

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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