

Ill Scarlett

"If All The World"

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Slowly.
Let me take you down my life.
To make you learn about the facts, there's not so
many, you won't fall.
And if you do I'll pick you up.
If all the world could see me for who I am, there would
be no more panic.
If all the world could forgive and just forget, I wouldn't
mind to carry on.
But you put me down, just down.
You hate me.
You dislike all that I am.
You pull my arms, you stretch my legs, about to break, I
can not take this any more.
Quiet.
Been kept shut way for many years.
Depressive thoughts are kept inside.
And my old pal the inner fear is living better than ever.
A life well spent would have no clue, but I can feel my
every cell.
There's someone out there telling tales, about my
private hell

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