

Collisions

Trading paint in a parking lot
Their words a tiny knife against the gun you brought
Made them pay, and a lesson taught,
Or so you thought.

Remember when she said she'd stay,
If you put your hate away?
But you couldn't last a single day,
And then *she* went away.

Can you see it now?
Of course you cant.
You never can, in the moment.

Life's a fight you have to win,
All you are and lately been.
Impacts that you invent.

Collisions.
Mass in motion meets opposition.
Collisions.
That's the wreckage you exist in.

There was a time though,
A previous one,
You'd not have agreed to
The damage you've done.

Collisions.
Your pain in the purest sense.
Collisions.
But now it's your one defense.

Still every morning, the sun comes up
You pour that bitterness into your cup
It's your choice, stand pat or give it up.

Collisions. More collisions.
Or, no more

Collisions.

