Quick to Doubt

Was I wrong? Wrong in assuming
That nothing at all, without thought would just fall into place
?
Was it hope, that something would change me
That led me to see the mistakes that had gutted my frame?

Was it strength, yearning for purpose?
Or weakness just desperately searching for something to fix?
To create, from self-induced ruin
To try and rebuild what remains from what I have destroyed

Why'd I make is so hard?
So quick to doubt?
So ready to fuck myself over…

Was it truth, logic or reason
Disappointment or fear that led me to question all things?
Far beneath the self-inflicted wreckage
I rest in pathetic assurance that failure is safe

Why'd I make it so hard?
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So ready to fuck myself again…

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