

It's Not Too Late

Ben Kenney

Transition's tying up my head,
In spite of all the things I've said.

This time has all but come and gone,
Been stationary far too long.

This operation's not equipped,
When this foundation starts to slip.

As far as it may seem,
I've always had a choice,
But too afraid to pay for it,
As quiet as it was,
I've always had a voice,
But not enough to say with it.

I can't forever hold my peace,
Or stand for something on my knees.

I've got to get up off the ground,
And leave this endless lost and found.

How much does instinct have to say,
It doesn't have to be this way.

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