Pride And Fall, Pathogen

A pattern for what will shape the line Overreached by the things to come Its not the wind that cools the ground Its the feelings just released Its in these moments we start to think Sentient as you may be A new picture for you to freeze In which I try to hide so deep Hearten we put us self to rest Ignited by hopes of trust The wind has lost its breath And calmed the seas were in How simple to let us drift In a moment when nothings real Its time to wake up from this dream And taste the water that were in There was a time we looked at water There was a time I felt afraid Alone I sit and watch the flowers Seems like they have all been coloured grey There was a time we looked at water There was a time i felt afraid For all the cures you had to offer The pathogen is still in me.