

XO

"The Walls"

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Creep around your body,
Circling like a vulture.
My feet are dragging,
On this wooden floor,
Every step I take is like walking on a bed of needles.

Its becoming damp,
Cause the room is filling with water,
And I cant get out I will surely drown.

Full of holes and pine,
My feet become a forest.
Pillars black and white,
Reach from the walls towards me.

Come with me they say.
Promising things I long for,
Theyll hold me close,
But never let go.

Full of holes and pine,
My feet become a forest.
Pillars black and white,
Reach from the walls towards me.

And your body is life-less,
But you were always more dead than alive anyways.
And the man down the hall,
Says we need less life now-a-days,
I suppose the knife in your back agrees.

My lungs have filled with water,
But I can still breathe,
And I can still see,
Cause there is so much life left for me.
Ill live in the floor,
And in the walls,
And in the forest,
And in the sea,
And soon enough, in the summers breeze,
And every time you breathe,
I will flow through your heart,

And light up the sky as a star,
Ill be every where you are

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