Nineteen

Movements

There's a fire in my heart, but I've got blood in my mouth
Tongue caged by my teeth, trying hard just to speak
But your shout has got me beat and I'm rusting
I'm rusting

And my mother always told me
"Tread lightly", "don't step on his toes",
And that was okay at a young age
But I am fully grown

Suit and tie at the table
Another disappointment
I'll stay quiet, still unstable
I'll swallow the poison

'Cause I am not who you were at nineteen
I am not the man you want me to be
I'm not a warrior, I am fragile, I am weak
I'm not a warrior, I am not you, I'm barely me

Someday I hope to make it clear to you
That success is not determined by leather bound books and ink o
n paper,
But rather the passion that I have found out of heartbreak and
anger.
I know that happiness is stability, but stability is not a desk
 job.

And I refuse to sacrifice my aspirations
For an income and security. What the hell is "security"?

See, I'd rather die at my fullest. Poor, but free to roam,
Than let an office drain me slowly for the sake of a home.
Cause I watched your endless intermission,
An actor trapped in mediocrity.
Gave up on your ambitions, and your convictions compared to min
e -
What a rigid dichotomy

'Cause I am not who you were at nineteen
I am not the man you want me to be
I'm not a warrior, I am fragile, I am weak
I'm not a warrior, I am not you

I am not who you were at nineteen
I am not the man you want me to be
I am not, I am not
I am not my father's son

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