

The Fortunate Ones

Evergreen Terrace

We can get to the ocean.
Before the end of the sun.
We can wash off the ashes.
We are, we are the fortunate ones.

We can get to the ocean.
Against the tempest we run.
We can wash off the ashes.
We are, we are the fortunate ones.

Check your pulse. Make sure that you're still breathing.
Catch your breath. Accept that you're not dreaming.
We saw the swarm rise over the mountains.
Held onto hope as we lost track of days.

You better run and hide.
Carry what you love.
Keep it by your side.
They'll leave nothing behind.
Our bones picked clean.
And the whites pulled from our eyes.