

Mason

Will Haven

Cement, mortar and bricks my favourite materials
Brick by crick I'm Slowly building up my walls
Higher And higher, I can barely see over now
Hammer and chisel, so I can get some light Maybe someone can peer in through my pinhole
Maybe someone can see through my window And see this body trapped behind these walls
I don't want you to see the whole picture
Just a corner maybe the wood of the frame
A syllable- a letter of my signature I don't want you to know my canvas
I don't want you to know my canvas Every other weekend I tempt myself with a ladder
I think about climbing over, rung by rung
And being naked...
I question every step rung by rung
Then I climb back down cause I got a glimpse
A scent, a sound and my eyes burn
The smell makes me oh so nauseous
The pop noises leave my ears ringing
It left me ringing
It left me ringing

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