

# Attachings

## Atmosphere

Each and any and...  
Everything's happening whatever that means  
There's no gravity no attachings  
Stay traveling but don't change  
I must be out of my brains

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It's been a long time I probably should've left you sooner  
Everything that you love's been sutured  
Even the sun above is a rumor  
Can't tell the fortune can't see the future  
Approaching the floating fragments of a cause  
That collapsed under the pressure of a clock holding balance hostage  
I try to pretend that I'm distracted  
A little too sensitive to take another stab at pragmatic  
I can feel the damage to the fabric  
I'm trying not to vomit on this canvas  
I can feel the itch of anxiety  
But can't seem to find the switch for auto piloting  
Just another sticker on the bumper of the bucket  
As I travel through the stars to the far end of nothingness  
Adrift in the loneliness  
Until I put my name upon that list of things that don't even exist

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It still feels like it happened last morning  
Right, I was surrounded by something like northern lights  
But the lights kind of sound like swords  
Vibrated and felt a sensation never found before  
That's when my feet left the floor  
Plow through the ceiling following a feeling  
Tired of the misery, always grieving  
I was never visiting but now I'm leaving  
Peace, it is what it is  
But what it is is my line stays busy ain't nobody else's business  
Permanent vacation no communications  
My population is planets and constellations  
I guess, I guess I've been an absence  
Ever since we stopped providing evidence of human kind's excellence  
The elephant has exited the room  
I levitate to heaven like a lost balloon

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