Fruend

Braids

When I see them
Contemplate if I should
Should I just reach out and tell you?
Here I am
Sitting at home
With the things that I own
Watching time fall through the drawn blindsThey show truth's end
From leavened clouds and
Suns that rise on our death beds
Oh lost my mind
Oh lost itDamp eyes feel them
Moving bout my kitchen
Plating our meals for the last dine
I'll be caught wings across
Contemplate if I should
Should I just step out and fall throughArms out lifted
Drawn shades glisten
Please reach out I have fallen throughIt is a truth
It is a truth of my crossed view
And it's for you
Power of a view
We are gifted
We can lift ourselves
From the depths of a misfit
Reason caught it's game
With a mouth of sheer wisdom
Thought is greater than what is thought of
To follow is a raped decisionPower of your view
You are gifted
You have lifted me
From the depths of a misfit
Disdain met it's game
Speak the truth and I'll listen
We are greater than what is above
What we see
Is our crossed ambition

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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