

Strife, Slipping

Just when it felt like these walls weren't so close,
and the grip of what held me tight was close enough for my escape...
I fell again, and where were you my crutch my need my everything.
There's not a question of sincerity, but a question of what used to be...
And for right now, I'm moving in the only way I know how.
And that's what I have to do.
An escape may never be but I must try... To be seen..
Once more I'm sorry for all that's been lost- promises broken...
I'm slipping away