

There's a chance that all this will go well
Yet there's a pit in my stomach I associate with hell
The pain giving me no choice but to dwell
Nothing will change from inside this shell

I need a moment to compose myself
I'm not ready to do this just yet
I need to breathe and organize my head
If I'm to face this incoming dread

Ain't life just really swell?

"We all face this," is what I am told
"You are not alone," is what I am sold
"It's not as bad as it looks," an excuse to be bold
"You're not getting any younger," and suddenly I'm old

Like a five year old trying to avoid
I'm a full-grown adult playing with toys
This whole writing thing is just me being coy
There's a rhythm to my avoidance I hope you've enjoyed