

This Life Is Tough

This life is tough  
I have had enough  
Since birth told whom to be  
Never left to speak as thee

My voice was yours to keep  
Thus, I never made a peep  
A spark never to ignite  
A bird left without flight

“Blame everywhere but me”  
My refusal, my responsibility  
I made this bed, I know it best  
For In its sheets, I now shall rest

Creativity kept in captivity  
I know lone serenity  
In the ignorance, I sought deliverance  
But was soon met with clairvoyance

In this blunder, I made a thunder  
I could not recover from this sunder  
I awoke with a choke  
Lost forever is my folk

Alas I recover from my slumber  
Found anew reclamation in my lumber  
Carry with me to my grave  
A new way I shall pave

Walk with me to where I stay  
Forever and ever, we shall lay

We have had enough  
This life is tough

My Chaos