

# Forever Is Forgotten, The Architecture Is Still Bur

Here is where my ladder grows  
Within walking distances of melting ceilings  
And hopefully you will see the bright colors like my horizon cut in two  
And where have the eyes gone that have watched me this far  
Here is my staircase curved with splintered paint  
Without a railing I find collapse  
With blonde paste to settle intentions,  
Your unpaired smile in mirrored windows burns the rest of the template  
So I fall into third person and see the other shades of grey

Here is my enthalpy, so forgive my violet eyes when you see them  
The rest of the canvas arranges lie past Victorian  
The rest Burns along with myself and this is how she'll remember me  
Just like walking decay

And I be bare again without any traces of what is called sharing  
Nothing surrounds me any more but pictures of carpet  
As soft as voices of eager children

This is dripping from skyline setting  
And I know the smile very well  
It must be imbedded like the less fortunate  
There is no patience left over while I am provided a window key  
This presence of it over speaks