

Cover Your Tracks

Boy And His Kite@@a

Blood sun winter, shut my eyes
The end has come and gone
Witness to humanity
And how it was undone
I've always said I'd have it all
If I could be unborn
I'd rather be a wild bird
And I'd rather be a thornBlack sky cloaks the mountainside
A land beyond our lands
I'm witness to and witnessing
And how it plays now hand
I've always said I'd trade it all
For places unadorned
My mind is calm and animal
And sharp and rebornThrow away your letters and numbers
And make sure to cover your tracks
Throw away your desires and treasures
And make sure you burn all the mapsThrow away your letters and numbers
And make sure to cover your tracks
Throw away your desires and treasures
And make sure your burn all the maps

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