



BORROWED TIME

Movement XVIII

Your tribe

I came from chaos, came from fight,
dinner table turned to night.
But still they held me when I fell,
even love got scars to tell.
Blood don't mean it's always right,
sometimes home is built from light.
From friends who stayed when others ran,
The ones who said: "We understand!"

Had brothers not by name but fight,
we built our bond in silent nights.
No one asked where I came from,
just: "You good?" and passed the rum.
Through heartbreak, fire, and burned-out dreams,
they kept me breathing through the screams.
So don't you tell me who's my kin,
it's who lets me break, then pulls me in.

Even when the nights feel long,
you will always have a home.
In every fault, in every flame,
there is no shame in where you came.

You are loved for all you are,
not just the wins, but every scar.
Whether born or found along,
this is your tribe, your battle song.
Family's not just blood and bone,
it's who says: "You're not alone. You're not alone!"

And now I got a circle tight,
my own kids sleep through the night.
I see their eyes and know it's true,
they'll fall, but I'll be pulling through.
I give them roots, I give them wings,
I teach them storms won't break these strings.
And those who stood through all my pain,
you family too. That won't change.

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you will always have a home.
In every fault, in every flame,
there is no shame in where you came.

You are loved for all you are,
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Family's not just who you knew,
but who stood strong and pulled you through.
It's not just blood, it's what you give,
the love that teaches how to live.
It's every hand that helps you rise,
each soul that sees beyond disguise.
It's roots and wings, it's near and far,
it's knowing just how loved you are.