

Spoiled

Basement

Colour me in kindness,
Cover me with love.
I am blessed.

You're burying your father,
You're burying your son.
You are dead.

I know nothing of real pain,
I'm a child and I am spoiled.
I hate myself for my complaints,
I'm pathetic and I'm bored.
I cry simply at the thought.
I crumble at the sight.

If I ever had to feel, I
I would fall to my knees
and pray for God to save me.

I have never been in love,
I pretend to care.
Convince myself that it's enough,
I was never there.
I am hiding in the dust,
Sweep me underneath the chair.

I have never been in love.
I keep on giving,
I keep on giving up.