

i'm building a high rise,
the cost of living

is child sized,
i can't shake the thought of giving

sometimes,
we all need a taste of the seasons

but lately
i just want a chance to break even

science is something i left under the stairs
worn at the corners, it's the gray in my hair
this science is one thing i know i'll leave there
too heavy to carry, we don't even care

but i'll
make our bed below these ceiling lights

i could build it all if the sand was stone
turn this iron rust into nickel chrome
i would build it all but i'm out of sticks,
made this makeshift nest and i hope it fits