

## Follow

### The Afterimage

I'll marvel and I'll dread how you're not alive, though your prehistory has dimension

Your jealousy will dry these plains  
Pull up your roots like rotten teeth I'll follow you so long, then maybe I'll be something more  
I'll follow you so long, then maybe I'll be something more I know I am lost

From the lacerations between the earth, I'll take in the last of your water  
And when not a drop is left, I will fall into your bed of arms and die without division

I'll follow you so long, then maybe I'll be something more. I know I am lost  
These dreams are reoccurring  
I know I am lost  
(I am lost)

In reverie of your sentiment you drew me out I was hoping that you'd follow suit until the day that I cease to exist  
Until the day I cease to exist

Until the day that I cease to exist  
Though your prehistory has dimension

I'll marvel and I'll dread how you're not alive though your prehistory has dimension

I'll follow you so long, then maybe I'll be something more I know I am lost  
These dreams are recurring, I know I am lost  
(I am lost)