

Tree Village

Dance Gavin Dance

What excuses do you make? Happiness is hard to find.
I didn't catch a break. Maybe I am dying inside? February,
been so lonely. It's been so long since I felt your touch,
and I couldn't care less if I deserve this.
I will never survive the sting inflicted.

Sever all ties. Follow procedure. Pledge abstinence.
Fuck at your leisure. Breathe in then out, but not out then in.
Cause over function. Restart again.

I need to see my dreams as I close my eyes.
Remembering nothing and begging for light.

All the trees, all the birds, and this thing called life.
I'd stake it all for forty acres and a trophy wife.
Dust gathers on the books that contain our past,
and we're but peons in a circuit built by time to last.
Repeat, repeat, as we've done before. Our history all lost in w
ar.
When the last of our cities are but powder and dust,
the damned who remain live with God in the glory of us.

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