

# Convalescence

JM De Guzman

It's been a couple of years  
I've been holdin' back these tears  
Too many turning points  
Gave my all for coins  
Been running around in circles  
Like a clown in this new age circus  
I was stuck in a whirlwind of lust  
In this world full of faces in disgust

Yes it's us  
Who's not to trust  
It's us  
They'll kill if can't bust

We're not better off as dead  
Until there's breath it's not the end  
Hold your ground or be a runner  
Screams from 6 feet under  
We're just sick but never tired  
But you kicked guns fired  
While we are  
In search for a cure  
I know we still have something pure

Hey...  
You don't talk too much, I see  
Or not at all  
But you always make me wanna listen  
Seek you in the dark where you are always hidden  
You want me closer  
But you seem far away  
You never stay over?  
Left with pieces in this game you play

I don't need anymore to get "head rush"  
Won't stop until my spirits crushed  
Not ashes yet nor dust  
Cries heard bullets will rust

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Yea you filthy rich  
You can buy what you want  
They pay the best to teach ya  
But you still chose to be ignorant  
There's no more for you to reach  
'Cause you're too arrogant  
Always on the run  
With your hand on the gun

My pride is my humility  
If you ask me how much I got it for free  
But sorry you won't get to see  
Not if you think if you're powerful than the sea  
If you aim not for truth but hypocrisy  
If you live not with faith but with what you see  
Turn a blind eye to where you've been  
If you veer yourself away from the pain of livin'

But some say you don't have to climb the mountain  
To know whether it's high or not  
Say you're not crazy lead your soul be the captain  
Go head on to your strange plot

Killing is their way to prevent  
Dunno where love went  
Hearing God from the current  
Reasons why I should fervent  
Justice is his department  
Battle cry till his eternal judgement  
I'm also ashamed and hurt  
My spirit bent

Wearing my heart with a deep dent  
Living in this world with daily rent  
I sold my soul for a payment  
I'm tryin' to catch my breath but I just can't  
May face plant on the pavement  
But I still trust my sixth sense  
Fulfilled my purpose from the day since  
I was awoken by my conscience  
Only Jesus is heaven sent  
Open your eyes and repent  
Tasted myself a little fortune and fame  
Lived every moment with guilt and shame

Now the plan is not to play the game  
No regrets I'm proud of my story