

## Severance

Bauhaus

Severance

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.