

## Seneca "Paint The Scene"

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These holes lie buried inside, in wait for you to fall through soon. Living for tomorrow is absurd when each days presence is such a hard task. I will not be torn down. I will not be blown away. Thanks for readmittance, thanks for open arms, you made me paint the scene with a pallet of horrific beauty. No one could ever be so luscious. Oh upside down heart I wish I could defrost you so I can see through to what is held in such a tight grasp. Cold blue eyes, how I love their style. You made me paint the scene with a pallet. With a pallet of horrific beauty. No one could ever be so luscious. These holes lie buried inside, in wait for you to fall through so soon. Living for tomorrow is absurd. No way out.

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