

What Doesn't Kill You Makes You Grow

The Reason

Another night alone on a dark road somewhere far away from my home. The summer's on my mind, so far behind. Face in a sink reflects these caffienated insides. It's life scenarios you think of while you're alone, and on my own. Like if my parents paid for everything I own I could be somewhere in a classroom taking notes of things that I already know (or think I do...) What doesn't kill you makes you grow. This nine to five turns into twenty four hours. It seems that sweet escape from this cold, dark prison is a dream. My priorities forgotten. Stuck in a cycle on your knees. I deliver, in spite to my friends and my enemies. Some days, I stay and lie awake in bed just to breathe my quickened heartbeat. I hear noises overhead. This face isn't strong enough to sleep. I have a dream that I can sleep on my own. These days, my pale reflection can't pretend that this is all I have to offer. I hear noises overhead but this throat isn't strong enough to scream. So it seems, 'cause now I scream on my own. This cup of coffee burning my insides, and sip after sip I grow and come to realize that this is moving on.