

I'm spiraling out of control, so you illuminate a clean slate.
You're lifting the weight that is diluting inspiration. I woke
with the sun in my face,
mountains by my side,
the desert air pulling the breath from my lungs. I've been making
my way through a barren landscape, littered with remains of
past lives and shadows of the scavengers.
World passing by, leaving traces of shapes, blurring into memory.
Dreaming of terrain that sustains, I wake up.
I'm lying parallel with the landscape.
There will always be a void to be filled.
Illuminate a clean slate.
Keep lifting the weight that is diluting inspiration. There will
always be a void to be filled,
with no permanent fix.
Shifting of puzzle pieces to simulate a whole. World passing by
, leaving traces of shapes, blurring into memory.
Dreaming of terrain that sustains,
I wake up to a world that's unfamiliar.
We leave, and then we go back like we never left home.
When will we wake the fuck up?
Parallel with the landscape,
I lie awake with diminishing desire to always seek escape from
a home where I feel sound and safe. World passing by, leaving traces
of shapes, blurring into memory.
Dreaming of terrain that sustains,
I wake up.
Wake up.
When will we all wake up?
Diminished desire to always seek escape to a world that's unfamiliar.
We leave,
and then we go back like we never left home.