

WHAT IS MADE OF ME?

What is made of me?
To end all my anxiety
To forget the temptations of the past
Though I knew it wouldn't last
Overpowering curiosity
Now becomes an ecstasy
A life well-lived
Now's a life well-wrecked
Began with the first time
Away with the last

An ecstatic boy
Once was nothing but filled with joy
Started on a train-wreck
Depending on nothing but a speck
He wonders if he's high
Certainly, he would cry
For what has become of him
Was worse than the light of dim

What is made of me?
Entrapped in my own body
A different force controlling my inner thoughts
As my body begins to rot
A chance I blew
Though I have no clue
To set things right
I'm overcome with fright.

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