

Trivial Needs

Fredrika Stahl

Feels like I'm standing
In dried glue
God I miss the feeling
Of craving something to...
Put my soul at ease
Please some trivial needs

Need a bad habit
I need a consolation prize
Some nails to bite
An urge to fight, then give in
To put my role on hold
And lose my self-control

I can't let go
Reason's got me
In a stranglehold
Is there a way out of this?
I'm not here to please
Nor fulfill others' needs
I should just let them see
How ordinary I can be

Need a small corner
A little bubble of mine
A concealed pleasure
My secret golden mine
To treat no one but me
To feed my sanity
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