

The Life Worth Living "Cousins"

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Some things we just don't know

Like how this life will turn out

Twenty-three years down, my feet on solid ground,

But worries make my head turn.

I feel my age.

Will we choose slow burn,

Waiting for tired eyes and exhausted dialogues?

This city will burn, it never occurred to me,

That if we see ourselves as sinking ships we'll never know.

What's to be loved despite what we are told.

Faced with growing up, to only hope for more than something to die in.

That numbing glow, it makes me sit so still,

A pill to turn my brain off.

No that's not enough.

If we just open our eyes

To see the world and everything it has

This city won't burn if we just think and change our ways.

To follow as we see, pursuing property, we'll never know

What's to be loved despite what we are told.

Faced with growing up, to only hope for more than
something to die in.

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