

Adamantine "Mangrove"

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When this road becomes too narrow for us both,
And the circle around us grows,
I keep my head above the water,
And turn my blood to stone... !

I am what I am,
Softened down and built to rust,
These machines we bury under clay,
Leave us rotting down, under ground,
And turn to dust!

Tie your hands around my neck,
And keep on holding 'till it bleeds,
The seed we just planted in our eyes,
Swept us both with our creed!

I am what I am,
Softened down and built to rust,
These machines we bury under clay,
Leave us rotting down, under ground,
And turn to dust!

The less we drain ourselves,
The more we stain our hands,
And as I stir your surface,
My bones turn to sand.
The less we drain ourselves,
The more we stain our hands,
And as I stir your surface,
My bones turn to sand.

I am what I am,
Softened down and built to rust,
These machines we bury under clay,
Leave us rotting down, under ground,
And turn to dust!

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