

## 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