

Poison Pen Letter

Knuckle Puck

Once a young boy enamored by the things that you gave me
Now a young man you wouldn't try
Cause all you turned out to be was a fallacy
That I outgrew quickly
With a busted hand and a bad knee, the patterns ossify
Your sorrow's magnified
The culprit will be tried

I'll gather fragments in the palm of my hand
To self-reflect on the coward
Who took the opportunity to turn their back on me
You left me standing there all alone praying to a Jesus
Something I don't believe in

So now I'm self medicated to block out everything
Including walls you built around me
And I've been dodging demons as a past time
At this point I'm not even sure if I'm alright
You couldn't find time
You'll never find time

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I'm not sad, I'm through sulking
I'm not breaking, I'm not buckling
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