

that's just the way it goes.

Not everyone's path makes sense.
Some of us drawing the short stick, over and over.
Robbed of possible truths and triumph,
Left with whatever amount of hope remains.
Never the bride, always the bridesmaid, rarely credited, rather simply acknowledged
Yet all of us are left with a story.
By our control and by the spontaneity

That is the beauty of life.
And that's just the way it goes.

Even in the downs that do more damage than good,
And leaving us with nuthin but damn despair
Are the times we feel are our most tested.
Exposing ourselves to the stranger in the mirror
Who hold the most truthful confessions.
Shaking off the mounds of insecurities
That once claimed the shall you were.
Followed by the raging war that is to love oneself.

That is the beauty of life,
And that's just the way it goes.