

# Camouflage, Sooner Than We Think

Take off your shoes,  
walk with me  
on the mossy forest ground  
to those places out of bounds.

Taste my skin,  
explore me,  
under the shadowy forest's roof,  
making moves.

Sooner than we think  
an endless day goes by.  
Sooner than we think  
these moments we'll deny.  
So now we walk on thorns  
and in the end we're torn  
apart by all this loneliness.  
The wind blows through your hair,  
drifts you away.  
In the dying forest's light  
you disappear from sight