

From A Second Story Window "Self Admitted"

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Remember when lines were formed for some sort of
reason?

Be silent

And not just something we do to show our allegiance

Try breathing

Does it make you feel as though you're simply
conceding?

Rest your head and continue to tell yourself that
nothing we do will ever quell the contempt we all share.

I have a lot to lose more than I can tell you

Oh god I'm almost there.

I'm already leaving.

Keep silent and breath in.

In breathing we are no longer here

Lies

I am alive, I feel alive

I was meant for more than the way I feel. I revel in my
madness. Is there a God outside?

Are you listening?

There could be more than this.

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