

Young Adult

What is two years of life
If I've just been waiting?
For things to come back,
To see worries abating?

Yes, I'm young and there are many years ahead
But also I'm old and duty wants me dead
There are bills to be paid and money to be made
In this way, not that way, do this or there's no way
You'll have a happy life
Save money, don't party, but also have fun!
Find a partner, but remember you shouldn't need one
All this and all that and to do there is plenty
But how can I do it all when I still feel like twenty?

Can't grasp onto anything
No advice to be given
Only expectation that one day
You'll wake up and be driven
You'll have it all together
You'll be an adult who accepts this world made out of drive!
Work 8 hours, sleep for none
Do it, do it all, but still have fun!

And I'll scream till I'm blue as I'm buried alive
Choking on dirt, for good I will strive
I won't die, I won't budge, I'll be made of defiance
Against doubt and anger and apathetic compliance

I'm young, but I'm old, but I don't have to be
Because old is what happens when you forget to see beauty
I won't let them take me, just watch them try
While I sit in my room and I let myself cry

For every smile I fake when I say, "I'm fine"
For every decision made while stuck in time
For the years I lost to death and destruction
For the life that feels like it's falling apart, awaiting my construction

I don't know where to go from here
I'm afraid of moving, when the water is clear
And it just keeps going down

