

# Wind Down

## Bedhead

wind. the wind  
begin to ascend.  
reach for anything,  
as the air has no end.but soon, you'll wind  
down through the air  
with only the cold, hard ground  
meeting you there.feel the soil  
running through your nose.  
it's a wound down music box  
that doesn't know how it goes.it's a simple memory  
that falls apart as it grows.  
it's a simple memory  
that falls apart as it grows.  
now that picture is cracked  
and the color is gone.  
and the last thing I remember  
I can no longer see.  
there's a tree that grows into  
a tree that collapses.  
but from there, it goes off  
into the scenery.

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

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