

When the owl breaks the light beam in a nights dream ride.  
Am I seeing in slow, am I driving too fast for the sound  
To finally break past time spent following straight lines to death.

Behind my eyes in a parallel sky  
The belongs in the shapes in the clouds  
Try to take me to the grounded ones skyward  
There's a fog that casts a planetary haze  
To hide the white lined aggression in our eyes.  
in a season of collapsed lungs,  
There's a dark holiday  
And we are following straight lines to death