

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