

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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