

In Trenches

Project 86

We build our fortress and stockpile our rounds
Making ammunition out of flurries on the ground
White and green, the dull sound of the trees
White and green, as far as the eyes can see

Close your eyes and come with me to places
You'll never see, beyond imaginary
Touch the realm of peace, the mystery
Close your eyes and meet me inside this dream

Prepare for battle, the conflict of your dreams
In trenches we huddle to celebrate with screams

In these drifts we lay creating wings of angels
Far from reality to pause the rush of history