

It's as if I've fallen with the fall.
Like leaves from trees, standing short and tall.

My lungs are frozen from the winter air.
A stale cold and respiratory flare.

Crimson scatters near the roots
Of the last soldier from the summer.
It's as if the battle happened here
And the bodies were buried under.
A tectonic drift and polar shift would ensure our camouflage

It would be as if we never happened,
And this place was a mirage.

We constantly collide with the troposphere.
We cut straight through like Roman spear.

Displacing oxygen like a paid assassin.
Promised to forget because it never happened.

It's as if I've fallen with the fall.
Like leaves from trees, standing short and tall.

Crimson scatters near the roots
Of the last soldier from the summer.

It's as if the battle happened here
And the bodies were buried under.

Stimulating consequences rest on my conscience.
This addiction to the things
We do is neither conventional or acknowledged.

An echo of existence. Subsist in our commencement. Limitations have escaped
us, contrary to accepted thesis.
A tectonic drift and polar shift
Would ensure our camouflage.

It would be as if we never happened,
And this place was a mirage.
We constantly collide with the troposphere.
We cut straight through like Roman spear.

Displacing oxygen like a paid assassin.
Promised to forget because it never happened.
Crimson scatters near the roots
Of the last soldier from the summer.

It's as if the battle happened here
And the bodies were buried under
An echo of existence. Subsist in our commencement. Limitations have escaped
us, contrary to accepted thesis. An echo of existence. Limitations have esca
ped us.
An echo of existence.