

Suburban Phlight, Trepitus Youth

The blades of grass are crying foul
To the roots in whom they doubt
Can save them even now
The grains of sand that sit and shake
In the shadows of the waves
In whose company their essence slowly fades

I'm feeling smaller now
I'm afraid
To change

And I thought that I knew it all
And I felt safe and secure amongst the stones
And I thought that I could push the stars across the night
All alone

Seasons pass with the coming days
As the leaves fall where they may
Destined to wither away
Morning dew caught in the webs
Reflecting sunlight through the mists
Deceives the flies of the dangers up ahead

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