

Poison Pen Letter

Knuckle Puck

Once a young boy enamored by the things that you gave me
Now a young man you wouldn't try
Cause all you turned out to be was a fallacy
That I outgrew quickly
With a busted hand and a bad knee, the patterns ossify
Your sorrow's magnified
The culprit will be tried I'll gather fragments in the palm of my hand
To self-reflect on the coward
Who took the opportunity to turn their back on me
You left me standing there all alone praying to a Jesus
Something I don't believe in
So now I'm self medicated to block out everything
Including walls you built around me
And I've been dodging demons as a past time
At this point I'm not even sure if I'm alright
You couldn't find time
You'll never find time I'll gather fragments in the palm of my hand
To self-reflect on the coward
Who took the opportunity to turn their back on me
You left me standing there all alone praying to a Jesus
Something I don't believe in I'm not sad, I'm through sulking
I'm not breaking, I'm not buckling
I'm not sad, I'm through sulking
I'm not breaking, I'm not buckling
I'm not sad, I'm through sulking
I'm not breaking, I'm not buckling
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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