

The Wrong Way

Rotting Out

Now I can see how deep these scars go.
I buried all of the pain and strangled my soul.
My mind hid everything beneath the heart,
so I regurgitated memories like a flying deck of cards.
Too young to die of old ways.
"Back in the day when I was young" I was so naive.
"I'm not a kid anymore"
but I can't believe some days I wish that I was still that boy.

No.
The "wrong" knew how to survive, I've seen it.
"Right" never spoke my name.
Fuck it.
So be it.
I'm still suffering from bad habits like an old man drug addict
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I can't let it end like this.
No.