

You were a child,
crawlin' on your knees toward it.
Makin' mama so proud,
but your voice was too loud.

We like to watch you laughing.
You pick the insects off plants.
No time to think of consequences.

Control yourself.
Take only what you need from it.
A family of trees wantin',
To be haunted.

Control yourself.
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The water is warm,
but it's sending me shivers.
A baby is born,
crying out for attention.
Memories fade,
like looking through a fogged mirror
Decision to decisions are made and not bought
But I thought,
this wouldn't hurt a lot.
I guess not.

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A family of treeeeeees...