Melting City

Between the Buried and Me

Creep in
Before the rise of the sun
Execute a story never told
Do not think
Just do
No human emotion
Who says I'm even human at this point?
A poor example of life
No morals
Just a huge display of direction
Hear, then do
Profit
Sneak in the box before the rise of the sun
A four-handed bed occupied by only two
The window is yawningFaceless in a sea of space
My propulsion from their painIn, out
Profit
Why would they need me for a simple confession?
Collect, then destroy
Collect, then destroy
Before the rise of the sunFaceless in a sea of space
My propulsion from their painYears Later:
Frantic writing
Not meant for my eyes
Why did I keep this? What inside forced me to see the ink?
Smoothed out, then in pieces.
I can't live with this
I must let her knowA valley of smiling despair
Self doubt would be my first guess
Confusion, sadness, the other half
But lost through selfish measures
I can't live with this
I must let her know(One heart in a two heart bed. She woke to nothing. Because of me, she woke to nothing.)The robot has stepped out of his box
Foreigner in my own land
No profit
For once no profit
Walk in
After the rise of the sun

Conclude a story never read
A burning smell creeps up my nostrils (the box is gone)
A trapdoor locked from the inside
Incomplete me
Impossible conclusion
MeFaceless in a sea of space
My propulsion from their pain

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