

# Small Brown Bike, Tragically Ending

So you laugh and try to change your way.  
I hope that you don't have to lie again.  
If I walk out right now, will it make you see the things that you can't stop?  
Head feels heavy.  
Mind can't find it.  
I try to leave all.  
Feet aren't moving.  
Eyes keep blinking.  
I'll be the one to laugh it off.  
It kills, but you know you have to say it.  
You leave this going for so long, unchanged.  
If I walk out right now, will it make you see the things that you can't stop?