

## Fobia

### "Forward"

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I'm always making things out to be more than what they really are.

Without questioning, seeking, and changing,

How can we be expected to move too far?

I can't sit content or conditioned by what others may say.

I fight apathy and complacency to hopefully make a dent.

In this I pray.

Pressing forward to open blind eyes.

Looking on to see what's deep inside.

Moving closer to first change ourselves,

Never willing to abide to this world's lies.

No I won't listen to this world's lies.

Sometimes I feel so afraid of what I might be searching for.

Why do I look for an easy way out?

As my failure keeps haunting me the answer's in my reach.

I won't give up, I have no doubts in what lies ahead of me.

Moving forward.

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