

We're About 9, No

there must have been a time
when i could have said no
before commitment found the secret
to killing me slow

and i am entirely too young
to feel so old
like everything within me has turned
tired and cold

where is my confidence?
what happened to muse?
i traded my best qualities for a
bitter man's world view
somehow i never seem to have
anything to lose

and in my time spent in self pity
have i missed my chance to choose?

there must have been a time
when i could have said no
to all the bricks that build around me
keeping me inside this hole

but you know it wasn't always like this
time before i sold all the rights
to my own sanity
to the last piece of my soul

what a beautiful time it was
and i could breath in and smile
take it all in, in moderation
knowing i'd be here quite a while

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