

Cringey Wincer

Crywank

Oh I got too hyped up again
I felt too good and made a silly old fool
Egg on my face, foot in my mouth
Acting like a child
Don't play games
Don't be purile
I will undermine myself
Check out my self sabotage
Inviting you to witness what I will cringe at in the future
Sharing broken karaoke of the old self that you wince at
Butcher the past, dig up old long-Gones
To see how detached you've become
The feel cycles between fraudulent and entitled
And I am saved and sometimes shamed by perspective
Boastfully introspective
Lace my palm with silver and I'll sing a song about how shit I am
A contrived analysis of me where words and themes repeat
All my bursts of joy are quickly met with regret
And bursts of openness and creativity and all my first attempts
And soon I'm asking what of what I've made really needed to exist?
I can feel my pride and shame are too closely interlinked