

Aspiration

After the Burial

Victim of anger tied to distance.

Where does it come from?

Distrust I've stood strong held my head high through constant war.

So brutal so violent.

So I tiptoe through conversation a lapse in my step is misperceived

Unleash a breath of salvation in dormancy lies everlasting rage.

Remember all the fires we started our aspirations for progression.

We feed the burning for a better day don't let your selfishness extinguish the flame.

Prevailing with lasting intentions.

Never living behind your back.

Convictions leave me questioning if you've been living behind mine.

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