

Nature Vs. Nurture

The Fall of Troy

And it begins, I toss and turn
But things can't be much worse.
Hurry up and wait, this convoluted state,
Induced by you, and the loaded things you say

You're gonna miss, gonna miss, gonna miss me someday.
You're gonna miss, gonna miss, gonna miss me someday.

The siren sings, to pull you in,
As things are wearing thin.
The time it takes, before you break,
Let me introduce myself, my name is Fate.

You're gonna miss, gonna miss, gonna miss me someday.
You're gonna miss, gonna miss, gonna miss me someday.

You gotta take your time with things like these,
all that you want is someone, to ask for apologies
For things that just don't exist,
They just don't make sense.
So much pretense

April 5th, I arise with chapped lips
And the babbling of nonsense over the TV's dull hiss
The events of April 4th aligned just a little more
Than the infatuated roar of the kids across the street
Though they speak not to me, they go deeper than my worry
For the friend of a friend who at a bar last night, told me that they loved me
But it must've been the Bacardi that had her hanging off me,
Saying things things she didn't mean, but her words still haunt me!