

A breath of fresh air

*Berlin, August 2018*

I've started seeing how things are now, in a new haze, a new light,  
It took me a minute, maybe two, it was a hard time, but now I feel it, something isn't right.  
The time has come for me to stop wheezing, to stop struggling for air, to stop denying the sun,  
For I am here now, and I feel the energy around me, and I know that now, I must be done.

A ball does not keep rolling if there's nothing to entice its roll,  
I am just like that ball, like every ball, I have been pressing on my soul,  
So now I take each and every fibre, I wring out the damage and the toll,  
I open my eyes, I am not ashen yet, I have so much to give,  
I am but a glowing ember on life's eternal coal.

Lady luck is no more real than Donald Duck,  
The good news is she doesn't need to be, luck is garbage, luck is muck,  
True luck is reality, and reality lives in all of us,  
So, killing lady luck with my words isn't even worth the fuss.

And yet every decision and every word does have a weight that makes it real,  
By god if it weren't so, what would be the point in it all, why be, why feel?  
But even knowing that we must feel, for we do feel, isn't a justification,  
And when I cry alone at night, I cry for the people which is quite the sensation.

I play the blame game too you know, when I'm not pretending to understand it all,  
It's a lot easier to blame one thing or person than accept that you're the drop, you're the fall.

But one person can't destroy me so easily, it's a difficult truth but true nonetheless,  
And even though you still think of her, the time has certainly come to confess,  
This is a mess, it's dirty and it's grungy, and it's fucky and you're fucked,  
It's time to accept that what you've been through was awful, it genuinely sucked.

But now it's time to move right on,

It's time to progress, it's time to sing your song,

You are an amazing human being, self-loathing can't change that,

And when I think of all you've done, I respect thee son, I tilt my hat.

So, raise a hand, I don't care which,

Hold it to your hand and flick on that switch,

It's time to breathe in some fresh air now, it's time to do something with your time,

For before you know it you'll turn your head and wonder where it's gone to?

Time goes on, mistakes do not, stop wasting this gift, stop feeling so blue.