

## My Own Disaster

Small Brown Bike

I was lost in these last few years.  
Drag these bones to our graves.  
I was lost in the future we had.  
A cease-fire agreement for now.  
Clocks and calendars scream at me, mocking time.  
Me and everyone spend our days, walking lines.  
Things get different each day.  
Creeping back through the latest escape.  
Do you remember it's me?  
Can you forget the grief?  
Let's remove the tanks.  
Let's call back the troops.  
Comfort and control.  
It's unwinding me.  
I can't change any faster.  
I can't stop my own disaster.