

Untitled

By Anonymous SEM

All my life I've been rejected
All my life I've been neglected
All my life I've been disrespected
All I ever wanted to be was protected
So I choose to feel with something that needs to be injected
People don't understand and most times I don't either
I just feel scared and alone and I do not want to feel either
I feel like I'm drowning in a swarm of confusion
Praying it's all just a dream, life just an illusion
It's self-persecution like a slow suicide
You can run, you can run but you cannot hide
Sometimes I feel like I can't take it anymore
Growing up as a kid I never dreamed I'd be a whore
I keep hearing this voice inside my head saying
'you'll never be nothing more and you're better off dead'
And it hurts so bad thinking that this is all that I am good at
Thinking about the shoulda, coulda, would haves
Knowing that there's nothing I can do so what's the point in even trying
Knowing that each day I'm slowly dieing what's the point in crying
I'm tired of people always lying to me
Why can't they see this is all I'll ever be?
Maybe I should just end it all
I know its kinds hard when you're in Juvenile Hall
But that doesn't mean that I can't bash my head up against the wall
I know there's a big world out there but damn do I feel small
Will anybody answer when I call out for help?
My voice has no sound no matter how loud I shout
I found my way in but I can't find my way out
I have my hopes but there consumed by doubts
I feel like a prisoner of words unsaid
Just lonely feeling locked away in my head
I should start to speak but I stop and stay silent
In the fear that you may get violent
Too many words yet not enough to express
All the stress that lies deep in my chest
I can't think, I can't rest I feel mentally compressed
I know life is a trade off but it is also a test
I know I should feel blessed that I have been given a chance but I know I'm going to fail so I am
just going to fake it until I make it you can take my heart but you can't break it
You think that I trust you but don't mistake it for something that it is not for what may have
been forgiven will never be forgot
Remember I say cold you say hot
I feel like a prisoner of words unsaid, just lonely feeling locked away in my head
I should speak but I stay silent on the fear that you might get violent
To my head is my hand with a gun and it's cold
And it's hard when there is nowhere to run and you've encaged yourself by holding your tongue
I feel like a prisoner of words unsaid...don't worry these are only lonely feelings locked away in
my head.