

All Time

[Archive](#)

Reflecting on what's been
Though past will be future
When again yesterday to be made For me, hazy times fume all around
Burning grass in a field of endless supplies
Tall people casting shadows on the short
Little people running circles round the wide Lazy times waste it well
What better to do with my mind
Crazy times no rhythm too hard
Deep corners and people with my time Overground in joy, in clouds sunlit
Snow untouched make pure silhouette
Catches steam, grass and dew
Rays not harm the upward gaze Hosts bring out a game
Of open fields on the box
Watch the guests who
Bring the heat on the outside [Incomprehensible] of faith for boundaries to fight
The young so wise before their time
My time, your time, all time
My time, your time, all time Overground in joy, in clouds sunlit
Snow untouched make pure silhouette
Catches steam, grass and dew
Rays not harm the upward gaze Rhythm to your right
Round the other side
The expression outside
And poetry inside Pleasure to your touch
Taste of heaven on your mind
And colors before your very eyes

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