

Last time I said this I was crying  
I'm not afraid to say it, the last time I said this, I was crying  
Inner child beating on my rib cage  
I remember it so vivid, so vivid up until this day  
The last time I said this I was crying  
And as that tear rolled down my cheek  
Past the lump in my throat that I couldn't swallow  
I didn't understand what they had planned for me tomorrow  
The last time I said this

It was a cold day in September  
Exchanging words with a friend  
Outside a church, if I can remember  
And a person I hold close words  
Now paraphrased in text  
Said my art wasn't worth the figures written on a cheque  
Instantly a rage built up inside of me  
Making me blind to see the third can of Strongbow she had sipped  
Which in turn making her blind to much her words may have ripped

They said I was born with a gift  
I said I was cursed with talent  
Then left alone to manage  
Alone. No direction. No recipe, so I grafted  
Slammed through page after page, went to meeting after meeting  
Listened to every lecture thrown my vicinity  
And then some

'Till out of all my pores oozed creativity  
But unlike Da Vinci, I found beauty in a lack of symmetry  
I crafted myself into the Vitruvian man  
And asked the world, "What do you see?"

A response was given loosely: Radiance  
Like I was the new Basquiat staring at the untitled skull  
Like it was a portrait of me  
Warm on a surface, sporting an expression that makes you question  
Is it all worth it?

For you, I've given my mind, body & spirit  
So it's safe to say I'm yet to see my worth defined  
By a digit

The last time I said this I was crying  
I'm not afraid to say it, the last time I said this  
I was crying

Who else can I trust to write my legacy but me?  
I may never be the greatest  
But I will be the greatest success story the world has ever seen