

## 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