

Will Stratton "Sonnet"

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The warmth of summer is a knowing father
The lies I told you didn't really matter anyway
The end is further than you said before
So we've got plenty in store for you yet

We'll go to the devil's tree
And tear it down to see what's underneath
We'll dive into the rabbit holes
To see those other worlds
We'll ban all mirrors and calendars
So we won't age
There'll always be a place
Where we can wash away our sins

Oh, you look so pretty, and full of fear
So let's make distance into a little game
We'll go into the city and disappear
Nothing will ever be the same aside from our first
names

We'll go to the devil's tree
And tear it down to see what's underneath
We'll dive into the rabbit holes
To see those other worlds
We'll ban all mirrors and calendars
So we won't age
There'll always be a place
Where we can wash away our sins

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