

it's so hard to believe that sometimes we, as human beings, get sad

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too keep my enemy addiction close i pumped poison into my vein / i've met many people whom decided to care for me during this life i ain't been living / they all used different words when preaching but held the same opinion / they would explain best they could the difference between having fun and aiming for self destruction / it was by the gauge of their statements that i figured long ago i crossed that line / in attempts to prevent me from having more reasons to hate myself with such a passion / they would state that the line i hadn't seen is actually quite thin / one person in particular told me as seriously as i have ever been told anything / if i am to go on existing as if life ain't at all worthy of my participation / then there is only one solution that would keep everyone from winding up with their hearts broken / to simply vanish, to completely disappear would be ideal- hell, she'd even buy my ticket for the plane / or i could except the fact it ain't fair for me to state life being unfair as validation to complain / nobody nowhere, she says, lives life like a carnival ride- and if i don't change i'll wind up so terribly alone / more so than the state of which i have been experiencing / if not, if i chose the other path then i need some serious moments alone to catch up with growing / since the age i should have been all along had long ago passed me by without me at all noticing / i've been so selfish, enjoying this damnation- using it all the while as an excuse for my failures, blaming all the errors on my depression / she said, and i still remember when, this is the time to decide rather i'mma be plain like everyone or leave everybody alone /

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