
Primal

Certain things come from deep within
hidden under reason
trying to remain numb
I find myself baring a stupid grin
wondering why it feels so like treason
guilt stabs at me some
then I submit and stop trying to fit
these thoughts where they simply don't
fit in I begin to admit
there was truth in the play
Urges impulses something drives
a beat a breath
weaved in our lives
wrestling like angels and death
my body remembers on its own
without my consent it dives in
feeling scared because I am not alone
in these primal instincts unknown

