

Dying House

Hello there! It's raining quite hard, won't you come inside?
Don't mind my door, it's been broken forever.
You can set down your hat and your coat wherever.
But don't touch the plants, they've been so frail since they've died.

Yes, I know that it's terribly dark,
but it's always that way.
It's cold, dark, and damp everyday.
And the candles won't light, because the matches won't spark.

Watch your head and be careful, the ceiling is sinking.
The floorboards are cracked
and the windows are smashed.
You don't have to tell me, I know what you're thinking.

I know it seems strange to live in a house so broken,
but I hate things that are new.
It may seem odd to you,
but the only place I am safe is within these rotting walls of oaken.

The bright world outside is horribly frightening,
so I stay safe inside.
I've chosen to hide,
though the walls of my world seem to be tightening.

As time goes on, my world continues to die.
It slowly caves in
while I'm still trapped within
the walls of the crumbling house on which I rely.

I don't remember the last time I smelled the scent of a rose
or heard birds in the trees,
or felt a summer breeze.
But it's a small price to pay to be "safe" I suppose.

The rain has stopped, so I'll send you off, but remember what I have said.
Don't fear the world
Or you'll live in one full of things that are broken, cold, and dead.