

1208**"Into The Trees"**Visit "[Into The Trees](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

there in a box with your things, stabbed airholes, and
one wing
or white lung, when your well will you stay

since there is a certain modern earth pain only fit for
enduring
which one does endure

4 walls of day: and that alone
no empty hallway for you bearing the
100 bright light blocking doors of luck
and here in the favor of life i will
contrive no device against expectation, only announce
i have learned to respect the color yellow

by cum and by egg
and laid low into creature
then
cast out in the one cold of all names.

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