

I want to brush my hair some more, but I'm scared it might fall
out
I want to paint my face again, but I'm scared that they might s
hout
I dream of being being pretty
More than I do of thriving
I dream of being remembered
More than I do of surviving

I cross and cross and cross these trails
And cross, we cross the paths
Retread through all the footsteps where once we were so sad
It's nice to revisit
It's nice to replant
But do I guard all my trauma like a spineless sycophant

In busy rooms all they're to me, I still feel misunderstood
But it's ungrateful brain and chosen pain to say I feel unloved
I might be often drama king
I may mope and pout and crumble
Even in improving circumstance
I still find myself discrumpled

I dig and dig, dig out my brain
With primordial soup spoon
Phantasmagoric memories slowly detombed
And endlessly I rewrite all my histories of you
Unstable causality breathes into tapestries untrue
And soon I'm sure the guilt I feel just comes from my dispositi
on
With these profanum [?] dichotomies they're just my own conditi
on
Some days I feel the hero, other days I feel the villain
Perhaps we both are mutually instigator and the victim

I want to think so fickle, and live just aesthetic life
Because this self-analysis it cuts through me like a knife
That slices so mathematically into these perfect halves
And the binary of thinking can tear my head apart