

Number Twelve Looks Like You, Alright, I Admit..

The path has changed so much over the years.
No reason to fret, just turn around and walk away.
The glass of wine and the plate of overcooked food burnt too long. ...Paranoid about a fuck me dre
Relishing in memories, twisting like fate.
It's only a matter of time before this is destroyed.
The bridges are too low to duck under and the fenced in possibilities seem too dark to see without
Because years have passed, visions have also.
Down under there's a devil, and no one notices.
Above us are clouds that swing and hang down over a small town.
Obstruction of vision is nullified by the elevation of the seats.
An orchestra pit down under like Australia that catches fire from a match.
The path has changed so much over the years.
Slimy, sticky leaves cling like leaches.
No reason to fret, just turn around and walk away.
The glass of wine and the plate of overcooked food.
I'll never run away again.
I missed this