

Never

Walking with Strangers

Old trees won't ask questions,
Burnt down houses thirst for water,
While stones dream of mountains

Dead animals run in darkness
Still you have the ocean in a glass of water
And the sun on your burnt skin

Even the sun will give in
You will never be forever

Red roses will have a different meaning, though all you see is
love
Love that never took shape of what you wanted it so badly to be
So you became obsessed with the thought and painted all the ima
ges black

You will never be forever.