Fortunate

Trophy Eyes

My life,
These days,
Is busy friends,
And late trains.
A mattress on the floor,
In a city that's good to me.

All this distraction from my old life,
It haunts my decisions and plagues my mind.
'Cause after all,
I'm just this kid,
Who's aspirations,
Were never more than dreams.
But they still remain.

I'm not going anywhere.
Anywhere.
I've fought so hard just to stand here.
In overwhelming silence,
Silence,
I found where I belong,
I needed this.

As the smoke leaves my lungs,
From my last cigarette,
I'll fight my last fight,
In a desperate attempt,
To prove that I'm worth it,
Worth your attention,
Portrayed my rendition,
Of a broken boy.

I'm so tired of hiding,
Behind my pen,
It only goes to paper,
What come off my chest.
But I can't forget.
I've struggled to find a place that I could stay,
Because settling has never been an option for me,
I'd trade it in to never feel afraid,
But everything goes away.

I'm not going anywhere.
Anywhere.
I've fought so hard just to stand here.
In overwhelming silence,
Silence,
I found where I belong,
I needed this.

According to me,
I'm my own worst enemy,
I can't keep a simple promise,
Or even swear on anything.
The bottle attached to my hand,
Proves addiction makes,
For a lesser man.

And I can't muster up,
The motivation,
To beak away,
From this fucking pattern.

I'm not going anywhere.
Anywhere.
I've fought so hard just to stand here.
In overwhelming silence,
Silence,
I found where I belong,
I needed this.

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