

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 hiking

To the other places
That we never had
Something like a misplaced teacher
That is old and sad

With big raven

What will happen to that story telling clown?
His voice hypnotizing
The fire side frightening

I have to travel so far just to hear his sound
But I'm going hiking
Art thou 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 1?
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 up

What art thou 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