

Binocular

"Thorn"

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I got this thorn in my side, I try, but I can't get it out,
Been killing me for years gone by, a miserable, painful
bout,
No matter how hard and long I try to rip at it, it stays,
Buried deep inside my side enduring, every day.

Thorn in my side.

I've picked the scab, a trying way, a painful means to
amend,
Rid myself from the anguish, torment that I must end,
I've lived this way for years but now I gotta move on,
An oozing sore needs tending to just like the thorn I
adorn.

Misused, abused, accused, confused,
I'm sick and tired of backwards views, my soul's too
tired,
All black and bruised.

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