Heart heavy, I can’t even feel its beat, sweat on my palms and all over my feet. They’re always trying to control, why won’t you let me go. Why must we hold on to things we hate when we don't even know if it’s too late.

Mind games, drugs, fuck where’d all my friends go! Even family has gone cold. Why do we deal when we don't have to.

Why do my emotions always cause disasters Feelings I can’t escape and an empty heart we cannot wake and not a soul can hear you scream, oh please let this be a dream! All the thoughts that I can’t suppress, I wish it wasn’t such an intoxicating mess. Listening here, you know it is not so easy to ignore. the signs you are sublimated from before, now I wonder why does this cut down to my core. The origin of this pain I can’t implore. I just wanna put it in a drawer!

A dark feeling that has long been dormant there isn’t anything that’s would be worth stealing. Too many things that I have to do, too much heartache just longing to be me. Can Anyone truly see that this isn’t me? A different mask at random, I habitually disguise my actual face. Chameleon in hiding like a cheetah I’m striving to reach a good place. The end of all things oh how that stings, I can only imagine that day I can walk away from this dark and stormy day.

The darkest of days have become quite clear familiar faces never seemed so dear. We both know they’ll all walk away. My biggest regret is that I stay and that the me that is me won’t ever reappear, he has been Ripped from existence, which is my only great fear.

Broken into pieces like the old coke bottles that have been pieced back together is like my psyche after being abused all these years. You watch the distress, oh what a mess you always causing a gripe just so we would fight. Fighting what is right, changing. all your own rules, what’s all this whiplash for? Is there a point to all this cracking and breaking of my long-forgotten soul? Where I am going to land at the end guess what I don’t even know, but it isn’t about where to stand when this suspends, it’s about the route I traverse to defend my moral integrity. out to sea adrift. Going and pleading I don’t fall in. The deep abyss is darker than a black velvet dress. If I descend it that hole it’s a journey where I can’t reopen that door. In fear, I submit to its ever-pulling grip. Is life as we know it some kind of myth? The light is full and fading to grey, for in a cave of emotion is the place I am dwelling.