A dream? Nothing has changed.
Not much will happen tomorrow...
It's so tiring, working hard, struggling...

Weird, creep, ugly.
What will you call me next? Time begins to flow into silence. Those eyes whisper all.
Why does my heart hurt so much?

The containment of hatred creating anguish,
released upon the innocent souls it arises
While carelessly squawking unknown words without realizing the meaning.
Leading to misunderstandings and brawls the torment of all

Battling the pain, striving for an existence
Taking the algid blade I make a cross, letting my essence seep out
Why me?
Escaping reality...No more death, no more suffering it gently comforts me.

Yet I metamorphosis, I live

Walking past it I feel insecure it always catches up
I overcome it

The endless cycle, who do I fight for? What the Will-o'-the-wisp
have left behind, patching endless hopes and dreams

Still on the beaten path I attempt to succeed
I can't afford to fall apart, I'm stronger than that
Reaching farther for a future where no one cries, a circle of friends await.