

Strong

She thought she raised me to be strong,
But I feebly face my enemies
Within and without.
Emotions, passions uncontrollable.
Powers, setbacks unforeseeable.
Her fears linger with me beside my own.
Visions of death and torture,
But who could have dreamed failure or injustice?
"What am I doing here?"
Seems to be a constant mantra.
In the end, I guess I'll go where I should have gone,
And one day forget to ask the question.
But now, confused like a photon trying to escape the sun,
I need only a million years
And then straight on 'til morning.
They say there's strength in numbers,
But if confusion rises exponentially
Strength is not enough.
A shield for my back and a sword for my hand
Only make me weaker.
Run! Run!
Only barefoot and frangible
Will my strong arm find me,
Or let me die.