

531-1000
Holding fast to myself

Holding fast to myself
I'm not ready to be someone else
Everything that's wrong with me
Is also what sets me free

Holding myself so very fast
I can't let go of the past
And maybe that's how i define
All the part of me that are mine

Holding on not letting go
Will that ever let me grow
Or in my lust to have a me
I'm my worst own enemy

Holding fast to each breath
I demonstrate my fear of death
But i ignore my failing health
And blind I hold onto myself

Holding fast to myself
A perverted kind of wealth
The illusion is there is an I
The illusion is that we live or die