



get the hell out of here

những gì tôi trong
ở đây

tôi ngó nghiêng và ở đó
sai?

when people ask me to go out of
their place I walk into a dream...

hold it
hold it longer
hold it longer for us

...there is a guy in that dream
who only comes to see us four
hours a day then disappears...

"I'm getting hurt when the
transition between two realities
gets more and more"

please stay
I have a dream
come to see me
for four hours
every day

... perhaps it is his goodbye
for my reality



"I need to get the hell out of this parallel thought"



people are drinking
water from their
root, they are not
drinking from
any other tree?

I hope you be my friend
let's have a talk
stranger.

in this day again

people are drinking
water from their
root, they are not
drinking from
any other tree?

do you know that tree is drinking water from its root? can you do that?

teach me mom, I miss you mom
teach me to drink water, mom

miss you
mom

do you know that
tree is drinking water
from its root?

please stay
I have a heart
some nice flowers

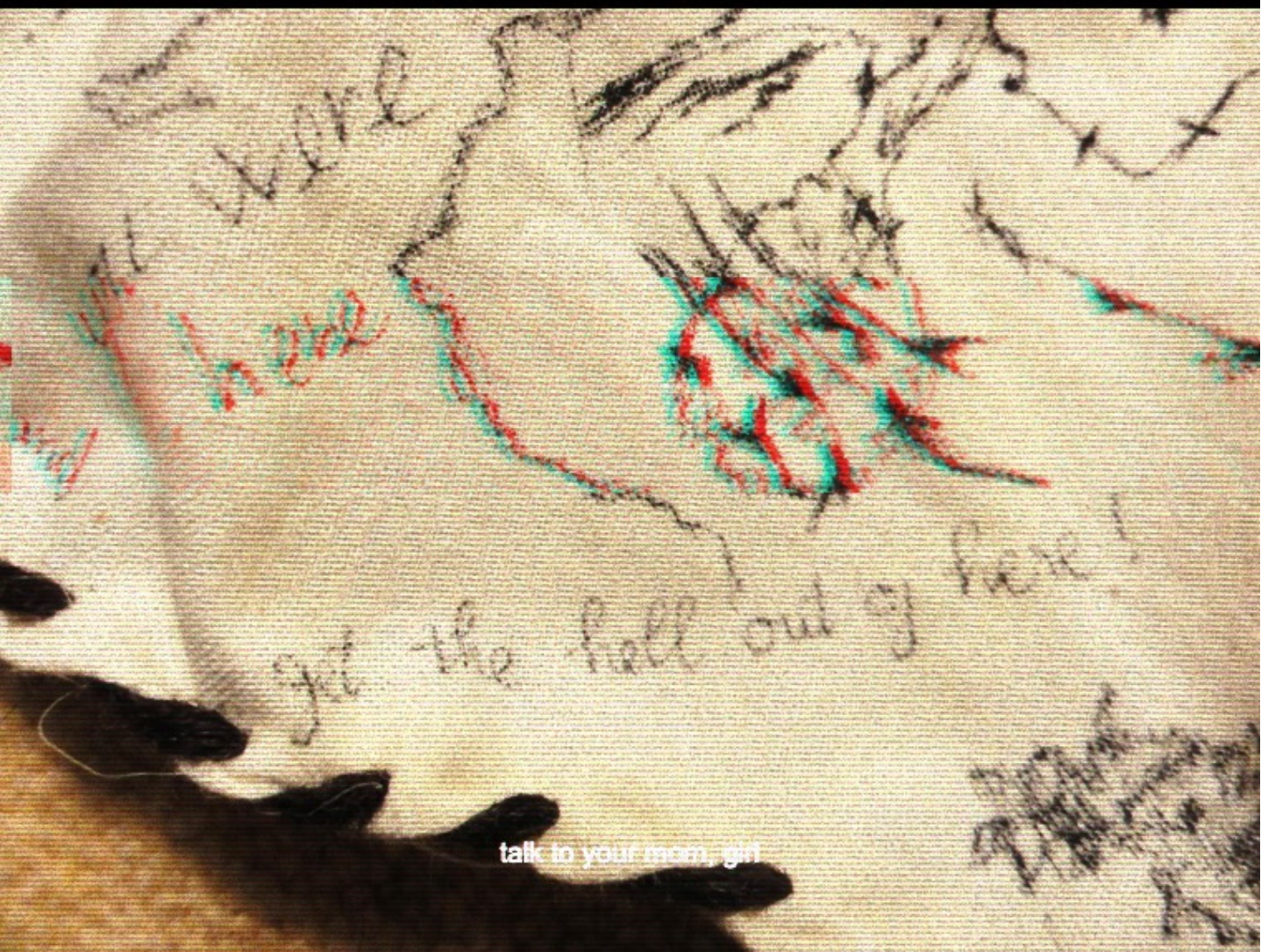
do you know that
tree is drinking water
from its root?

people are drinking
water from their
root, they are not
drinking from
any other tree?



I know that you have been here

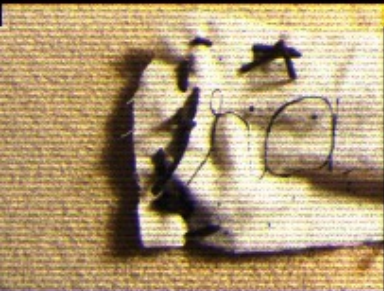
get the hell out of my place



talk to your mom, girl

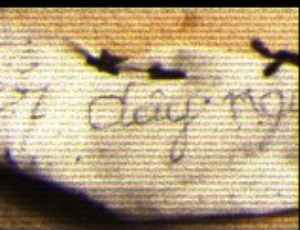


have you ever felt like your body is getting full of water, too much water that you would become an invisible island where no one can recognize your face anymore?



carefully, a plan has been made

thanks for being seen
I see your border



my hope drains but starts again



can you show me the passport number of our motherland?

your passport number is 9185264

I'm sorry can you repeat your motherland?

what is that thing?

I can't hear you

your family need to go back

we cannot show you

we need authority

what are you trying to get me by that screaming?

don't worry we are here to support

I'm afraid that I need-



probably

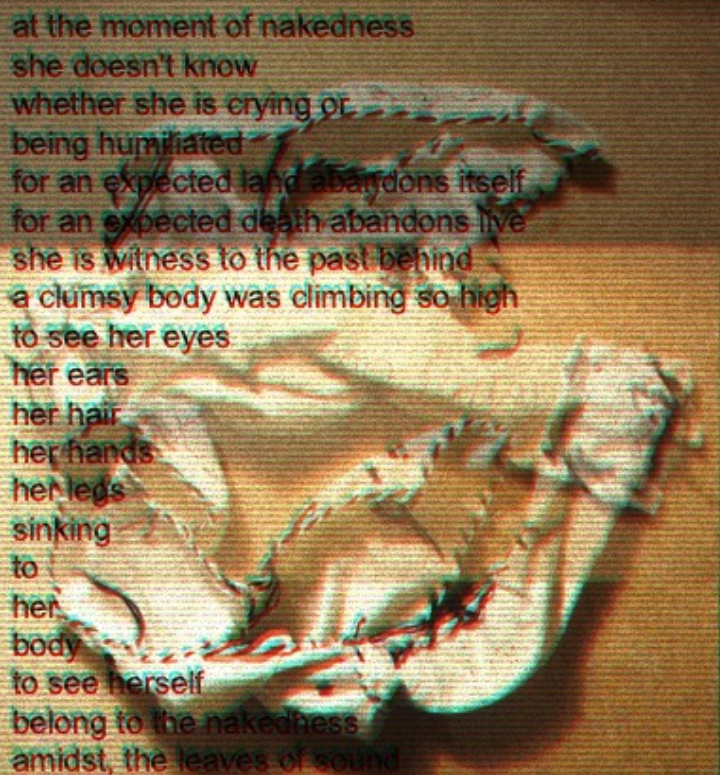
nothing to be done
a day
hang on there
hold it
hold it
hold it
hang on there

hang on there

hang on there

hang on there

for us



at the moment of nakedness
she doesn't know
whether she is crying or
being humiliated
for an expected land abandons itself
for an expected death abandons live
she is witness to the past behind
a clumsy body was climbing so high
to see her eyes
her ears
her hair
her hands
her legs
sinking
to
her
body
to see herself
belong to the nakedness
amidst, the leaves of sound

there are so many worlds, water system, eating
system, money system, flower system, sound
system, chair system, complement system,
critic system, fortitude system, a metaphysic of
metaphysics, or whatever you might get into
every morning. oh, have a coffee and good
night then. creating a belief system does sound
politically illegal in a disturbing way. I believe
there is systematic pressure on my decisions.
buying new clothes at a certain shop, watching
movies at a certain theater, not today, not
yesterday, and perhaps tomorrow.

walking on a thin line out of those boundaries
walking on a thin line

why do you choose your system?

walking on a thin line out of those boundaries

