

A Cowards Existence

Fuck the Facts

The meter will not wait for me. nursing tomorrow where it doesnt belong. I will blow the hours, waste them in time. I will fill the vacancy with excuses for a better opportunity. in line for the perfect moments. I will cover myself in disarray. I will over cherish my subroutine by fear of change. crippling my every day. Time will not wait, hold back for me. to grant myself permission, to decide. my stinginess with taking risks is costing me a high personal price. facing any probable mistake, I will change sidewalk. I dont fall, I dont bruise. I surrendered before even trying to lead my own effort. Im a coward. I place my fate in the hands of god. will time pick up the few broken regrets and bring me back all the chances I missed. I will hold tight, the moment until all becomes flawless. the days, the years have so quickly disappeared. the dust, the stench of the flaws i cant face. I rather look in the emptiness for a comforting hollow thought. absorbed in my own routine. Floating in my empty shell.

I wont dare, but smile with the sads, and hold back for time to bring me the end.

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