

My Voice Is My Strength

My youth doesn't define what I stand for,
Nor does it choose my tone;
And my size bestows no limits
Upon the things that I could know.

My voice is my strength,
My tongue carries steel shears
To tear apart what hinders my speech
For I am wise beyond my years.

I'm a sapling who has yet to grow,
I need little drops of truth
To show me where my future lies;
What I'll know beyond my youth.

My voice is small and yours is strong,
But it holds no different meaning
So I'll fight for what I know to be true
Until I'm weak and leaning.