



One in 7 Billion

The world is getting smaller and smaller,
More people and less space
For being a circle it's like four walls are closing in
Soon enough the light in the sky,
Feels like it will forever be night

If I stood in a crowd,
Would they be able to pick me out?
Like a needle in a haystack
Never to be found
So many people but not enough space
What makes me different in a world full of fakes?

They say you write your own story,
But it feels like mine is being written for me
Nothing can be out of place;
There must be no mistakes
This leads me to wonder
Will someone be there when I feel like going under?

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