

I've gotten good at hiding, when I feel like hiding.
My mouth is great at running, when I feel like running.
Now I'm biting the hairs on my arm like I do
when I don't know where I am or what I should do.
I've been blessed with these eyes that come
with innocent questions like where I'm from.
Holding expectations to give obvious answers and tell no lies.
But I swear there's nothing innocent in these eyes,
because I've seen dead friends, and I've seen murder,
and I've done things I wish I hadn't done.
But that's not to say that I'm not afraid
of long nights dwelling on past mistakes,
because with life moving as fast as it does,
I'll still have stories to f**king tell.