

A Long Line

Fen

A long line for low air
This inching to nowhere.
I hang my head and I spit,
The soon I'm stepping on it.
This could be profound or the act of a serious clown.
I load that back of the head
The skull's shape mirrors my dread.
I loathe that breath on my neck
I stack this humanoid.

Hay revolution, we're not the solution
We're a million directors to climb on the short pass.
We're leaving an outline, it's picking this behind
Sniffing his fingers without the slightest reaction at
all.

A long line from nowhere
It's creeping along to nowhere.
The lands keep dancing reflect
The heart shape bone on this track
My toe nails jacked and chipped
The world's big poke nod.

Hay revolution, we're not the solution
We're a million bad issues down under the surface.
We're leaving an outline, mistaking the sweet time,
The fall of the edge of the world is gonna be crazy to
see.

Hear the cry of unfamiliar pain
Have a new born child.
Taking in the air, taking in the mother
Taking in the small circle of this place.
Maybe there's still time to hang out some new vibes,
To gossy up in greed the fall of a dream.

Maybe there's still time to put it all behind
To sort of recreate the origin of state
And quietly we'll go with fire in tin toe
Was it meant to be, I'd love to hide or leave.