

The Summer Jam

Periphery

Cut up the planet for the legion, disembark from other resources fusing distant lands.

Sign of life is steadily ending, calling out so desperate far away.

The cries are eerily sending, they beg of night to release the day.

They're calling out for a better way.

Cut up the planet for the legion.

Coldest nights sometimes give way to brighter skies of blue.

Moving onward carrying the life that's in plain view.

And we will carry with the thriving few.

Cut up the planet for the legion.

What we see is not the fault of man.

All the leaks and stripes.

Cut up the planet for the legion, disembark from other resources fusing distant lands.

Hoping for a better life.

Conjure way to the heavens to lane.

We suddenly ask ourselves if this wait is worth the line. Coldest nights sometimes give way to brighter skies of blue.

Moving onward carrying the life that's in plain view.

And we will carry with the thriving few.

Cut up the planet for evolution.

What we see is not the fault of man.

All the leaks and strikes.

Strand of cloth by the hands of those have been.

A life surrounding by quarantine.

Reach for skies, please believe that this life equals something.

Conjure way to the heavens to lane.

We suddenly ask ourselves if this wait is worth the line.

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

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