

Lower Class Brats

"Jelly"

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You've come to stitch me with goodbyes.
Those pieces severed off demise.
Simple but deadly and in case,
But we had nothing left to gain.

Pay for but painful, a sailor living with mistakes.
We fought, she died, this dagger slammed between
my ribs

Purpose and value.

I can see the ocean surrounding me, to you and from
you.
I'll set my sail just perfect and follow the wind
From what we hoped for and prayed for.
Look back and see how you almost got away from me,
Away from what we had.

This sea is calling me.
These lungs breathe in the smoke from purpose
And your stare hold me as your eyes break me.
Lead this boat towards your shore, you'll be waiting for
me.

Bora bora.

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