

Hundred Year Storm

"Sinking"

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It's so hard to make an effort to keep my surroundings
in line. when sometimes, I can't do it for myself. I
confess, I'm not the man I proclaim. my feet are sinking
into the mire beneath me. I can't help but notice the
endless battle for air while being swept by the tides of
complacency. my knowledge is accountability. and I
have to do something. blinded by the plank in my eye. I
cannot guide anyone. I have to do something. this
lonely vessel is surely sinking. I'm surely sinking. take
me, if it means they die to themselves. only to raise up
their new lives. stop me in my tracks if it will shake
them. stop me. we are nothing without each other

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