

# Holocene

The Ocean Collective

Brace yourself  
You feel nothing  
But you see  
Your limbs are black and frozen

A swell of ice  
Descends from the North  
Caps the land  
Old thoughts under the surface

Lift me up  
Into the stratosphere  
It's cold  
And breathing becomes a challenge

I'm floating high (High)  
Bird's eye perspective  
Sets you free  
Now let me take my distance

We are alone  
So save your sentimental considerations  
For the moment when it hits  
No hideout, no safe retreat

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You feel so disconnected, and yes, I get it  
But there is just no point in further confrontation  
Dysfunctional communication skills  
You undermine our mutual  
Resolution strategy  
With your condescending patronising  
Habitus of false modesty

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