Nothing Is Forgot

Maritime

What wakes you up in the night, metaphor scenes or actual
things when nothing is forgot little things. Did we escape surrender,
the ghost of the last grass that dusk sees.
Blood braids our lips together where words stay
Nothing is forgot always
The war of kings are whispers, drowns in the woods
and the lowlands.
The city is so small our bodies are graves, and we're turning
our garden of hearts have been burning skin on fire.
Until nothing is forgot.

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

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