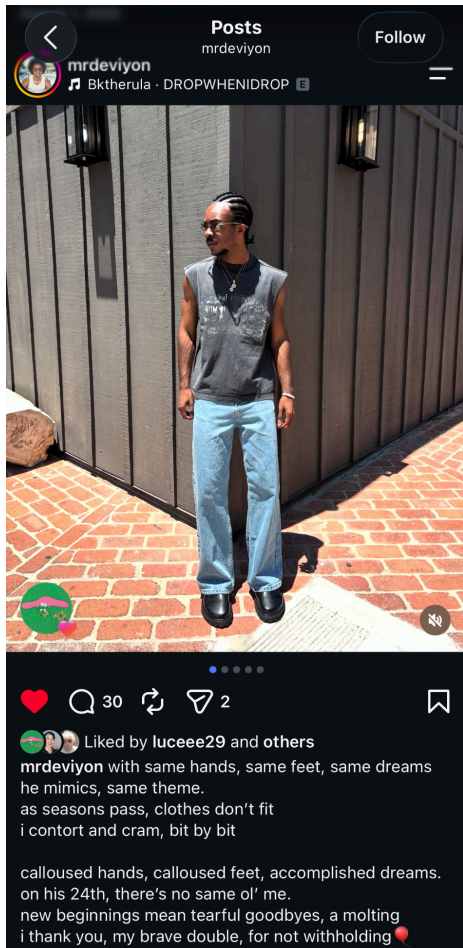




Double

Same hands, same feet, same dreams

I mimic, keep the theme

As seasons pass, clothes don't fit

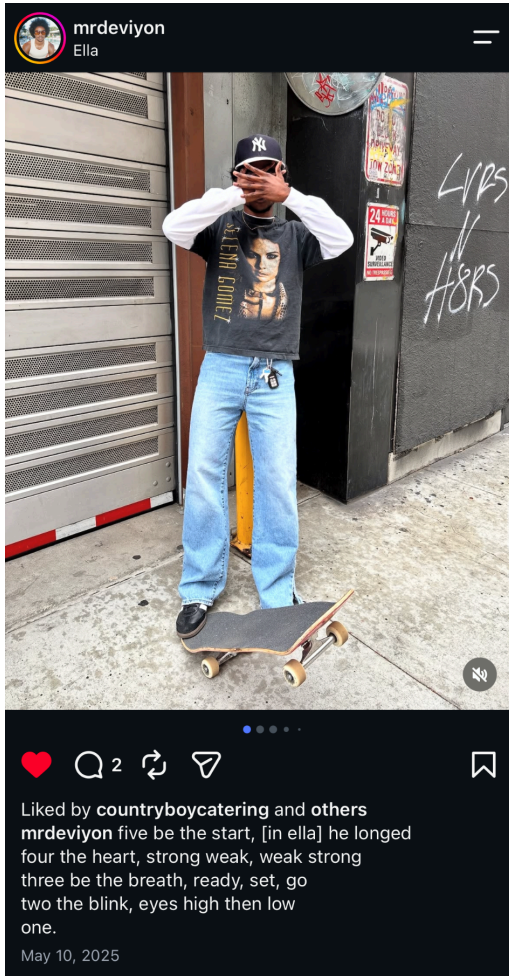
I contort and cram, bit by bit

Calloused hands, calloused feet, accomplished dreams

At twenty-four, there's no same ol' me

New beginnings mean tearful goodbyes, a molting

I thank you, my brave double, for not withholding.



Countdown

Five be the start, rewrite his wrongs
Four the heart, strong weak, weak strong
Three be the breath, ready, set, go
Two the blink, eyes high, then low
One.