

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
Connption fit
Connption fit

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