Atlanta

Small Brown Bike

walking, where i have yet to go i'll pay big for this one.
facing these things i've yet to see, my eyes won't be the same.
for now, there's no way. for now, i'll just stay.
running from things that have no force,
my naive self comes up for air.
knowing that all of this time i'm wrong
and i admit my guilt i know that we can't stay forever.

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