

The Human Condition

With Life in Mind

We're staring through the eyes of a bitter soul.

Constantly surrounded by this empty feeling.

Never thinking; this is content.

Jaded until the very end.

I stand alone in a world that casts me aside.

Left to believe that what I am falls short in the end.

Never good enough for those ideals that seem to mean the most.

How do I become what we've all strived to be?

Driven into madness. I see no end in sight,

And inadequacy seems like the only means to pass through this life.

And I sit and ask myself when will it end?

The art of contention is an uphill battle I'm not ready to fight.

How does it seem this easy to stand alone

In a crowded room plagued by cynicism?

I am comprised of all the things I never was

And all that I could never be.

Wondering how it must have slipped through my grasp.