

Pride

When I really sit and think,
Why do I exist, for what purpose can I be?
It isn't difficult to imagine?
It's not all about me!

Am I just the result of science?
Why do I think, cry and laugh, get angry, and mad?
Reason, alone, says I exist for something,
And for that I'm glad!

I came into the world,
Depending on someone.
Something started this cycle.
A power much greater than me.

Since I'm a human being,
Like those around me.
It must be true we all depend,
On something, more glorious than we.

I'm not at the top of any food chain,
Nor as low as animals or grasses or trees.
I cannot be too prideful, to believe,
I must be something in the middle, you see.

If something is greater than me,

And there really must be,

Why is it so difficult

To believe?

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