

I Was Born

Joan of Arc

I was born, I hate this part
Being someone new
Being torn
Seeing someone who died, as you grew
Growing older is killing a child
Who laughed and smiled at anything
Growing colder and less and less wild
And learning to say
I was young, then not so young
Scary either way
One more rung
Down that black ladder every day
One more floor down the elevator
To oblivion, what fun
But the singularly awful one
Is being born

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