



## ***Play Pretend***

We walk  
On the shattered glass  
That is spread throughout  
The rough routes ahead

That is life.

Isn't life a mystery?

Why do we question  
The paths, we've already taken  
and have already landed  
In bloody dead-ends?

That's the mystery.

We go reverse to find a new path  
Where we can play 'pretend'  
With the mind  
Which has the power  
To make amends  
With the mistakes we defend