

# 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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