

It's half-hearted and complicating the way they've
imparted,
now isn't the best of all our days.

But we've started and now it's too late to say,
this uncharted place is too precarious to stay.
I'm unknown so, so I keep my head low.

It's beneath me, with all my ducks in a row.
If they ask me, I'll tell them I didn't know.
If they ask,
say eventually we'll reap what they have sown.
It's a clash,
it's rash, we're caged,
up-staged.

When they switch-back,
we say it's too fast, we rage,
anxiously engaged.

We just take it,
like we take it off the top.

And full-circle,
we're there before we'd ever really thought.

They just fake it,
nobody asks them to stop.

It's uncharted,
I changed my mind,
decided that it's not.

It's a clash,
it's rash, we're caged,
up-staged.

When they switch-back,
we say it's too fast,
we rage, anxiously engaged.