

*Lithium*

You never left my life the way you entered it  
But I admit, I was naive enough to commit to your proposals before I even knew how to quit  
Ever so innocent, the way you gazed into my eyes  
I held you like a secret and stuck to your merits as a lie  
Broken and bruised, you explained to me how you were used  
I was confused as I refused to accept that beautiful things too could be abused  
It's true, I believed in your words and the puzzle perfect fashion in which your hands fit in mine  
I remember contemplating how I'd treat your body as a temple, taking time to worship the divine  
Avoiding signs and thinking everything was fine, I invited you into the four walls of my sanity  
When we compared scars that's when I found not your pain, but a desire for fallacy ridden vanity  
You began sacrificing what you were for what you thought you'd become thinking it was brave  
Conforming to the hate you thought couldn't be saved, it becoming the master and you, the slave  
Holding hands with Hansel and Gretel, you followed the breadcrumb trails of any salvation laid  
When asked about your state you'd masquerade that you were genuinely afraid that you'd fade  
Similar to the girl who'd pray she wouldn't drown under the sounds of yells she couldn't evade  
There was a price to be paid, rather than *be* hurt, be the one *to* hurt  
You'd dance on my grave to grieve the next day as if I weren't just some figment of your mind  
Wishing to run from what was left behind, you only chased it as if it was the hardest thing to find  
I never knew how hard to push for I couldn't predict how high or low you'd end up on the swing  
You started asking for things which I could never take back  
Slowly beginning crack under a lacking sense of direction or track  
Your pursuit ran dry and as time passed by I began to blame myself for my ethics  
You attempted to manipulate the fixed bounds of the laws of my faith-driven aesthetics  
I began to ask myself if whether I was enough for you when I wasn't enough for myself  
At least, enough to know that saying "no" wouldn't leave me forgotten like old books on shelves  
You preached *You can't hate someone for doing what makes them happy*  
So I've always wanted to ask, when you intertwined with the man I used to call a brother  
Were you naked because you both genuinely liked one another  
or did you like each other because you were naked  
Surrendering yourself to the same kind of monster you feared and who I once held sacred  
If you're reading this, listen to my words and follow closely, I wish you nothing but success  
Although you hate me, I hope when you look in the mirror you no longer feel what's suppressed  
I pray that one day your never say never turns into a feared phrase  
Just so you can have balance amid the maze which are the thoughts dictating your ways  
Word of advice, keep friends concise, those who didn't contribute to the virtues of your vices  
The lies your surrounded by may seem the nicest, but in a few years you may regret the prices  
It took for the momentary stability you felt, later on looking at your hand dealt wondering how  
You never enter someone's life the way you leave it

*There's An Elephant In The Room*

There's an elephant in the room, who's overstayed its welcome  
What one could wish were seldom, yet frequently proving as hell and then some  
There's a burning in my chest with an unforgiving desire to be vice versa to those met doom  
Souls stripped too soon, seeming eerily familiar, especially when the elephant is in the room  
Is it living when you're constantly in fear, enough so, you'd break out in tears over nothing clear?  
To you, I'd seem short on my years but dear God do I feel the end so near  
I couldn't even name the instigator, that's the worst part  
The one who seduces my reality into panic and dances to the beats of my heart  
So amused it must be, fueling the fire within the armor you and I would call a cage  
Locked up to the outside but internally vulnerable for the mind's act serving as a stage  
I'd wage the war if I knew I could win, hence, why these words have found their way here today  
To the elephant in the room, I don't care for what you have to say or the games that you'll play  
Living in your world of grey has got me to pray as if I were a believer  
That our creator was foreign to the forgiveness which could turn even evil to griever  
You're the worst deceiver I've met, the lies which you spew and your plans so devised  
Striking at your leisure rendering actions weary of seizure, our pain is prized  
I bet you wish you could roam your hands all across my body leading up to your plan  
Just so over the span, you could get the thrill of watching your kill and proving that you can  
I'll be damned if I'm less than turning what I envision at dusk to reality upon dawn  
Even if it meant I had to pawn my hours to achieve all in my head which is drawn  
So this is not a threat but a promise, I've already started to mow the lawn for all that's not honest  
Got rid of the snakes in the grass and the weeds you leave behind which look the oddest  
If it meant for your expulsion from reality I'd write the longest sonnet and feature sanity on it  
Have you ever checked what hides in your closet besides the skeletons left behind as deposits?  
You fiend on all those susceptible to doubt leaving them in cowardice without near prevail  
This is your favorite tale, the one where you inflict drought of peace for mind without fail  
Ironically, however, your story will come to an end as you've chosen the wrong ones to haul  
This is for all that feel small compared to the elephant ten feet tall residing within their walls  
This is a call to remind you that although it may stall with it's ruinous, it too can fall  
Do not surrender, do not quit, there will be a day where saying "no" fits and you'll find your wits  
Although if buried away the idea simply sits, if desired, you'll find the courage to hit  
The beast which is our common struggle with all the grit it takes to transmit the same pain dealt  
To you, who did so to compensate for a mind and body which it never held or felt  
It will not define nor beat you, remind yourself this when in its presence  
In essence it too is only afraid, cowardly haunting vulnerable memories such as your adolescence  
So to the elephant in the room who's overstayed its welcome, proving as hell and then some  
Though you can turn me numb, unable to breathe, and burn my being as if with a lighter  
You're only curating a monster of a fighter.

*Canceled*

Conversations in my mirror have never been this confusing

I wonder if I'm misusing the influence I have on those with faith in me by excusing  
My past stained with illicit words recited, especially reigning rancid in our concurrent times  
If surfaced now, would you perceive me as a contributor to insensitivity and heinous crimes  
Or would you recognize me by the potential laying within the soul behind my miles of skin?  
We're quick to sensationalize the fault of our idols as if they transcended the capacity to sin

I cannot accept an apology which isn't pertaining to me nor am I saying I do  
However, I've been wrote off before by a few who skewed reality to tailor a definition of true

Convenient enough to exhibit hatred they've always held now with a justification  
My imagination had never assumed that without conversation they'd all hold such a reservation

In the end, the loudest voice rings the widest in the room when education is abandoned  
I ask, do you want cancellation or accountability? Dig deep into your subliminal to expand and

Find the same forgiveness maybe you'd wish to receive if labeled a criminal by all ages

If we wish for change, let's begin by turning the prisons into schools instead of cages

I see even the oldest amongst us as children, an intentional creation of god

No facades, I speak my truth although some may think it's odd

I am no prophet, only a disciple, educated enough to admit that I'm a fool

My makers gave me the tools to extend my learning beyond school

So when it comes to the rules those who have sinned are exiled by, I hold my stone  
Unlike the bearers who've thrown theirs, I don't sit upon a supposed perfection built throne

Those who are above forgiveness can never be forgiven

Without much thought given, biases dashed with ignorance are driven

We condemn the dark and confide within the light for the former is perceived as ill  
It's instilled, the will to fulfill narratives of perception as if prescribed by prescription pills  
So if it's my turn to shoot I'll spill every thought crossing my mind regardless of the fines

For I'd rather be remembered by my audacity as opposed to coloring within the lines

Confined within four walls has got me thinking, I'm beginning to doubt everything

Are the ones speaking as holy as the criticism and judgment to which they cling?

Who decides which path is right to thus even concur that one has strayed from its course?

Maybe we're naive enough to endorse the notion that a vice versa exists in every source

Where does the ability to distinguish come from when we speak of artificial constructs  
Wrong or right as societal labels are derivative of those who possess authority in conducts

The supposed truth we swallow is a mere shadow of itself and echo of the past

In the vast majority of bodies I've passed, I can't tell one from the last

Although there may be grey, you ultimately decide good from bad like black from white  
I write these words as a call for expression, even if I'm wrong, what would make me right?

Could you tell me, or would you only be providing me with a guess?

Unless you'd convene with the creator and even her rivals too, there is no solving to this mess

*Stranger*

There's a stranger who keeps sending me invitations from the other side of the street  
The smile which crosses my face upon retrieval is always buried in a rush to keep discrete  
For the contents within the proposal entail temptations which I could never explain  
Or wish to, it has sins expecting fault's arrival in the garden of Eden contingent on raising Cain  
Maybe I'm insane to even profess my truths within the lane I walk  
However, how can I go without addressing the knocks at my window frame asking to talk  
Would you hold me on the pedestal of blame for listening if the words were doused in wrong?  
You'd hate me, but how could something so vile sound so beautiful like the bird's morning  
songs

Long looks into the past and I ask myself how I got here  
To once hate the potentiality I now might love, reflections not clear given smoke clouded fear  
Years of judgment amongst peers can render any possibility as a void  
Which in this case, I've been conditioned at any cost to avoid  
In the scenarios I imagine before bed, I'm conflicted on whether to catch the strangers glance  
Or to simply look to the side pretending as if I never saw them like I hadn't planned it in advance  
I'm only a name in the list of bodies that they are surrounded by  
When they are the only one, in this sense, who has caught my eye  
The freckles racing across their rose-tinted cheeks resemble stars and moons I chase late nights  
They've got sunset hair and not a care in the world, standing on it's top without fear of heights  
And it's the illusion I fall for in the words they seduce me with  
Certain freedoms linger on their pronunciations but here I plead the fifth  
What could be between us, in the width of my life, is only ever considered as myth  
Every attempt to pry the door possessing my true intentions has gone awry, I need a locksmith  
In my envelope sealed back to their address, I know they wish for reciprocation in truth's stem  
As to how, authentically, I wish to hold, feel, breathe, and touch them  
When I'm drunk they got me second-guessing the blurry sight in the mirror, I can't see straight  
Sober hangovers only cause more debate, it's just the way their hands fit in mine feels like fate  
I'm beginning to think these words could be the grave I'm digging  
Pen names never die only their authors, words left behind bringing  
Territories to the surface which, while the curator lives, listeners never truly recognize  
There's more than skeletons hidden away which won't fit my closet's size  
Sadly, the stranger's lips probably *taste* like the poetry I wish I could write  
But I don't know if I'm daring enough to explore the vice versa to what others deem right  
Question, will you still stand by my side if you knew the truth, perceive and accept me the same  
Because with prior lovers in pain and defeats ridden in vain, you've been there in my shame  
Would my pleasure be your disgust, discussed in our conversations, words make it seem that  
way

Say, did you see this coming, because if not fair play, this confession has been delayed

Maybe I'm selfish, I have vast space on my end of the concrete  
But for whatever reason, I wish to accompany the stranger on the other side, crossing the street

*Father (Reprise)*

I grew up resenting you  
I hated everything that was true, and for that reason, my feelings were submerged in blue  
We're talking about trying to find lost souls on streets that don't love you  
Or walking back from school, praying my grades wouldn't look like anything you already knew  
I sometimes think if maybe I were more candid, we wouldn't have had this issue to start  
Although, maybe's can be dangerous late nights when the world goes quiet and hearts fall apart  
I've lived that scenario too many times, emptily looking out to the sky  
Absolutely broken looking for reasons to survive, even dating back to when I was five  
Even worse, beginning to lose faith in the idea of heaven, shit that was when I turned eleven  
Constantly getting into stupid fights, allowing hate to fill me through Dillon's or Kevin's  
But that was then, and I'm here to talk about now  
Father, you and I have shared our conflicts, but I'm writing this to make you a vow  
I've been living in the past for a while and it's about time I move on  
See, sometimes I can't sleep and I stay up till dawn  
I think about you, and how we've made up, there are no more bad ties  
I'm happy that in the midst of your work you're finally able to watch the sunset and your son rise  
I love you so much, I pray I never see the day where you meet your demise  
But I'm no fool, I understand that time isn't forever, in fact, it flies  
So I'm closing this chapter of our lives of hurt and misunderstandings for the better  
If it meant I could spend the rest of my days with you, I'd write countless letters  
They'd be about how I regretted then, and how I look forward to now  
Where people who might've known of our state can only look at us currently asking "how?"  
I'm sorry for all that I've caused you, the stress, the pain, and the doubt  
I promise you that this isn't to make you upset, this is not what this is about  
This is my way of saying that no matter how difficult the days amongst us may get  
That I will work to make it so that our relationship no longer fears threats  
The past few years have been tough, but as long as we have each other we will never cry  
Instead, we will make the world shed its tears, and I'll be damned if I don't keep my word before  
I have to say goodbye  
Father, I used to trip thinking you didn't like me, sometimes I'd even fall  
But looking back, you were always there to catch me, to dust me off so I could still look tall  
I'm blessed to say I had a dad, I'm surrounded by individuals who aren't as fortunate  
I never play pain Olympics either, I don't see any of this as some sort of tournament  
But real recognizes real in that now as I wear shoes that once fit you, I understand what the  
hustle entails  
Although you're always working, your commitment to my mother and I never fails

And for that I'd like to thank you, no day would ever be enough to commemorate all that you do  
Babam, seni cok seviyorum, babalar günün kutlu olsun