

Dying emotions

Pained being

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Kapitel 3: Grey Existence

Why must I survive?
When you are no more alive?
Why must I be a broken being?
If only my dream could help me healing...

A broken mind? It can be smoothed.
A broken soul? There is no proof.
The dream, my only light remain...
Is the cause I'm not insane.

But everyone around me,
Were so happy, were so healthy.
I hate that they're alive, not you.
I'm not alive. Not without you.

Just a body does remain...
"A mind" you ask? I am insane!!
I do not want, this life so grey,
So did I start to daily pray...

That someone would come kill me here..
Just to prevent I disappear...
And just my body would here stay,
A lifeless shell which get to prayed,

By people, once so close to me...
Cause of the being I used to be...

So healthy, happy, carefree...
Like an honest, cute, small fairy.
Just to shut myself from them...
Cause I feared the eyes of them.

So was I not allowed to face...

The peace's warm and soft embrace,
Cause everything thats done so far...
Left me in the consuming dark....