

back then

atlas

I'm getting sick of constant negativity, searching for some clarity

Try to switch my mind around, reversing the polarity
And scuttle through the undertow, an urgent need for therapy
Coercing me to stray from my roots

I've even practiced sacrificing bad news to Aphrodite statues
Antagonised by past dues, I'm camera shy and fat too
Diet plan is snack food, banana pies and cashews
The person that I dream to be, I pantomime with tattoos
But even still, I sense the glimmer of my confidence
Hiding under ink I got to mimic my accomplishments
They're few and far between, sort of timid in their promises
Downing subtle whispers with the engine of a rocketship
I can't linger any longer in the past
I'm not the person that I was back then
Romanticizing everything, the flowers in the grass
Were a stepping stone for expressing my love back then
But now I'm jaded as I cautiously detach
From all the people that I loved back then
Drowning every issue via vodka from a flask
To think, the only thing I wanted was a hug back then

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