


Today I question my breath
Today I doubt my sanity
Today I know God ain't bias
But I'm breathing and he's dead.

I didn't pray for him for years
And in my hustle I found reason not to make contact
Today I stare at my meal and his face I see
And when I see money, I ask myself, is this the trash I seek?

Today I know loved ones should be kept close
For rubies can buy clothes but not friends though
Today I am myself truest fiend
Today I see myself a whole big mess.

You said you look up to me,
But now I feel so low.
Said you're with me and its now because of you,
I grief solo.

You dead, and I feel I'm breathing in your stead, for every smile that cracks up my face I
feel it's your heart I break.

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