

## Devaluation

Hail the Sun

I had to step back to breathe  
Internal attack on me  
The well's running dry for good  
Same goes for my eyes, they should!

In the end I realize we're dust from the stars  
A strange sensation is all that we are  
And we wanna be more even though we're unsure of the space we're  
in  
I don't mean anything and the value I bring isn't worth a cause

Nothing at all, nobody's there  
All that we do, nobody cares  
And then the dust is gone  
Conniption fit  
Conniption fit

The bigger picture is beyond  
A carbon fissure on its own  
Who will find what  
When we're all done?