

Two Twenty Two

For the Fallen Dreams

Don't change the way we are,
Still opening up for the scars.
Let's not re-hash what once was.
We're falling further down the spiral into denial.
It makes no sense, nevertheless, you won't get the best.
You won't get the best.
You won't get the best of me.

Time and time again you've realized
that hope is far from over.
It was never over.
Pain that you have gone through
makes you a stronger person.
A better person.
Pain that you hold close when others know
and all the hate you hold inside.
Just open up.
Pain that you hold close
and the hate you bottle up inside.

We're falling further down the spiral into denial.
It makes no sense,
nevertheless, you won't get the best.
You won't get the best.
The best of me