

These hearts of paper, these hearts of glass;  
the passion pure but they fickle fast.

These hearts of iron, these hearts of steel;  
amazing strength yet lack the feel.

These hearts of winds' song, these hearts of air;  
fleeting fullness and full of care.

These hearts of rust, these hearts of blades;  
waiting to stab for they've been betrayed.

These hearts of soil, these hearts of sand;  
nourish the taker and lose what they had.

These hearts of bells, these hearts of chimes;  
attract attention yet hollow inside.

These hearts of fountains, these hearts of streams;  
constant motion but never a dream.

These hearts of fire, these hearts of lamps;  
beautiful visions that will never be grasped.

These hearts of dollars, these hearts of gain;  
profit the pilfer and rotting the same.

These hearts of bedrock, these hearts of stone;  
anchor the owner and horde the owned.

These hearts of plastic, these hearts of seams;  
perfection preferred no matter the means.

These hearts of ice, these hearts of cold;  
sufficient in solace but wither alone.

These hearts of text, these hearts of words;  
compassion composed but unread go unheard;

These hearts that we carve, these hearts that we cave.  
these hearts that we have are all exactly the same.