Severance

Paint It Black

Severance
The birds of leaving call to us
Yet here we stand
Endowed with the fear of flight
Overland
The winds of change consume the land
While we remain
In the shadow of summers now past
When all the leaves
Have fallen and turned to dust

Will we remain
Entrenched within our ways?
Indifference
The plague that moves throughout this land
Omen signs
In the shapes of things to come
Tomorrow's child is the only child
Tomorrow's child is the only child

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