Anchors
"Crush Syndrome"

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A walking wreck in a toneless coma revives the light that's left just long enough for a dream and thinking back he wonders "how did I find myself this way? I never thought that kid would break. But it's hard, so hard, just to keep my head up and every day I feel I'm dying just a little bit more, and dying just a little bit slower, until there's nothing left at all." So he thinks about the way it used to be and everything that's changed and is this really just the way it is? Could this really be the way it ends for me? Don't let it end like this. Losing sleep on a losing streak he doesn't even know if the stories he's telling are true anymore, about the time he learned to spit, about the time he learned to fight, but never learned what he was fighting for. But it's hard, so hard, just to keep myself proud and every day I feel I'm lying just a little bit more, and lying just a little bit louder until there's nothing true at all. "Everything that I swore I'd never be, now I feel it creeping up on me. And it really doesn't seem so long ago, that I believed I was better than this." A last breath poet with his back against the wall- hit hard, hit, first and fuck them all. "I couldn't change to keep in time, and so the time left me behind." And all the things that we have done, they don't mean shit if you don't die young. Ten years later what the fuck has changed? Got a little less heart and a little more brain, got a little less spirit and a little less faith, got a little less pride and a lot more hate. And all the things you said you'd never regret have become the things that you can't forget, he lost his way when he lost his flame, and ten years later what the fuck has changed? Don't let it end like this.

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