

Simple

To do, not to do, what to do?
In darkness, I stumble,
In light, I wander blind.
Hurry, they say—we've no time to waste.
Look at that lad—he's soaring high;
Why not I?

Fear whispers: where to?
Was it my voice, or just an echo in the void?
Does it matter?
Keep chasing, keep moving, keep flowing.
Surely, it'll all work out—won't it?

But why this endless loop?
What is existence for?
Is it all predefined, or am I meant to define it?
And yet, why?
Some smile through tears,
While others cry amidst joy.
Pointless, it all feels—
Doing, trying, striving,
Hoping to be good at something.

Chaos reigns—a cacophony of randomness.
Nothing makes sense—not now, not before,
Perhaps never?
Or was it never supposed to?

Still, I'm lucky—
Two steadfast souls, plus a few extras.
Four foolish fellas who make it worthwhile.
And her—just her presence—
A sight that steadies the storm.
Music, words, a quiet escape.

Not many anchors, but enough to hold on—
Enough to answer all the answers.