

A Moving castle

There's a dusty moving castle
always going to and fro
inside full of trash and rubble
outside always good to go.

Plated with the gold of heav'n
perhaps gettin' silver roof
puffed up with all that costly leav'n.
It seems to be just bullet proof.

But as the ruby gates sprung open
spreading all these vanities
this ol' devil-mans safe haven
slowly, softly dies.

So why I'm empty oh my lord?
What's this echo in my halls?
Will you step inside and fill me once,
twice, thrice and seven-fold.

Emptiness makes ruins my lord:
even if the walls won't fall,
cause castle without a king is gone,
while it looks like a mighty ford.

There's two slanted little windows
Someone peeking out through them.
Does this someone spear the widow?
Does he pity broken men?

All this castle needs to do is
bow its head to meet the King.
Yet is it ever happening?

So why I'm empty oh my lord?
What's this echo in my halls?
Will you step inside and fill me once
twice, thrice and seven-fold.

Emptiness makes ruins my lord:
even if the walls won't fall,
cause castle without you is gone,
while it looks like a mighty ford.