

Day II in LA

*Los Angeles, October 2022*

I am looking for damage,

I stare around, dead-eyed like a savage,

Sheesh, I have reached my threshold yet again,

If only I could figure out what makes me this insane,

Why is she on the pedestal, it makes no fucking sense,

When it comes to this girl, there's something that makes you oh so dense,

You're tense, looking for more damage,

You walk as though you carry with you oh so much baggage.

I did build the fire though, and people thought that was fire,

On God, I was well behaved, made some friends did not become a liar,

I partied as planned, pretty sure I kissed,

Was possibly a bit too drunk so a few moments might be missed,

But it was another good one, one you can't ruin just like that,

So, rest now with a smile, for the next festivities await, pronto, a-stat.

And when you fucking see her again, please grow the fuck up,

She's not going to kill you, if anything she'll be after your cup,

Once will do, say things you shouldn't,

Twice would be bad, would you do the things you wouldn't?

Dumbass.

But it was a good night. I did make the fire and that was pretty fire.

I do sometimes wonder why I'm so quick to desire,

For it is escape now as I wish to be free,

But it isn't always so clear or simple to see,

Ah well, be smarter, work harder, don't be a martyr.

Stay lit, take a hit, the world is yours, this isn't a bit.

Shit.

You know that feeling when you had like a lot to say but then by the time you get around to saying it you've fizzled out and don't really have anything to say anymore...? Yeah.