

## Twenty Three

Kendall Payne

Twenty-three, when did we become grown?  
I never noticed the seeds of the cynic being sown  
Will we stave, will the harvest time reap  
Freedom or chains, hope or disdain for the weak?  
Twenty-three, when did we become safe?  
We pray to feel pleasure and hate when we have to feel pain  
Let me see your burn, let me see your bruise  
You look just like me  
Let me see where you're broken in two  
We pretend when we find the end of ourselves  
Afraid to be real so we say we are somebody else  
Little ones teach the big to be free  
Children are only un-costumed humanity  
While we wait here in the dark, love lends a spark  
But we can't decide  
'Cause coming back to life is harder than hell  
Once you have died  
Finally, I can see with your eyes  
That everyone angry is only just aching inside  
Twenty-three, when the sun sets tonight  
There's always a reason we just cannot leave it behind