

Architecture In Helsinki, Imaginary Ordinary

We're in a restless way when the fireflies come,
And they light the light where there was none,
I won't think aout next week,
I won't think until tomorrow,
Just a sight for sore eyes,
Disguised as a fly.

And not a single soul in these woods,
Ever saw a jaw drop as low as is mine at the moment,
Imaginary Ordinary,
It's you that I belong with