

## **A Northern Chorus "The Millions Too Many"**

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These few weeks of rowing around these lakes  
Have moved faster than the breaks in between the  
smoke and the recoil routines  
But the harvest is on the minds of  
Lone farmers and the millions too many

Open up the flues and let the ashes escape  
They've been breathing in smoke for too long and  
some have fallen asleep  
And forever is a lifetime,  
The pulse stays static and everyones got some found  
addiction to depend on

We'll throw on our costumes and realign  
The chemical structure that keeps us in line  
Cause I've got this plan, that seeks a lot of time  
I've got this plan that seeks a lot of time

So throw out your plans and put down your rusted  
hands, the day is on you  
Stop waiting to speak, you keep your allies close to  
hear what they might have seen  
Poor focus has blurred out the lines and the millions  
too many

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