

I'm running tired of doing everything, alright?
That broken English never comes out how I'd like
Dodging through the redwoods, laying your back across the winds
hield
Can you feel it yet?
Wrapping your head around it till you break your neck

That is my purpose
That is my North Star
That is my echo
That is my reason
And I ask myself, how could I ever forget?
The chilly evenings
The itching feeling
The need to let go
The need to feel this
The need to fix things
To give life all that I have left

The larch is dying, as a perfect version of itself
Haven't seen another like it, haven't even tried
I want the same thing for my friends, myself, my family
And I want to feel that I'm along for the ride

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