Down in the Dumps, Geese

remember the times that we had? nothing to hold on to, just today. this dead log laying submerged in a nice place to rest. these are some of the best times I've had it's so much cooler here in the shade. without them, without it all in the concrete cave. living in color, riding on rubber riding in the end of summer's days. ignorance is bliss and all around these swamplands are smothered in trash, the marshes are drowning in man noises from everywhere, never revealing. our friends grow further, faint clouds of it's all coming to an end. we're burning out, we're fading away.