

Thorns

Birdpen

Something I cannot change.
It's just how I am.
I'm like a giant thorn.
Pierced into your insects side.
Crushing you inside like a bad day.
I get in the way.
So why don't I just stay.
Something you cannot find.
Like moments lost in time.
Like water down the drain.
Or going back somewhere you hate to stay.
I'm like thorns.
I twist and I turn inside.
I'm like thorns.
I twist and I turn inside.