

## ***Growing Up***

Sometimes, I just can't help but think  
What will I be like in 10 years, will I float or will I sink?  
Sink into the depths of the ocean of fate  
Rocks pull on my weight, I can't escape

An emotional barrage of feelings and emotions.  
Just the voice inside of me  
Asking which door to open.

Inexperienced, undetermined, cloudy mind just makes it uncertain  
But whatever happens in the end  
It's my fault the heat is up at 10  
I blame myself for each sting,  
I can't even remember the last time I felt happy  
Without shortly after, questioning everything

I take everything for granted  
I can have everything I want no strings attached  
Yet I spent my day on my bed, nothing, constant regret in my head  
But change is imminent, embrace it, rather than fear and dread.

## ***Point of View***

I'm obsessed with myself  
I don't know where I am going  
To the depths of hell, man it sucks  
But I better get showing.  
It's only a matter of time, Before I lose my mind.  
Turn myself to a moral-less ignorant kind.  
I know I'm young but i can't stop thinking about  
Poverty, and these changes in norms going around  
Do i believe in what I believe is right?  
Or do i take insight from others just to please myself  
Just to come to the conclusion that thought by itself  
Doesn't Make an impact on character, but its no fact  
But at that, there's more to it than wrong and just being alright

Do I tell myself I'm a better person without any observations?  
"I'll clearly grow out of it, man it's just patience."  
But just to have it stationed in my head  
The people who are outside my job living on their own two feet  
Those kids being shot right in their seat.  
Cities endangered all over one country bombing the other till defeat  
It's all just a general to me, but I shouldn't care, be selfish instead  
I shouldn't have to worry about all these lives in despair  
But feeling is emotion, and i can't help it, it's there.

The outside world holds the fruit that is experience  
Sometimes good, sometimes horrible,  
All it takes is common sense  
But my illusion of free will is just like gluing my shoes to the floor.  
I wish I was in motion, but sometimes I don't want to even get out the door.  
I guess these words are just an exaggeration, not more  
Just a compensation for the puny teenage problems in my head.