# Everything Is Eventual

## Jason Reeves

birds are bullets from flower guns
and ships are anchors and planes are bombs
when the war is over we are gone
will our love live on
and buldings burning and disintegrate
and trees like armies redominate
with the concreate craking
and silent streets
reveals the beauty beneath
reveals the beauty beneath
when we leave
when we leave
when summer rains go dead and drown
and tanks are treasures beneath the ground
when walls dividing are broken down

will our souls be found
and streetlight stars that coat the dawn
and clouds stop crying their endless song
when (????) can belong
will our love be gone?
will our love be gone?
and we deserve our fate
yes it is too late
we deserve our fate
we deserve it
we deserve it
and birds are bullets from flower guns
and ships are anchors and planes are bombs
when war is over and we are gone
will our love live on?

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