

Slightly Scarred but not Permanently Damaged

FWB

I've been in the desert lately trying to find the sea
Depriving myself of everything that makes me, me

If I was who I use to be
You would be a missed opportunity
I'm starving
That's why you look so alarming
I've mistaken your boredom for charming

Shifted my focus
I get distracted
Your laughter just sounded so attractive
But in reality the only similarity
Is the craving for something deep

I'm about to let you go
I realize you are a joke

Acting funny, to begin with

Afraid of commitment

No such thing as friends with benefits

Weakened

Between your bipolar paranoia
And depressive insecurities
Was an endless void of misguided love

In this purgatory dwelt the need
To constantly over-analyze and criticize me

Spewing hate until my body believed it
Accusations were projections of
your past transgressions

Scared in a safe place
Stressed about moments that should have been shared
with someone who cared

Screaming questions I no longer want to know the answers to
Still, I will always wonder "What did I do to you?"

Now that your ego is done speaking
It is my perception that has been weakened

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The Gram

I wish I was beautiful
Like the girl on the screen
23 inch waist
Weave down to my knees
1.5 million followers that fake care about me
DMs by the pile
Body ain't real
But neither is my smile
Choking on my vanity
These dudes could never handle
My life is one big scandal

At the end of my day, my edges laid
My bills unpaid
Keep throwing shade
I'm grown, babe
A facade I play

Lift

Sometimes I just need something to lift me up
So I chase dopamine with objects of lust

High with anxiety I yearn for a change
Casting those out who won't play my game
Am I making any sense?
Can you hear me breathe?
If I come down I will fall to my knees
They know what I want
How to make me feel goo
I have to cause trouble
to be understood

I'll do this now
apologize later

Betraying all bonds with my creator
Mania makes me know it all
I got the juice
I got the Gaul
Even in my agony
I won't come down

They'll have to drag me

Who I use to be

Grappling at my current situation
A chaotic crescendo of emotional contractions
Birthed a new idea of me

Iv spent most my days
Picking at my decay
I killed who I use to be

So when I tell you I've seen the end
You should be inclined to believe
In order to go up you must go down

To find your true identity

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