

Like A Feather



I carry myself like a feather
But in reality- I'm always under the weather

My rainfalls are gushing
My footsteps are wetter

Freezing and colder
Melting and hotter

When all I wish for is something better

My sunshines are rushing
Into the nights my demons are pushing
My ink never seems to conclude a letter
Bible verses, in my head, I'm always rehearsing
Nothing ever seems to get any better

The night just settles
and the mind must feather

I carry myself like a feather
When in reality- I'm always under the weather
Because in my reality, I just don't know any better