Kerning

You Blew It!

There's a certain something,
In the wood grains chaos and kerning,
And the way we operate or disintegrate.
Time in lines and rings.
The space between five,
That's me,
And the other you're not wearing.
Its glimmer blinded me,
So I never saw you leave.
The way we operate or disintegrate.
Its glimmer blinded me.
The way we operate or disintegrate.
Its glimmer blinded me,
But I never saw you leave,
I never saw you leave.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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