

# Melting City

## Between the Buried and Me

Creep in  
Before the rise of the sun  
Execute a story never told  
Do not think  
Just do  
No human emotion  
Who says I'm even human at this point?  
A poor example of life  
No morals  
Just a huge display of direction  
Hear, then do  
Profit  
Sneak in the box before the rise of the sun  
A four-handed bed occupied by only two  
The window is yawning

Faceless in a sea of space  
My propulsion from their pain

In, out  
Profit  
Why would they need me for a simple confession?  
Collect, then destroy  
Collect, then destroy  
Before the rise of the sun

Faceless in a sea of space  
My propulsion from their pain

Years Later:  
Frantic writing  
Not meant for my eyes  
Why did I keep this? What inside forced me to see the ink?  
Smoothed out, then in pieces.  
I can't live with this  
I must let her know

A valley of smiling despair  
Self doubt would be my first guess  
Confusion, sadness, the other half  
But lost through selfish measures  
I can't live with this  
I must let her know

(One heart in a two heart bed. She woke to nothing. Because of me, she woke to nothing.)

The robot has stepped out of his box  
Foreigner in my own land  
No profit  
For once no profit  
Walk in  
After the rise of the sun  
Conclude a story never read  
A burning smell creeps up my nostrils (the box is gone)  
A trapdoor locked from the inside  
Incomplete me

Impossible conclusion  
Me

Faceless in a sea of space  
My propulsion from their pain