

## 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