

discombobulated

atlas

Life has got me feeling discombobulated, in place of common phrases

All I say are awkward statements in every conversation

Often sitting cautious, pacing, dropping frames in talks with strangers

Making observations, in that awful cadence

I've been rather quiet since a sophomore

Every time my voice comes out my mouth, it sounds like nails on a chalkboard

Saving pieces shattered as my age increases faster

I can make my thesis matter if I learn to fuckin' talk more

But that's just an inkling, small talk is always shrinking

And this ship will always sink until we fill in all the gaps

I've made some dumb decisions and evaded inhibitions

Digging graves for my ambitions just to make it on the map

Which seems ironic at present, given my title

Periodically stepping through this recital

I've practiced a thousand times, messaging with my idols

And definitely sounding like a dumbass when I try to

I treat a soundcloud page like a diary

And push away all the people who inspire me-sorry

So afraid of the person I should try to be

And it seems, by now, they should kinda be sorry