Neo Seoul

After the Burial

In the twisting, I see myself Pixelated. Construed. I am reaching out For something, for me to hold on to But I never do. Failing- I never will

Some things just do not exist And some days I'll be the evoked of The hope for a landing, for safety But the synapse fires, exploding And this is letting go

Life- this is a lesson that we don't sign up for But we fatefully learn And as I grow old Time will break me apart From stem to bough, and my heart to reason I will become the dirt of which I began

Distracted by imperfection we are covered in rust Hopeless and distant, we sway side to side From season to season, we fall apart So hold this in your hand, and don't let go These are the things that we live for

Some things just do not exist And some days I'll be the evoked of dissonant. But we still try Prudent through our brothers' eyes Back at the start We lost our direction

We are covered in rust Hopeless and distant, we sway side to side Distracted by imperfection We fall apart