



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