

Recycle me like I was here before,

Like I've been missing the reasons to go

And as far as a distance which keeps us apart

We're made of unredeemable materials

Which burn endlessly without dispersing

We are done in reverse from the old

Thrown around from the front of the tracks

And pushed back as far as birthmarks go:

we don't stand a chance to remain

longer than this

yet we think of ourselves as relevant

shadows, of what we could have really been

wrapped up in unsustainable packages

our emotions are short lived

throwaway items

of a non-recyclable life

love is reused

in different forms

like plastic damned for eternity:

it stays forever

breaking down infinitively

you blink your eyes on me,

I smile a moment longer,

upon this disposable soul...

