

Trees

"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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