

8stops7, Distance And The Waving

Autumn's creeping up

and there across the lot

stands a tree alone

just content to know

it's leaves are still intact

and clinging to each branch holding on for the fear
of being naked

it's a shame that you won't be here to notice everything that's changed

it's a shame that you won't be here to see this building taking place

it's a shame that you won't be around to hear us all recite your name in the distance rows of waving

fight back the change blowing side to side in september

all the leaves that fall we remember

this thickened air is stealing all my rights to breathe

my backbone grows weaker than a scared crow with no wings

out here in the cold we soon will know what tragic is

in the distance rows of waving timber fight back the wind shadowing

i am aware what it brings but the weight of it all breaks a heart to quickly find answers

ask no questions the wind brings out suggestions and leaves a deep impression a tragedy.