

Dear Me

Lush

Look at this page which I wrote yesterday
Just a selfish expression of beer and depression and
My insecurity so much a part of me
Swells up the pages of numerous diaries

Humiliations both real and imagined
All lie on this page and stare back at me mocking me
I run away from them, push them away from
Soon and again, they return to embarrass me

Lie in my bed and stare up at the ceiling
We live in events of a previous evening
My poor little ego that bruises so easily
Fighting my conscience to justify reasons

Look in your soul tell me what do you see?
Can you honestly say you're completely at ease?
Do you believe that your conscience is clean?
Well, I say you're a liar