

My attic is so full of life  
Why won't they come and play with me?  
Backyard. Tree Fort.  
Want to let them in.  
But they're not my friends  
Sometimes the ash grey mask will suit me fine  
The moon is ignored only with the day  
The sun is prettiest just before it goes away  
Giants in a small world  
Forever was just one day  
Never really dawned on me  
Such short-lived history  
Everything I wanted never came  
All that I'll become is for another day  
Everything I had never stayed  
Now the house is so empty  
Put me in the chest my ventriloquist  
Sometimes living in want is not so bad  
Best friend I ever had