

# Mastodon, This Mortal Soil

Floating in red again  
A deepened soil  
Nothing  
Empty cup  
Trade not known  
Showing promise of a perfect land  
No regrets for a fallen ground  
The omen passed  
Woman possessed  
Reflect on the duties held  
Oceans morph to dust  
Chasing the timeline  
Bolts of light flash  
Original storm god  
The atmosphere that floats above the earth  
Is corrupt for man  
This we know  
What has dwelt within the early dawn has gone away  
That's okay  
Dig  
Climb  
Ancient elm  
Root  
Ride the vine of father ground our carving  
The atmosphere that floats above the earth is corrupt for man  
This we know  
Circle  
Made of ash  
Betray her presence  
Huntress  
Gentle breath  
Listen to the poison rose