

C'est la vie

You are Napoleon

but where is the France

do you give others a chance

c'est la vie

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why don't you let us be

you are no better than us

why cant you see

you are also voltair with wit and charm

but its not forever out of harm

only temporary smarm

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then you're at Louis

full of anger and tension

without ruly discretion

c'est la vie

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and hunger for power,

power and respect

but that's left unchecked

that power cannot be captured by love

only kindness a shove

and yet you wont remember

that memory has been dismembered

you would never mean to hurt us

c'est la vie

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And yet you ignore our plea

Beauty

A flower only blooms with water and sun
yet doesn't grow if weeds overpower it
suffocating it, for its own
intoxicating pleasure

But what about the weed, is it not struggling
to survive.

has it not worked harder and faster to thrive?

don't weeds bloom and grow, change and
mature

but of course you wouldn't know and still
the world sees it as disgusting due to its
pure nature

But isn't the weed trying to make it through
life,

survive through what people call beautiful
when it

will never live up to others standards

who decided what is beautiful?

who looked upon others first and

decided what was wrong and what

was right

Aren't we all flowers in the night?