

Damiera, Flora: Yield

This is the way that we
Creating in excess
Under simplicity
Searching a million steps
For what is next to me
Accepting methods to notice me falling apart
Seams drifting away and staring at me
Can we dismiss that you're just a ghost that's leading me
We're both at fault
But no one's owning up
Finding "up" is just a version of finding "down";
Proving what's "right" to us is only a feeling we decide upon
While finding out is just the same
Could be the way that we stumbled or assembled thought
The connection was burning red
Ignites the distance between us while between us was silent
Connection was burning red
Finding "up" is just the same as finding "down";
While time it stays, it stays the same
Could be the way that we stumbled or assembled thought
The connection was burning red
Ignites the distance between us while between us was silent
Connection was burning red