

## Lost

Zola Jesus

In my woods I form a part  
To be spoken both must start  
Ask for all your wisdom here  
Give me space to disappear

Everyone I know is lost  
Flare gone missing, turning dark  
We keep walking through the weeds  
Hoping for a quick release

In my woods I find a spot  
To forsake all that I've got  
Recombine into the leaves  
Stick around and then we'll see

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