

The Cure

The Warriors

I write, you read.
You dance, I scream.
Retain a lifestyle they can't reach.
Cowards lurking in my shattered window as deceit and lies
knock at my door.
Shackled down I feel the sickness growing when wisdom is
seeping through the cracks.
Concept erased.
Pain struck embrace.
Something's for sure; we are the cure.
I want to know just how long it takes to keep running
from something you know you can't control.
Feel that?
Something's for sure; we are the cure.