

sometimes i just sit back and wonder what was meant to be learned from that event that occurred  
everything happens for a reason  
right  
i left behind just another tragic lesson in life  
an organic rush adrenaline flight high above the traumatized situation of life  
its ironic  
considerate rarity patron of love  
higher knowledge engulfs me  
cause the blast of fate a lesson  
to my eyes concerned and overwhelmed theirs were of fear yet i'm feelin so empty inside  
and yet it burns so awkward this time  
tears a waterfall of acid cries from his eyes  
i need to recognize  
its meant to be  
he's alive and his cries just begin arisin  
suprisin as well  
this little boy proud of helpin those in need but he's not me but just maybe he could be  
i can see it now because  
im a hero in his eyes temporarily blind/  
this immature kid a spirit as well an angel  
hiding by helping and wanting to understand me  
it's somethin with my pride  
lies  
i cannot hide my true side  
and maybe in distress i can still come out laughing that's the way i am  
am i hard to recognize?  
what do i need to realize?  
why can't i see with my own fucking eyes?  
what do i need to see?