

The Summoning

Hum

If anything can speak to me
A river cuts through, the rocks and we
Stand in blissful silence backs to the afternoon
I am over soon
A certain purpose fills the lungs
Eternal feasting upon my tongue
The sideways dust that fills our footsteps until they disappear
We were never here

A burning giant, against the day
Fingers to the ground
I find my way
A parasite that eats up distance until it disappears
I was never here
To sleep in meadows
And lose the young
To taste the autumn upon my tongue
Let this be the last assumption that you were never wrong
I am ever wrong

Misplaced dreams given up forgone
Maps are lost and never meant a thing here anyway
I covet then the ground, so soft and warm here
As I covet then the starlight fallen there
And I see fires fueled by heavy air

A twist and I'm gone
Through the ether and on to home
A slip and I'm all alone
Lit up and falling slow

A twist and I'm gone
Through the ether and on to home
A slip and I'm all alone
Lit up and falling slow
Falling through the atmosphere

Just a twist and I'm gone
Through the ether and on to home
Through the ether and on to home