

Karate High School, The Joke Is On Us

At 6:15AM, I wake up from the same nightmare again.
It's that one where I'm 100 years old and living alone without love.
Everything I had was dressed and draped in velvet black,
and words in the sky asked, "Where do we go after the sun goes down?"
Staring at myself, I rub my hands against my face.
As if the answer would come if I pushed hard enough.
is it cliché to ask for a sign?
Am I doing something right?
Is this really the punch line?
Can it be true that now, the joke is on us this time.
A common mistake we often make is that we think there is a finish line.
I really used to think that my story would go,
&"and then, and then, and then," I kept waiting for the beginning to end.
I kept waiting for something to happen.
I don't want to turn the page if I know how it ends.
I already know the opponent wins, so what's the point?
Our time has one foot in the grave,
so bury me now and forever erase my name from each page.
There's a checklist in my pocket with none of the boxes marked,
and it's too late for me to start.
Can it be true now, the joke is on us this time.
A common mistake we often make is that we think there is a finish line.
What if this is as good as it gets?
And in the end, we aren't left with answers.
We're left with choices