

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.