

Prevent Falls, Outward

such a strange way two ends meet.
building things we all fall down.
this commitment you don't see.
you don't know what we could be anyway.
down stairs.
where we fall.
you repeated.
just like all.
we move outward, you move on.
spoken words don't mean a thing.
it is a conflict of interest.
you take back what could have been my dream.
it's a waste of life that we are used to.
inside of you no reason to be yours.