

Kindred Dirt

Trap Them

And stashed under our seats are the maps not worth the reach
with worship squares
we keep getting told about...
and can't seem to be found.
Maybe that's why so many
would rather bow out...
so there's a connect,
as if we're on the same roads
to share the same waste and build a way to ungraves.
Close our aisles, less with give and get what we have.
To erase. To erupt.
To erase. To erupt.
Let go of our aims,
let go of our best,
let go of the wheel
and let in the crash.

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

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