Time is marching on
In order not to forget
I'm looking for it in the floodwaters

Slant
She spirals down
Slant
Don't let her be lonely
Hand-in-hand together
We can

The place where she once loved
Water flowed through the world

Water flowed through the world
Hand-in-hand together
Well...

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