

The Effort, A Breath Of Fresh Air

We've all spent our lives crawling and struggling just to stay afloat.
scraping our knees on the ocean floor and filling our lungs with salt.
without a soul for miles, there is no one to save me from this black water.
It's the epidemic we face as kids with no mothers and no fathers.
This generation has grown up without a place to call home, with no one to look up to,
and no voice to call our own. We have to understand this before it gets out of control.
We'll have to scrape our knees some more, to get you out of this hole.
but the saddest day is when i found out who you really were:
you no longer wanted your voice to be heard.
And to think i looked up to you as i took your hand,
because left in your place was a far weaker man.