Am I breaking through?

I started falling as if I never had a grip. Moving on isn't easy, nothing that matters ever is.

Looking back on everything, I had the world in front of me. Spent most my nights fearing change, but what's the use? BURY ME WITH MY YOUTH.

How is accepting this so impossible?

Have I lost my youth
or am I BREAKING THROUGH?
Will I face the truth that I'm losing all of you.

I started thinking, am I out of line or just out of time? What makes you think this is easy? When I have poison on mind.

Back then, there wasn't more to me than a problem with authorit $y \cdot$

I could handle anything but the truth. BURY ME WITH MY YOUTH.

So many nights spent jumping fences, DRUNK AND RECKLESS.
Everything is changing in front of me, so I'll take chances.
I'll take my chances NOW.

Am I breaking through?