

# Top Of The Hill

## Conduits

I'm tired of the hills  
We're rolling, rolling in the grass  
And we laugh to ourselves  
While kicking flowers from the ground  
And your body's so warm  
You're crumbling like powder in my arms  
As pillars of smoke are filling, falling from the sky  
All day in the sun  
Is coming, coming to an end  
And we send our love  
As our evening, evening descends

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