

Through the strength of your arms, I realized I was off the mark.

All I really wanted was a pair of interested ears.

I learned that for every pause, I was almost guaranteed more time to speak.

It's always the selfish who say that life is way too short.

I'm not looking to get old, but I bet it'll happen anyway.

Now I look at my hands they don't move the same as two years ago.

At a slow steady pace, I made my way back home.

At least there I won't be ashamed.

Earlier today I felt the warmth as the skin it held the heat, now the city surrounds me in different tones of gray.

Those are the same cries that make my bones shake...

Those are the same assholes that take more than they can handle

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I'm alone, but I'm not lonely.

I have kinetic energy.

The dividing line will separate us all.

Sometimes it's those nights,

where I'm all I have is really all I need...