Airsick

Laurel Halo

Endless trees worthy of some cult, so baroque
Isn't it for apes to be rooted?
Your eyes make all the misery come worthwhile
Yet all I want is to rid of them

Travelling heart, don't go away
Travelling heart, don't go away
Travelling heart, don't go away

In the instant you know the feeling of time passing
The line continues to take itself and draw
The mirror will be gone tomorrow, no memory
Airborne sickness cannot go away

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