

Where I'm At

You will never understand my thoughts,
millions with endless noughts

I talk to so many but so few listen, and even less understand,
If you could just take my hand

And see what I do,
But people like you are so few

Sometimes I feel like I've lost myself,
Something that can't be brought with any sum of wealth

I've been running from the truth, the hard truth of life,
With its stabbing of the knife

All its falls,
And the climbing of giant walls

But this running gets me nowhere,
I'm so far away now, I strain to stair
Where am I going is it over there ?

Trying to get my head straight
I've stopped running, and as I stand still looking over my own mental state,
I ask, what is to be of my fate ?

Levi Ferguson

I fear that I might be too late

But I've turned around I'm facing the other way
Crawling back to the begging, I long for a fresh day,
On my knees for this I pray

But I still ask, In God's hands,
Am I just a tiny grain of sand?

I look up finding hope and faith for my days,
I'm fighting to start over, fighting a strong haze

My vision blocked, I know where I want to go,
But my journey is not on show

Now I am so close to where I want to be,
But I'll never get there whilst I'm not free

So I wrote these lines with a few rhymes to get some sort of perspective of things,
A little more understanding is what it brings.

