

Beginner

Angie McMahon

I had to reach the bottom
Begging at the door
Praying it would open
To who I was before
I reached the peak of the mountain
When I was crying on the floor
Felt like I was dying
But I was just being born

Some are wild
Some are blessed
Some are kind
Some are restless
Some will take to be the winner
I am always a beginner

I was always dressed to hide
Wrapped in armor, terrified
Of being pierced straight through the heart
Until it hurt, then I, I fell apart
I smashed the blade and I opened the gate
To a pain where I was called
I felt like I was dying
But I was just being born

Some are wild
Some are blessed
Some are kind
Some are restless
Some will take to be the winner
I am always a beginner

Some arrive
When some are leaving
Some are crying
Some are freedom
Then some are cold
Some are courageous
Summer comes and season's changing

Some are wild
Some are blessed
Some are cursed
Some are restless
Some will take to be the winner
I am always a beginner