

## Are You Okay, Kiddo?

Heavy Heavy Low Low

Our guise is that of an apparition  
Enthralled in the vanity of self-worship  
Our robe our crown  
As much a part of us as the very marrow in our bones  
We'll have you begging for your mother in the morning  
(We grace you with our presence and then we curse you for your  
acceptance)  
Your father is out  
He's damn right he should be worried  
They'll call you jane doe  
One in a million  
One and the same  
One empty chamber  
One less to blame  
(This is a failing institution and I've failed to notice)  
I've learned not to despise this sentiment  
Complacency invokes atrophy's embrace  
And so what if I can't leave this room?  
That never stopped us before  
(I've learned to forget my desires)