

CONNECTIONS

OneDa

Spaces unknown
Unfamiliar Ground
In the distance slight buzz of City
A Familiar Sound
Yet the deeper I wander
The Further I seek,
The Noises I hear
My Steps of beat, as I'm watching the ground I tread
Unfamiliar
Yet Peaceful,
Plain terrains few and far between
Climbing for freedom
Walking towards hope
Trees whisper like bedtime stories
From the Distance the lingering smoke

Naturally High.
Un compromised relief
Black Faces stories yet to be told
Hidden underneath
Fear of the unknown, my man's never had his brethren tell him any tales of this land.
Keep Out one word we choose not to listen to much more understand
Powerful Connections in seeing the expansive land we exist in
I told my sister there's beauty in the leaves between the Trees, trickling Waterfalls
into the streams
She told me I was tripping

So I made my Journey down to Bowland
To experience the different
Mind floats feeling like everything and nothings at differing instances
Making it feel as if my body and mind connects not to the grass, the flowers the water,
to nature, the power to just be
The power to just exist.
The power to question and seek answers to why and how it is.
Just Lie, No time to do that in the everyday
Signal takes over
the drifting thoughts that guide me to more than I am, Damn!

Yet the city keeps me grounded
Grounded and bounded

Forest of Bowland had boundaries to be broken
Astounded by what I had founded
A place where escapism resounded
Dry Stone Walls in my mind to come down
Freedom awaits those who aren't afraid to go Find It
seek beauty beneath the troubled exterior of life and behind It
Terrains that stretches
No phone signal so my minds invested

Fell onto the Fell and I felt a lift it's
More than just the scene it's the feel
within that trips the switch
Couldn't feel this round my ends because they sealed us in, Damn,
Sardines in a Tin Can
Acres and acres
For ages and ages
Found traces of multiple races