

## Thorns

Birdpen

Something I cannot change.  
It's just how I am.  
I'm like a giant thorn.  
Pierced into your insects side.  
Crushing you inside like a bad day.  
I get in the way.  
So why don't I just stay.  
Something you cannot find.  
Like moments lost in time.  
Like water down the drain.  
Or going back somewhere you hate to stay.  
I'm like thorns.  
I twist and I turn inside.  
I'm like thorns.  
I twist and I turn inside.