

For the Time Being

Bloodpit

How sad does it make me when something ends
Recovering fastens as she says things to me
Now the pines make me stand still
Enjoyment of these tiny things
Mumble of narrator oration of orchards

How sad does it make a dam
When another eats the cubs
How sad can a creature be
I'll never know for sure

No need to embezzle we need no introduces
Thrust your pride down while you think what to say
In spite of the size human being is bigger than god
Decides if they exist, I do beat this day I do judge

How sad does it make me when something ends
No empty soul can offer more joy to lay
Each end gives birth to something new
Recovering fastens as the rest of it ends