

24 More

Animosity

Pressures of a hundred pounds
Crashing down in my life
Technicalities, realized fallacies
Fuel the fire of my strife
How do I know which path I'll walk?
Mental freedom, It's all I'll talk
So many possibilities
Yet my life has been foreseen
How many fucking years?
Until I'm a real human being
Because every fucking movement
Is just a petty routine
Out of my reach
Out of my hands
I wake up everyday
Just to fill your demands
24 more just waiting for the next
Looking forward to something
Wasted, just like all the rest
Whose life do I live?
I want it back!
I'm taking it back