

Pry By Nma Goran Dhahir

I feel like I am drenching
Six feet down and keep clinging
Why you have to leave me hanging?
Now I am drowning in own suffering

You were my armor and my light
And suddenly not in sight
Why do tender fades and turns to plight?
Now I am losing my breath and cannot fight

You and I were meant to fly
Higher than cloud nine
And here I am wondering why
Why would you have to go and soar for the sky
Making me feel fancy like I am a pry?