

Every Day Life (Edl) "Tempest"

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Illumination shines brightest on a darkest face.
Your head hung down your standing in the corner in
disgrace.
To return to mayhem that comes second nature
eminent punishment to arise will explain ya.
To the point that you can't even understand yourself.
The misguiding of this youth mask,
The cry for help that no amount of self-authority could
contain,
Allowing another day of swimming in this dry pain.
We all sit back and point fingers for the sake of
answers,
Looking to the scapegoats ignoring all the cancers,
That will manifest inside the innocence of youth,
But no glimmer for hope no display of proof.

I'm a little teapot short and stout
Here is my handle here is my spout
When I get angry then you'll hear me shout
Tip me over and the tempest comes out (2x)

A victim of neglect as the years kept on passing.
It's built up inside but still shunned from asking.
What is the reason for this manifestation to seek aside,
Left alone, alleviation,
But why should there be loneliness in understanding.
Is this cry for pity to a parent too demanding.
Whom shall be left to hurt alone.

The weight of the world pent up inside of me!!!

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