

Christopher Blue, These Thoughts

The sun, the sun
It's a symbol for the one
That gives you everything you need
The sun, a gun
It's a symbol for the one
That gives you everything you need
These thoughts only come around once in a while
When they do it makes me want to run and hide
To the shadows of the human native nations
With a higher consciousness and automations
About a love and the written words we're so
Civilized that we're hollow on the inside
The earth is holy it's worthy of your worship
All points of light are connected by the darkness
Every hour wounds because the last one kills
These thoughts only come around every once in a while
But when they do it makes me smile
Keep on moving
Just keep on moving
I just keep on moving
Just keep on moving
Oh, yeah