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## Ashes to Dust

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*Ashes To Dust*

Loyalty is encrypted into the depths  
of every broken soul  
roaming aimlessly  
in and out  
of every empty hole  
trying desperately  
to mend  
the weathered pieces  
because they have lost the definition  
of what loyalty truly is,  
because consistency does not exist.  
I have let go of trustworthiness  
for even nature is a testament  
that everything is temporary  
all of our cells have left us at once  
and new ones were born  
and those soon died after, creating more,  
every tear once shed has dissipated,  
every word spoken has too soon faded-- into thin air,  
every fine line between "I'll stay, I promise." and "It's time for me to leave, I'm sorry."  
has all too quickly shattered,  
every smile has soon flipped,  
every person occupying a place within our temporary lives  
has departed from ourselves one way or another,  
and you will no longer  
hold a place inside their's.  
Nobody stays,  
things are not made to live forever,  
*we* are not made to live forever,  
so tell me why I find it such a problem?  
I do not find comfort in things being temporary.

Soon there will be no one left who remembers me,  
there is no one who will stay with me  
life is temporary  
lasting for only a limited amount of time.  
For even permanent marker  
on a sheet of paper  
can be ripped to shreds,  
or made invisible by white out.  
The images made in pen can be scribbled over and made into different images,  
we are erasable like pencil markings,  
we are so temporary,  
*everything* is temporary,  
these words will lose their meaning  
and I will fall into the product of temporarity,  
forced to leave.  
It hurts to be so temporary...