Samaritan

Indecision

Just a man...imperfect...vulnerable
why can't my words be seen for what they are
an expression of my ongoing struggle
I am not your culture
I am not your shelter
I am not your addiction
I am not your solution
running with my head down
the blood fills my mouth - the sting fills my eyes
dying to avoid the sight of the endless struggle
to find an end to this passion play of which we're all a part
the depths we'll fall to, for the love of
don?t want to carry it anymore - the weight on my shoulders
your hands around my neck
not seen as an attempt to dig deeper with myself
and now it's my cross to bear

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