

Brittany Kusserow, Any Song But Mine

I didn't mean
to come apart at the seams.
Baby, I know,
you know the weakness in me.
No one's around
I'm not quite so Godly, so sound,
The things I say
I am ashamed to repeat
When the years
wrap me in lies, and I
can't feel the fire of the
time that I tried to be kind
Why do I blame any song but mine?
Some who succeed
Sadden me beyond belief
Where did they go
To avoid hardships and grief?
The wind's left my sails
Still air is thick with betrayals
The going gets slow
The going, and all it entails
This shall fade.
And with it my memories,
faux hawks and suede
and the times that I
questioned the praise,
smiled politely and turned the page.
Wished for a moment to own the stage.
Realized that I've grown too tired to rage.