Paper Thin

Carbon Leaf

My attic is so full of life Why wont they come and play with me? Backyard. Tree Fort. Want to let them in. But they're not my friends Sometimes the ash grey mask will suit me fine The moon is ignored only with the day The sun is prettiest just before it goes away Giants in a small world Forever was just one day Never really dawned on me Such short-lived history Everything I wanted never came All that I'll become is for another day Everything I had never stayed Now the house is so empty Put me in the chest my ventriloquist Sometimes living in want is not so bad Best friend I ever had

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