

The Ephemeral

[Birdwu](#)

As I stand beneath the depth of reality
I find concrete events in tune
I'll try to inhale the void of everything
Constituting margins, elevating scenes I won't let you down
Starting out low
Then coming up high You are ephemeral I am my only
sound of a continuum I am my only sound Sometimes chiseling the thought of an old machine
Stands in the way of the profiteer
We are prone to do the mundane accounts for them
Yet born to climb the outer strains of the being I won't let you down
Starting out low
Then coming up high You are ephemeral I am my only
sound of a continuum I am my only sound You are ephemeral I am my only
sound of a continuum I am my only sound.

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