

I woke up not enough awake today, just to take in the smell of
the fake red poinsettias,
Well, I'm well aware I'm treating life as a way to pass the time
It is never an effort to grin, to laugh, but it is laborious to
live it like my last
See through me, see through me so see through, see me through
It's not the grave dates on the tomb, it's the short and sweet
dash between the two,
But I swear sometimes, it's like I'm running on stumps
and I am still nowhere, so out of sorts. Always so short and sweet
I've swallowed too much concrete, my worst intentions got the best of me
I've been so hate savvy and I've lost my tongue to the biting
I shake from the rain in my knees, It never has the nerve not to pour.
Indian summer sunburns leave me lacking what I've learned, but
I never forgot myself.
We've lost the brass that we were born with, we were bent to fit,
Bent to wear these wooden baskets. More to a whisper than a yell,
But we scream just to get the chills,
Just to hear the timber echo back in the boxes we've been planted in.