

# Splitting Trees

Luca Brasi

What's this gonna change?  
My man, I'll show you in three  
Every breath I've exhaled, every mile I've pumped  
Is one I've been holding  
Concrete hidden passion  
Our skin worn thin, perforated and torn  
Our family extended  
In this way our brothers are formed

And what I've seen is more than lightning splitting trees  
Been a voyeur for far too long than I care to remember  
I've been twisting these caps between finger and thumb  
There's four in a panic of what we've become, not what we've come from

Static air driven machines  
Existence formed to breathe  
To count past four, past my attention span  
To count and make this count  
There's a moon amongst us of fear  
Every passing summer marks another older year

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