

Cynicism

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I once saw a sunset
So vivid and warm that I swore it was perfect
I once had a lover,
I'm not sure if I'll recover,
But I know it was worth it
Then, last night in the car,
The falling raindrops looked like stars
Of some incalculable speed
Then later, my friends said
"Good to see you again, this is a home to me"

So I wrote a song and I called it "The Love of my Life"
Said "don't be gone long", it now sings me to sleep every night

And I never learned a lesson looking at my own reflection,
But sometimes it seems useful
So I loosen my heart strings in high hopes
Of starting to find something truthful

Cynicism isn't wisdom,
It's a lazy way to say that you've been burned
It seems, if anything,
You'd be less certain after everything you ever learned