

sometimes i just sit back and wonder what was meant to be learned from that event that occurred
everything happens for a reason
right
i left behind just another tragic lesson in life
an organic rush adrenaline flight high above the traumatized situation of life
its ironic
considerate rarity patron of love
higher knowledge engulfs me
cause the blast of fate a lesson
to my eyes concerned and overwhelmed theirs were of fear yet i'm feelin so empty inside
and yet it burns so awkward this time
tears a waterfall of acid cries from his eyes
i need to recognize
its meant to be
he's alive and his cries just begin arisin
suprisin as well
this little boy proud of helpin those in need but he's not me but just maybe he could be
i can see it now because
im a hero in his eyes temporarily blind/
this immature kid a spirit as well an angel
hiding by helping and wanting to understand me
it's somethin with my pride
lies
i cannot hide my true side
and maybe in distress i can still come out laughing that's the way i am
am i hard to recognize?
what do i need to realize?
why can't i see with my own fucking eyes?
what do i need to see?