

## Write This Down

### "The Bowl"

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My life have to take a serious turn from this boredom  
It's like a bloody goldfish's bowl, vision's wide but I'm  
alone  
Floating around, the water 'round my body makes no  
sound  
Nothing I found as I searched these inner depths for  
joy  
And now I see the world distain  
Feel myself floating away  
Rumbling, tumbling, mumbling, jumbling  
Wanna see new faces  
Wanna see new places  
Wanna go through phazes  
Want to live before I die  
Now I've freed myself from the glass that held me  
captive  
In a circle eyes are seen, I'm the centre in between  
Lurking around, the air around my screams with  
sounds  
But nothing I find as I search these outer depths for joy  
The world's continuing it's distaining  
Mesmorize, taking the rope  
Rolling, galling, falling, calling  
Wanna see new faces  
Wanna see new places  
Wanna go through phazes  
Want to live before I die  
Looking back into my bowl  
Thinking back, Taking a leap  
Lying, crying, "bye"-ing, diving  
Already seen the faces  
Been to every place  
Going back through phazes  
Cannot live so why not die  
Already seen the faces  
Been to every place  
Going back through phazes  
Cannot live but why die

