

Flora

Pinegrove

I insist it wasn't always like this
I saw the sun saw red in the grass
With every fiber vibrating alive
So I lie down and lower my eyes
Until the sun fell low in the yard
Feeling territory coming down

Then I'm out
I don't hear the sound
And I know I'm lost wherever I walk now

And I'm walkin' outside, nothing feels good
Take a blue meander into the woods
Nothing's shining like I feel like it should
And the birds sing dissident tunes
Singing the sadness of the afternoon
And all the distance I'm hearing it through

Then I'm out
I don't hear the sound
And I know I'm lost wherever I walk now

I'm bowing down now through the flora
I'm bending down to the floor now
I'm dreaming, don't worry
I'm praying now, to the forest
To the flora, to the floor now