

When the owl breaks the light beam in a nights dream ride.
Am I seeing in slow, am I driving too fast for the sound
To finally break past time spent following straight lines to death.
Behind my eyes in a parallel sky
The belongs in the shapes in the clouds
Try to take me to the grounded ones skyward
There's a fog that casts a planetary haze
To hide the white lined aggression in our eyes.
in a season of collapsed lungs,
There's a dark holiday
And we are following straight lines to death