

# Bleeding Wings

Jazmin Bean

Yeah, growing pains are hard  
But I grew up too fast  
The knives they jab with every flight I take  
As my wings stem to grow and my heels start to break

The blood keeps dripping, my need for incision all to bite and  
rip it off the plane  
Is life worth living if I'm not full killing at the speed that  
could make the earth quake?  
I drop to my knees, there is no time for pleas while I work and  
burn at the stake  
My wings pushing up with a tilt and I dance and I burn and it s  
tarts up again

I say sorry way too much  
A response of being pushed and shoved  
My teenage years are smothered up  
But my time is now so fuck off

It's hard to sleep, hard to relax  
I don't regret it but it's years I can't get back  
Memories that creep up on me when the sun goes down  
But it's so much clearer now that you are not around

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