**The Air**

Sometimes you can feel hopeless.

Broken dreams and empty promises
Crowd your mind

Failing continually, you eventually give up

What's the point in being good if it seems to get you no where

What's the point in having ideals
If you have to keep breaking them?

Selfishness is not such a bad option

Then at least you can stop feeling bad about your self

Yes, there are still a million things to do to save the world

Yes, the pain in the stomach is still there

Yes, the brain still hurts from too much thinking.

But at least you can forget your own worries for a while

At least you can let the body, as broken as it may be, take control, just for a while

At least you can surrender to the noisy confusion of everyday living.

Perhaps God has no plan
Perhaps life makes no sense
Perhaps everything is just unfolding
With no sense of right and wrong.

Yes, the pain remains
Yes, the dreams fall apart
Yes, the people forget

But nothing matters too much does it?
Nothing can really shake the unshakable
Nothing clouds the joy that has always been there, as invisible as the air, and just as vital.