

# 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 light  
So I sit back and watch  
I see all their masks soon appear  
Long for the woods  
From this place I'll disappear  
They all strive to deviate from the norm  
But collectively swarm to be all the same  
To alter image prosthetics are worn  
Their primed plastic forms melt in the heat of the light

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