

Again

Surveying my time,  
I tried hard,  
Haven't changed very much,  
I saw through the lies,  
That give people their lives,  
Along with my mind,  
Got me despised,  
The coursing passage of time,  
Made it happen anyway,  
Every time,  
Perceived knowledge,  
Not understood,  
As hope turns bitter,  
For the rest of my life,  
Repeating the cycle,  
And the resignation, to the epitaph  
Of true romance