

I'm not just bored
But yearning to grow
And looking back
To what was bad
And confusing growth with excitement
But yearning more not to be bored

How can it be
That only one has touched me
In such a way
That I cannot forget her stare
When everything else doesn't fit
And everywhere else I have closure
But not here

It's the middle of the night
And I'm searching for just one way to reach her
Even if I won't use it
But I want to
I really want to
It's a war between my self-esteem & desire
Fueled by all that won't replace my boredom

It's so sad and bittersweet
You can't live with only potential
But potential gives you hope
Even if it's a lie you choose to believe
I believe I miss her
I just don't see eyes like that anymore
I'd like to believe I will
I probably will
But I'd like to see hers now