

Strife, To The Surface

Breaking off a piece too big.
You've had it in from the beginning.
You couldn't handle what was created,
and now you're stuck with no way out...
Looking for something not there, expecting something else.
To the surface it will rise.
Losing faith in myself, but there is so much more, so much left.
Positioned it, to the side- but it's not lost, it's just confined...
And to the surface it will rise,
it's crawling back to haunt your mind.
It's a waste of time, wasted time.
No way out...
Past returns to take you right back to the surface.