

Wind (Interlude)

Big K.R.I.T.

This is wind, like "Wind," wind
The turbulence of it all, the subtle breeze, it becomes the wolf's call
Howling through our settled home crackin' our communications, elevating our tone
No longer a gentle whisper, the ground moves, the flame dies
We still film, we take pictures
Unoriginal, as our smiles become filters
'Cause digital roses don't die