

Teething

A Protest Against Futility

Check your heart your pulse you're barely breathing
Check the clock you know we're only teething
Drop the walls you raised no need to fake it
Lift your head your will they cannot take it

No end to the thread
Live not with the dead
Dark thoughts hard to shake
Tap out hate breeds hate

Feel the hate the pain the hole is filling
No new thoughts the fear it does the tilling
Take a break the pain will always be there
When in doubt the pride will bleed you bare

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