Gathering Stories

JĐ“Ñ–nsi

And then I heard you
You made me long for
To be a part of
Something that I can't see
A life that is beyond
Something that I can't fear
To be a part of
The story, It belongs to you

Something you said burns
Apart the pen and the paper
You can't always write it
It is something you'll have to do
Gathering stories
A story, It belongs to you
They say that it's gone now
You know that I disagree

I barely hear you
Your signal is cold now
It's all turning into video

Tune the radio
Sing along
To all our favorite songs

Your signal is growing
Out in little pieces
And watch in a moment
Secure it for falling

Over the stars
Over the nights
Over the rains
Over the moons

Over the days
Over the streams
Over the skies

Over the ponds

Over the fires
Over the lakes
Over the trees
Over the minds

Our kid zigs
Open doors
Over the doors
I am alive

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