

# Sometimes Never, Seasons

I sit all alone  
Buried in the wake of what I've done  
Twisting and turning but can't escape  
I am entangled in my own web  
I only seem to long for things when I cannot have them

I look deep inside  
Deny the hunger that I find  
Pleading and bleeding but can't obtain  
I am forever a malcontent  
All the things I long for never cherish once I have them

I call out for summer when my body freezes  
I beg for the winter when I begin to melt  
I pray for the rebirth as fall comes to take away  
I wish it was over as spring is born again

I wish I could accept the hand that has been given to me  
Start to take hold, appreciate, and find some stability  
But every day I find myself getting bored, wishing for more  
Why must I always strive to have the spring when I'm in the fall