

Good Old Days

by Kyler Ericksen

I've lived so long in darkness without rest
Having no time for my thoughts to digest
I've lived so long without knowing what comes next
My social life going from text to text

The worst part is i'm not at all alone
Everybody else is just as far gone
We always talk about the good old days
But I don't remember them or their happy ways

When will the good days be here?
When will they end all the fear?
When will those around me find their ways of happy life?
When will we all find an end to our strife?

I really hope the good days aren't now
Cuz I dont have any further to bow
I stay up late every single night
And each time I breathe I can't help but feel like i've lost a little fight

We all say we're okay but I don't believe it
I see darkness in people, at least just a small bit
The world around me is falling to pieces
And nobody seems to know what the truth is

When will the good days be here?
When will they and all the fear?
I have no conclusion, resolution or solution
All we can do is hope for an end to all the endless confusion.