

Sober Mind

A sober mind
Is both beautiful and fun

Especially when it's innocent, sweet and young

Though it's said that once the drugs have begun

The situation- critical, it becomes

You start losing sight of the sun
You begin hiding in the dark
And all there is left to do, is run

In the sober mind, ripped of innocence
Nothing is beautiful and fun

You no longer carry the living spark

When those drugs are done
The struggles begin and the fun is long gone

Yet one might argue the struggles have always been

There comes a point when you begin to feel abhorrence
And in the tolerance of withdrawal, you fight for
discipline

To regain the passion for revival
And the innocence of that sober mind

Where it is both beautiful and fun