

Don't Blink (Or We May Miss It)

Nodes of Ranvier

The very idea of beauty died so long ago
But sometimes I catch a glimpse
At the call of your name or the touch of another's hand
I see this place as Adam once saw Eden
(and I see people as Adam once saw Eve)
But gone is the garden of perfection
(The dirt we've become is the dirt we came from)

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