

Restlessness causing friction
Friction releasing heat
Heat wasting energy
Heart losing steam

Why do we hold our breath?
Is it to pause time?
I keep just enough air in my lungs
To let my thoughts float
So they won't weigh me down
How much time do I have left?

I can feel something stirring
Still suspending my breath
And when the ashes settle, who will be left?

Left to my own devices, I turn to vices
I return to this city though I've hurt so many here

How much time do I have left before I need to breathe again?