The Woods

The White Buffalo

Gone so long I stepped out of the woods
I was misunderstood but in light of it all
I sit back and check their disguise
Their dark shallow eyes got lost in the haze of the lightSo I sit back and watch
I see all their masks soon appear
Long for the woods
From this place I'll disappearThey all strive to deviate from the norm
But collectively swarm to be all the same
To alter image prosthetics are worn
Their primped plastic forms melt in the heat of the light

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