

Trace me where I'm heading
Cover me with broken blankets
Show me things that can't be seen
Just like my reflections
Close the door
So that I won't be afraid

It's my turn,
to be burned on a stick
If you'd ask
I would've passed,
but it's too late

It's not my fault
It's normal to see
people in a different way
It's just like a circle
Please don't fall
Give it the can

Open all the windows,
so that I won't be afraid