

# Neruda

## Russian Red

I let go my words to make room for your temper traps  
the air dances to the furthest melody as we live only  
through our transparent skin  
We travel far to try to understand but no one will  
ever break this  
no one will ever break in our promised land I let go my voice  
its fragility will only make me strong  
your heart dances at a speed I'll never know,  
your heart dances leaving mine out of control We travel far  
to try to understand  
but no one will ever break this  
no one will ever break in our promised land  
We travel far  
to try to understand  
but no one will ever break this  
no one will ever break in our promised land

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