

## Grown Ups "Spider Mansions"

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I just can't take this feeling when I wake that I'm  
powerless.  
There's some old stars burning, contemplating,  
exploding.  
They're far but manage to find their way to hit home.

And I predict that these Gods won't hear me,  
No matter how loud I can say their names.

I think they've been forgotten,  
And I'm sure that I will have to share the same fate.

We live so easily.  
I'm sure we'll all go in our sleep.  
(I can't think of a worse way.)

My wisdom teeth are coming through,  
I'm trying not to forget you, but I can't.  
There's dead bats in my living room,  
And I will gladly follow suit,  
Landlocked, lost youth.

Time stands against us.  
We'll hide it. We'll dive in.  
The less I need, the better I feel.  
The garbage piles.  
The graveyards fill.

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