

Mikoto, You Won't Find My Prints

When do I ever leave my mark?

These jilted moments that we have shared have lead to nothing.

A pure act is what we all do.

The big dance is where we all end up.

Like the person picked last,
one feels unwanted.

Who let you in?

Who promised you the world?

No surprise I have fallen short again.

Of course you tell me otherwise

so I can run around more and learn absolutely nothing.

Bringing nothing but the memories on my back
and a life you cannot buy.

Die!

What's your mark?