

Tree, Redemption

Falling across forgotten landscapes

Transcending all time and space

Well I've read from this book before but through different lips

Turned by different fingertips

I never learn the lesson until I learn the lesson too late I fold and I start again

Rise up and over and collapsing in

MY SOUL IS RECYCLABLE

Dying and rotting away

To wake up and start a brand new day

Like a bottle brought back then thrown away

My soul's in the process in the cycle of change

MY SOUL IS RECYCLABLE

I've learned these lessons before but I'll be damned

I have forgotten them

I've read from this book before