

Before Braille, Twenty-Four Minus Eighteen

Confidence, coming clean, ambivalent to everything
24 minus 18, find a problem for everything
Don't try to tell me what I mean
Don't try to build yourself from the outside
Don't try to make yourself; you'll break every time
Don't try to take your guilt and leave it behind
I carry mine
This lust will defeat us
I've learned too many times
You cuss when you see us
I'm taking all this in stride
I breathe too hard
My lungs are scarred
Have you tried to arrest yourself, arrested in time
Why change if you can't find the time
Try to make the most of this or get left behind
Everything comes at a price
You trust us when you need us
Why do I feel there's nothing inside
This crutch will relieve us
How can I fix this if I haven't tried
I want to send you roses before your death is staged
When understanding violence, suspects know their fate
I want another reason why I never help myself
I waste my days regretting why
Celebrate, Semper fi, Sic Transit Gloria
If you don't intend to go, never say that you want to
Stay home until you know, life's short, but quite a ride
Got 8 months to go, a tightened grip will get you through
Don't forget your goals,
time is on your side'as long as you're alive
You want some closure
You almost finished
But couldn't fool your pride
Out of nothing, fake forgiveness
Never satisfied
(What if I'd lied)