

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