

Drew Danburry

"Nirvana, by Kurt Cobain"

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I'm giving up, is this my lonely grave?
At least it's not, another lonely stage;
Conditioned care, depending on demand,
or rationed by outrageous rabid fans.

She's by my side, I feel her hand in mine,
walking me through, this nightmarish life;
She's understanding, when I wince in pain,
she understands, why I hide away.

We'll run away, from those without a heart,
we'll keep on running, from those critics of art;
We'll find a place, where skeptics learn to believe,
and those once blind, will begin to see. Inside of me.

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