

I Woke Up Early On The Day I Died

More Than a Thousand

TUNNELS CROSSING IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS, IT'S NEVER SEEN, IT'S
ALL SO THIN, DIFFERENT
MATCHES AND OVER CREATED BACK LASHES AND WHITE BIG NAILS. I SUC
CEED WHERE NO ONE FAILS.
SOFT AS COTTON TAKE ME UNDER A THOUGHT ABOUT LIFE AND DEATH AN
D HOW SAD IT IS.
SOME ACHIEVE A STAMP IN WORLD HUMANITY. THERE'S NO OTHER WAY KE
EP ON ATTEMPTING,
ON THE TOP THERE'S A PLACE FOR ALL OF US BUT THE SKY IS NOT SMI
LING. WHERE DO WE BEGIN?
IT'S ALL GOOD, AND WE'LL FINALLY BE THERE. WHERE DO I FIND ALL
THAT MAKES NO SENSE.