

## **The End** **"These Walls"**

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And with these walls we will never need the sun. These  
knots are eyes and  
Every stain's an effigy. To never be shown in the open  
world. These walls  
Have no voice, they only rot. And every faded smear's  
an epitaph. They were  
Loving once, only to be killed and rebuilt by human  
hands. And made mildew  
With memories. But the grain makes shapes. Oh so  
clearly. And we can see it.  
With the faces of our history. The only things that are  
truly ours are  
Enclosures with locked doors. These walls are just like  
bars and words.  
Constructs to be worshipped as such. Our house. And  
with these walls we will  
Never need the sun, or time. They are too sublime.

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