First Born

Fucked Up

Waiting for the child's first scream,
Am I ready for all the weight I carry on my back?
The burden is mine and mine alone to bear,
And so I sit waiting for the child's first scream.
This has to be one of those rare moments
Where everything will not be the same,
After which all rules are going to be erased,
So I sit waiting for the child's first scream,
Artifacts that we have craved

Ever since we were old enough to question why
As we mull the existential crisis of our life
And so I sit waiting for the child's first scream,
They bring us a kind of solace,
All we ask is a way to make sense of it all.
I need to snuff out a thousand lights
And just sit waiting for the child's first scream.
This is the greatest moment of my life!

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