

Quicksand, Fazer

Standing like a sore thumb, out,
notice your image is different.
Traits that change, it's just too quick,
follow on clues and guess what, that's what, it's like.
Follow your ups and downs,
it's safe to say that I can't tell.

All sense aside.
Left out in the cold,
sight of your routine getting old.
Blame some indifference inside,
taken on shapes not to selective.
Just what you find.

Looking for seconds of peace of mind,
pieces of something to hold on to.
A job that you just can't hold down,
distracted for seconds, you're gone.
Follow your ups and downs,
it's safe to say that I can't tell.

All sense aside.
Left out in the cold,
sight of your routine getting old.
Blame some indifference inside,
taken on shapes not to selective.
Just what you find.

Where you find it.

Needing to find something,
is everything ok.
I hope you find your niche, someday soon.
Easy to change your phase,
to move from where you stand,
but you got to keep that face.
Each change you plan.

Wonder,
is everything ok,
the problem is hesitation.