

Quicksand, Unfulfilled

To stand the test of time,
to stand alone.
To be without the glue,
that keeps us glued together.
And feeling so excrementable.
It only goes to show you,
how many ways you don't know you.
When the bad sets in,
I could use some sleep.
Resting, falling,
falling deeper than deep.

We miss the point to carry on,
we miss the point.
To carry on where.
Things you love but did not get.
And all the times you've been upset by,
unfulfilled dreams and visions,
and the guilt for your wrong decisions.

It's so hard to pry away.
Pry out from under all the lies,
and distractions of the world,
You've seen what they can do,
but you can't see your way out.

We miss the point to carry on.
All things fall through.
That how it feels, when you hear the sound of disappointment.
So unsatisfied,
when the sight's set higher.
Some can't achieve, don't believe,
there is light at the end at all.

There's no light.

Time to reach out for what's real,
it's easy to miss, insist,
that you shouldn't always follow the first thing you feel.