

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)