

Needless To Say, This One Has A Bad Motivator

Time and love
Combined created
A sound's divine
So liberated
My flesh and blood
Strewn upon
The pages on which
I write this song
On the floor
Open eyes
Behind those doors
So many closed minds
This sanctuary
To which I'm confined
These walls protect me
From the outside
I long for something new
I want more, why don't you?
Please help me find myself
Please help me find something else