

I Rise "Burn"

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Like yesterday. The airs to cold to talk.
The airs so cold I cough.
As I walk and think about our lives.
Which waste away with hate.
With contaminated days.
Quarantined and left to rot.
Pull it apart. Pull it apart. Pull it apart.
Our sick convoluted lives are binding us to our false
dreams of greatness.

These "expectations" we strive for, these futures we
carve in stone. We
must, Burn.
I don't know, whats keeping, keeping us bound in
chains.
These realizations are too many we must break away.
(pull it apart) we must, (pull it apart) break away

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