



BORROWED TIME

Movement II Building dreams

Clock strikes twelve my work begins
No nine to five to box me in
Freedom echoes through my veins
But the weight's a storm that always reigns

I'm building dreams with borrowed time
Balancing hope on a fragile line
No boss to call no chains to see
But the hustle steals hard-earned peace from me

Emails piling bills don't care
Hands in ten things I'm everywhere
The feast was scarce the famine's near
Still I dance with doubt and bury fear

They see the shimmer not the grind
The edits the fixes the deadline's bind
I'm a whisper in the modern roar
Chasing life while craving more

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Solitude sings its bittersweet
A lifeline tough yet incomplete
Indie storms a sky so gray
But it's all mine at the end of day

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