

Cloud City

Hum

This world has gathered vines
Strong and luscious wines
With movements satisfied
With our paws in the ocean
Crowds would gather on the traces of the outer rings
We feel the wait is through
I don't feel anything

This place is failing my thin ties to settled ground
Stands moving, dying wind
The cruel end will stare him down
A stone that you would hold
We can't hear, it doesn't ring
My hand just passes through
I don't feel anything