




My monsters gave me a grin
When I was little they gave dreams
But I've long grown
And life has reshaped them into frightening gnomes.

My monsters gave me a grin
But as an Adult, they give me chills
For my innocence life has whipped
And I'm tempted to say the younger me was just naive.

But what if the younger me knew better
At least he knew how to stay positive
And not be scared by bullies so well
That seeing himself living out dreams was akin to impossible.

But what if the younger me knew better
And my balloons, stuffs that made me happier
Hasn't grown into monsters but actually only became stronger
And I happen to have simply grown weaker.

My monsters gave me a grin
Do yours still do so?

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