

Hold's

Pile

Balled up at the sides
Recessed about half a foot otherwise
Took it like a kid
Lost innocence and stuck with it

Weakness wins and hangs in the face
Let's see how hard we can push against it

It won't ever arrive
That peace, a land grab
And all hands are tied
And relief isn't coming
Unless acceptance
Comes with it

Fear holds the line for all that blinding rage
But let's see how hard I can push against it