

## **I'm an adult and my inner child is still a child**

It's finally spring and  
We've winged this start,  
begin to sell your future,  
you swing the dart,  
disposable dreams,  
With fresh seeds, hidden means,  
hit the black center hollow eyes through broken screens.  
Reborn to bright auroras  
and the tokens of night  
blue dawn clouds  
and the smell of sunrise  
And we're still fruitless  
so ruthless, clueless to the day,  
We are young and vulnerable to this  
constant debate for love and hate  
right and wrong,  
run or wait  
We go on to contemplate  
do we settle or do we stray?  
We keep moving and there is no going back, is this the right track,  
Am I enough, do I lack, can't see my future cause its black, will I make it, will I crack?  
Is there no time to enjoy this lilac- night?  
Wrecked by questions which go on and on,  
no answers or wisdom as we race till dawn,  
no time for yawns and no time for thoughts,  
no time for the past cause we fast forward to reach for what we sought.  
Wait  
I have too many questions  
I can't trust the future when the past is old fashioned  
The pace is too fast, I don't know how long I'll last.  
I'm glass, I'm grass, I'm just growing too fast  
Not oppressed but still messed with my forming mind  
Don't wanna abide for my pride nor be left outside  
I know the world is red eyed,  
I know the devil hasn't died, sits and waits inside, the trips guide  
in this, scripts filled labyrinth riddle ride,  
Cause you'll never arrive, it's a race against time  
Your mortality far too fragile for this light speed reality,  
No gravity, right?  
please stop  
Cause inside I'm a child  
Just a child inside  
Still not grown to die  
I stay anonymous  
in the race called life