

Severance

Bauhaus

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The birds of leaving call to us,
Yet here we stand
endowed with the fear of flight.

Overland

The winds of change consume the land,
While we remain
In the shadow of summers now past.

When all the leaves
Have fallen and turned to dust,
Will we remain

Entrenched within our ways.

Indifference,

The plague that moves throughout this land
Omen signs

In the shapes of things to come.

Tomorrow's child is the only child.