gravelortian part 19

by Chad Smith

Money left on the porch at midnight
Objects gathered up to battle our plight
Timber prices saved us going down the drain
Home is really just another house in the rain
Eyes can't believe, they see and now lack
Reasons why we should ever go back

Felled them fierce and loud one by one
Uproot everything, a muddy hole when done
Can't see the forest without the trees
Kept them if only for the memories?
Eventually every last childhood fades away
Remember the woods as they were before today

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