

I'm not Supposed to be Here

I'm not supposed to be here
I've frequent this place many times before
So I'm positive my presence here
Is a notion I must not ignore.

This is my past. I've seen these faces before
Heard what the voices have said
I'm scared of what tomorrow will bring
Because I stand in the midst of minds that are
dead.

From my point of view
I see chaos, they see organization
I see the road ahead
While they're stuck in a realm of procrastination.

Now as we assemble
I hear my opinions drip off the tongue of a
stranger
But his words were merely mine a decade ago
So I fight to suppress this self-evaluative anger.

Mad at what could have been
Irate with the world because of what's in my sight
But my presence here is the result of
My left foot not advancing past my right.



