

## Discontent

If I could reveal the true nature of my discontent  
you would believe me to lie

How is he still alive?  
How is he able to keep his mind  
And be so generous and kind  
To the people he so eagerly despise

If one could surmise the true nature of my discontent  
It would give rise to all those who tried  
But failed and now holds an anger inside  
It would burn like the heart's desire  
if those would acquire the true nature of my discontent

Let the waterfalls vent by mother nature's side  
we cannot identify by naked eyes  
And the secrets we all kept  
overflowed to the ears of those who don't know the secret yet

the nature of my discontent is deeper than this  
Deeper than the Earth's crust even if touching the core of pure fire  
Eyes burn and bleed hotter than love's ire  
Quiet waves as the sun rises over head  
Now imagine that sun is black as night instead

Black bones, black lugs, black heart where mercy begs  
Even dreams are filled with misery and dread  
I walk alone on shaded nights because my true nature makes me feel so empty  
Not a word of empathy from inside

No greater void could exist  
Greater the distance of two close hearts floating away  
Reminiscent of what's past because mindful of the hollow future today

If I could catch a last word on my last gasp I would say..  
"The true nature of my discontent is regretting it all."  
Regret the rise and fall of hearts  
Regret the smiles of those embarked  
Regret the time that's spent together  
and love the time apart

The true nature of my discontent:  
Soul crushing loneliness  
Writing by a candle's fire wondering if I was curse to stay alive by my lonesome  
Such queries always bothersome  
Questions the heart never meant  
It only gives rise to my discontent

What's more useful than night to keep the shadows we kept  
And in the end tip-toeing trying to circumvent all the lies and time spent  
Sometimes just living life is straight suicide  
It may have a hundred reasons for me to die

Senseless violence or God's timing  
We don't decide  
My nature is to not worry about the world, let God set the course  
Where forgiveness is my choice and kindness is my voice  
And my discontent would ebb and flow  
And in time would show  
If my hate for this world is too great  
Then I must go

I guess my true discontent is still unknown

