

Kendall Payne, Twenty Three

Twenty three when did we become grown?
I never noticed the seeds of the cynic being sown.
Will we starve will the harvest time reap
Freedom or chains hope or disdain for the weak?
Twenty three when did we become safe?
We pray to feel pleasure and hate when we have to feel pain
Let me see your burn let me see your bruise
You look just like me
Let me see where youre broken in two.
We pretend when we find the end of ourselves
Afraid to be real so we say that were somebody else
Little ones teach the big to be free
Children are only un-costumed humanity
While we wait here in the dark love lends a spark
But we cant decide
'Cause coming back to life is harder than hell
Once you have died
Finally I can see with your eyes
That everyone angry is only just aching inside
Twenty-three when the sun sets tonight
Theres always a reason we just cannot leave it behind