*Free(?)dom*  
Sometimes I get scared of how much freedom we have in this life  
We can go anywhere  
We can be anything or anyone we want to be  
We can be nothing or no one  
We can be everything  
And everyone  
We can think of every single thing there is to think about  
We can say anything  
Write anything down in a sloppy handwriting  
Or maybe scream it out  
As loud as possible  
We are as alive  
And as free  
As we’re ever going to be  
  
And yet we chose to pretend  
We choose to fake it without making it  
We choose to close our eyes instead of leave them wide open  
And finally see what we have been blind for all this time  
We choose to cross out what we think people won’t understand  
We choose to stay silent  
Swallow our unspoken words and let them choke us  
We choose to give up instead of keep going  
Because maybe we’ll get another chance  
But at the end of the day  
We get one chance at life  
One chance to look at the person in the eyes and tell them we could stare at those eyes forever  
One chance to speak and be heard  
One chance to leave a trace, to make an impression, good or bad  
One chance to get lost and be found ...eventually  
We get one chance at everything  
  
You know sometimes   
I get scared  
Of how limiting freedom is