

Twenty Three

Kendall Payne

Twenty-three, when did we become grown?
I never noticed the seeds of the cynic being sown
Will we stave, will the harvest time reap
Freedom or chains, hope or disdain for the weak?
Twenty-three, when did we become safe?
We pray to feel pleasure and hate when we have to feel pain
Let me see your burn, let me see your bruise
You look just like me
Let me see where you're broken in two
We pretend when we find the end of ourselves
Afraid to be real so we say we are somebody else
Little ones teach the big to be free
Children are only un-costumed humanity
While we wait here in the dark, love lends a spark
But we can't decide
'Cause coming back to life is harder than hell
Once you have died
Finally, I can see with your eyes
That everyone angry is only just aching inside
Twenty-three, when the sun sets tonight
There's always a reason we just cannot leave it behind