

Blueprint

There's a woman who lives in a dark home
It's filled with vibrant moss and cold rocks
She's silent and lives solemnly alone
Everyday she put down one brick
She probably would've built a mansion
But she keeps changing the blueprint

There's a man on the same street
He's convinced himself he's happy
With forced drunken complacency
He finds his peace with dependency
This man hates it when I'm rhyming
But he loves it when I'm lying