

Turbulence

The Working Title

I am on my way to something small
The turning of a year and I am raw
Stripped away surrounded by the trees
On mountains urging me to fall asleep or

Fall in love and crumble while you can
Freeze the world in time to understand
A way to trust in turbulence

Wonder how much longer we can take
That's silly we can last at least a week
The turning in my stomach has increased
And no one knows like branches how we sleep

Fall in love and crumble while you can
Freeze the world in time to understand
A way to trust in turbulence