

# A Part Is Better Than Zero

Free Throw

It's so crazy that as you're aging, some how  
Things become so complicated  
But you water it down, and saturate it

With the simple fact that dying alone  
Is the only thing you're thinking about  
Metaphorically your holding the phone  
Just to relish in a tiny lack of silence from songs playing

Cause It's just a reminder  
Of all of the goals  
That you had for yourself  
Before you moved both the posts  
To make room for the lies  
You told yourself when they were close  
I guess I needed room to feel I did more than coast

Yes I am selfish  
I'm only human at best  
I just hope that I myself can mend my imperfections

They are all I've ever shared  
Would it hurt for once to give myself a breath of fresh air?

Fuck, I've slowly just been pouring it out  
Without ever paying mind to the welts  
Or the bruises that arise from the bouts  
Of which I always seem to burden myself

When my self worth should out weigh every scale  
Especially when shedding things that kept me overwhelmed

And It's just a reminder  
Of all of the goals  
That I had for myself  
Before I moved both the posts  
To make room for the lies  
I told myself when they were close  
To solidify my place and not be known as a ghost of what I once was

Fuck, I've been pouring myself out  
With each word, blood spills from my mouth  
Now I pace my self inflicted hell  
Why can't I just admit that  
I fucking matter?