

Marks

Jeniferever

There are marks,
Where we once walked,
In buildings,
Bridges and roads.
Left for the memory,
Of what we had,
For the remembrance of how days once left,
Without leaving us this empty.

You saw through the veil,
The coating that covers,
The coming day.
Some things they're just,
Too good to remain.
Some things they're just,
Too good to remain.
You saw through the veil,
Left not to be part of a surrounding dying.
Some things they're just,
Too good to remain.
Some things they're just,
Too good to remain.