

# Salt, Pepper, Birds, And The Thought Police

Mili

Bamboo basket, reflector, working brakes  
Never forget your helmet, trusty Mips  
See ya, I'm off to the morning market  
Thirty-three lemons  
A healthy-looking chicken  
And a dozen of free-range eggs  
Thanks, keep the change  
Whistling a tune, pffhw  
I'm home

What a perfect day  
I hanged the sheets out in the yard  
Oiled up my baking tray  
Thinking about you, mother  
To recite her famous words  
All you need are salt and pepper  
To taste the happiness of life forever

Then the moon rose  
And creamed lemon chicken roasted in the oven  
Men in black kicked down my front door  
Hey! Who? What? Why?  
"You violated act six seventeen - Illegal Thoughts"  
"You're under arrest"  
We all know the real answer was  
"You shouldn't have been born the way you are"

(Du-du, du-du-du-du, du-du-du)  
(Du-du, du-du-du-du)  
And we're packed in a cargo choo choo train  
Squeezing against the bodies similar to me  
With tears rolling down our faces  
We began to sing  
"They can never take anything from our souls"  
Louder and louder  
"They can never take anything from our souls"  
Louder and louder  
They shaved off my hair  
Fed me a foreign language  
Looking on the bright side  
(Yeah!) I'm alive  
I still remember all the people I love  
So come at me, and do your worst  
All this pain and suffer  
Don't stand a chance against our iron hearts

As the morning came and went (Ah)  
And the people stayed and left (Ah)  
And the earth went 'round and around  
The stars never looked so kind (Ah)  
The wind ever so fragrant  
Through the tiny slit on the wall  
Every night I was invited to watch  
A theatre played by moonlit birds  
They spread their wings  
Carrying our silenced voices  
Singing our historic songs

Letting everyone in the future know  
That we existed

What a perfect night  
I felt the urge to write a book  
Pass down my life  
Until recently, time didn't feel so fast  
With my bloody fingertip  
All I needed were sticks and paper  
I started to write, poems after poems  
Then the moonlit birds came to meet me  
They stole the key and opened the gates  
We're finally free  
I picked up my bicycle  
Riding home to mother  
Writing my delusion world  
I saw a version of heaven  
Where I sat in my yard  
Reading a paperback print of my book

On a hillside, your little fist clutching sweat  
Walking to the memorial park  
You put down freshly cut white chrysanthemums  
A former thought police lowers her hat  
Children lying on the grass  
Singing to poems written by me  
(Du-du-du-du)