

# Weaver At The Loom, Buck Up, They're Coming.

The air is good here.  
So I'll breathe in deeply,  
Then release all that I hold inside.

My lungs are gilded gold, but I know how the time may go, before the toxins flow.  
I'll wait quietly.  
I'll wait quietly.

'cause I'm afraid and longing to be brave now and face these toxins without any fear;  
Without one single fear.

Toxins roam these parts from time to time.  
So watch yourself, because they might just land themselves upon your doorstep.