

My Glass House

Swingin' Utters

While I sit alone in this room I've got crates full of sorrow
Even more filled with shadows That i fish out and ridicule when
i'm felling lonely.

I'm lacking sense, but bound in a very specific direction It's
phenomenal and unprecedented It's a chip of the old block and a
step up the new ladder.

Mr. Scribe, I write to you pen and penchant aimed to pour over
a fool left with no more rhymes I'm poetically franchised.

I'm in charge for the day in terminal wanderlust I've excited m
y worst thoughts exorcised what was lost am i a bad seed sprout
ing up or am i not?

I'm sure what sad is But listless i'm not my lists are never en
ding and my emotions aren't store-bought and tears, they either
decieve or endure me I'm your little golden nugget collecting
dust Bored with my own stale and directed thoughts In a place w
here so much life and loves abound It's amazing how little temp
ts me from my glass house.