

Not much of this makes sense to me.
The river leaves run cold and dry.
But it keeps me from swinging from tree to tree,
And sometimes I'm too scared to even try.

Hashing through the possibilities,
They seem as endless as the sky.
You seek the truth in a quiet breeze,
But the air is too thin to reply.

Well I know that's where I'll never be,
Cause I can see the summer's done.
I try to let the river flow in and out of me.
And pray I float the way I think I want,
And pray I float at all.

Distant notions of subtle residue,
Cling to minds from our past.
Tell us what is what, and who made who,
But time's events move us too fast.

Simple sentiment whisked away by anxious steel wool,
Struggling to content ourselves with what we think best.
That what makes happy of what we seem never full,
Is actually more than plenty, but it is already possessed.

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Ultra confusion feigns clarity,
Scattered delusion excuses destiny.
It's never exactly what it appears to be.
Too much for any of us to even try,
Try to see.

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