

Fed Up

Enough wasting winters, behind wooden doors.
No more fearing footsteps of a walking corpse,
on screaming floors.
Blurry lines on salty shores.
the stars above, are now all yours.

Too many imaginary dances.
Tightly shut eyes throwing glances.
Cameras filming with dirty lenses.
Growing piles of fucked up chances.
Let's just face
that we live in different circumstances.

Done with diving in sand,
in waters, that are now dry land.
I'm drowning the potential in my hand,
in those warm waves you could never stand.
I'm not expecting you to understand,
that you are no longer my favourite brand.

Now willing to burn my liver.
I guess that's the price of being a giver.
To cut this deep, to be a gold digger,
to rise and rule, you have to deliver.
So watch me grow, oh, cry me a river.
Scream, shout, sweat, and quiver,
cause when writing words, I am your killer.

Enough waiting in vain.
Too many thoughts in my brain.
Done with living in pain.
Now willing to break the chain.