Constellations

*Ancients

Packing the last few shirts into a bloated suitcase
The last glimpse of comfort and the ticking clock face
I swear those hands move faster every day
I'm more confused than ever but I don't beg or pray 'cause the
Sparkling light from the morning sun
Is all we should need to feel one.
I reach the station with just minutes to spare,
I glance at my watch time's going faster these days I swear,
Eyes focus up now to the train time table board
There's only two platforms to be explored,
And it's then that I admit it to my self,
That I am lost so lost
But your the constellations
That guide me
There's a train at 12, destination disaster.
It's running on time as time runs faster
On platform two it's destination sustainability
It's delayed though it was suppose to arrive at 11:50.
Platform one it says stand behind the yellow line
But I sit on the platform edge and just gaze at the time.
My mind wanders back to our oblivious existence

I'm all choked up now with the threat of distance
As the train bound for disaster chokes up to the station,
I don't board it cause I decide that it's the wrong destination,
But the train bound for sustainability is nowhere to be seen
And I'm lost so lost
Where are the constellations
That guide me?
And then I realize that
We need to use our own two feet to walk these tracks,
And we have to squad up and we have to watch each others backs,
When forgiveness is our torch and imagination our sword
Well I'll tie the ropes of hate and slash open the minds of the bored
And we'll start a world so equal and free
Every inch of this earth is yours all the land and all the sea
Imagine no restrictions but the climate and the weather
Then we can explore space together
Forever

And I'm lost so lost
Where are the constellations
And I'm lost so lost
You are the constellation X5

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