

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?