

Spiral

Flyte

Stretched out, undone
Two shadows in a setting sun
Slowed up, unwound
Unravelled on the rolling ground
We are tumbling
We are churning in eternal paradigm
Our world expands
And still no matter where I stand

Whatever I do
I spiral down to you
Whatever I do
I spiral down to you

We bore our scars
We dove into a lake of stars
Each ring of smoke
Inhaling every word you spoke
We spread our ashes
And then someone lit another cigarette
Some higher power comes calling in
The final hour

Whatever I do
I spiral down to you
Whatever I do
I spiral down to you