

# Tree "Redemption"

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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

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