

# What Lies Beneath

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Thought

Thoughts are now written

What I write is in my sight

Do right, take flight; might

Friendly

Me and tomorrow

We seem to be friends, be now

Friend does end with end

Dog food

Pencil paper write

graphite, paper white

brain drained, sleepless night

Learning turned to chore

Teacher do less child do more

Worksheet, cheat, apple core

Enlighten me please

Enough pedigree

Il pass class with ease

# The man in the mirror

My mind is a tightrope as my thoughts walk across it

Am I right in euphoria, or could have I lost it

talked to the mirror for few minutes last night. I felt I  
needed to be nearer. It told me I was right

I might be in deceit, indecisive or in denial. Forget about  
it, at least I hide it with a smile.

I Compare myself to the man in the mirror. He's there,  
I'm not, but I'm him, I thought.

He's everything I've worked for but the sum of my  
weakness.

These words could speak to you, but to the next one  
bleakness.

I compare to unfairness only speak to the careless who  
care about crossing the line.

To blend in is heaven said chameleon reverend with  
nonchalance but missing real spine.

The man in the mirror blends in with watercolour  
but really he's one of a kind

The man in the mirror is just me but duller but  
really he's one of a kind

The man told me of a withering rose. Posed the  
question of death by thirst or by the strength of  
the hose.

To own their own their own mansion is a pipe  
dream to many. But drowning in success is  
forgotten by plenty.

The man in the the mirror might just be me minus  
the mind that's hiding in my head

The man in the mirror has just became clearer, he  
said himself is myself instead

He listen to yourself, I am just you except I'm not  
stuck in my head I know you can shine, your  
doing just fine

But He's really just one of a kind

He's really just one of a kind

# Fly away

Today I feel like my thoughts are unbothered

There's a certain bliss to it, just a little bit

Always put my thoughts third, feelings first,  
but what comes in the middle is the worst

Today the clear air breathes, speaks to me

Tells me things from time to time, peacefully

I remember my old kitchen back in like 08'  
dim cracked paint walls Steele like frito lays.

But that was yesterday and today is tomorrow,  
well either succeed or else we'll drown  
ourselves in our sorrows.

So today I gas up, pedal to the metal, swear I  
need to succeed till then I'll never settle

# Why slide

Who are you, why, Why can't I see inside

Windows don't care. but I think they're still there.

I have one piece of advice. Leave while you can.

If you think about the door too long you might forget  
why it's even there.

I know this is just a slide to the other side, I cried, I  
cried

Why he asks why, why he is wise ,Why is he waiting  
on demise

Hold, drop this disguise

He can't tell me if he doesn't tell himself

Fuck the script, script is scripted so I rip ripped it.

The script lied so he cried, I cried

# Everything else

Top to bottom we thought we got em  
Uproot gold or we uproot rotten

Sometimes the side we find in others is the side that  
we refuse to see in in ourselves

We size them up, shake them down  
Aces up, dollar down

Are we fake enough to find a crowd  
Or real enough to Sing out loud

What you give is what you get but when something is  
nothing you receive everything.

It feels amazing to have everything, it feels freeing to  
have nothing.

the thing we hold onto most is a small something. But  
the thing we want the most is something we can't  
have.

Life really is something else

