Contrails

Lumber Lung

blood work done will say we're poison i will taste from your lips will you taste from my lips to be sure we'll sit here turning blue together one final collapse of our union is well deserved goodbye surrounded by his tribe shaman tells of men in the sky no one will believe the contrails in the sky will prove him right fell in love with isolation an obvious thought given time to reflect on events we're finding blessing in departure a slowly decaying resolve to set forth alone i wish you well

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