

For The Sake Of Brevity

Tiny Moving Parts

Listen up cubs, please don't be afraid
This is the worst news I swear I'll have to say to you

Mom's not here.

God took her elsewhere, she's playing with deer,
Where the snow is blistling years after years.
I swear she's not dead
But she's never coming back again.

Antarctica look what you did to us
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You fucked it up
And for the sake of brevity, I'll sum this up.

You opened my eyes, and closed them at the same time.