

Anacrusis, Quick To Doubt

Was I wrong? Wrong in assuming
That nothing at all, without thought
Would just fall into place?
Was it hope, that something would change me
That led me to see the mistakes
That had gutted my frame?

Was it strength, yearning for purpose?
Or weakness just desperately searching
For something to fix?
To create, from self-induced ruin
To try and rebuild what remains from
What I have destroyed

Why'd I make it so hard?
So quick to doubt?
So ready to fuck myself over...

Was it truth, logic or reason
Disappointment of fear that led me
To question all things
Far beneath self-induced wreckage
I rest in pathetic assurance
That failure is safe

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