

Make A Change... Kill Yourself "Chapter IV"

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Is life just another test to prove me wrong?
Is this never-ending struggle just another lie?
Are these shitty feelings just another fairytale of
happiness?
Are these scars real or just another open wound?
Are these people real or just ghosts in the wind?
Is this a fork or a knife? - the blood seems real.
This knife seems to kindly touch my skin.
This is dying not living.
This is the border between life and death.
Only death is real.
Strangle me. Stab me to death.
Poison my scars.
Death is so profane.
Death is what I hunger to experience.
A lifeless body with a soul rotten of wasted years,
In this they call life.
So I kneel before you,
A never-ending wish as I beg you,
To end my life.
Fool... why are you so weak?
Why can you not do what I dare not?
Cut my wrists. Poison my scars.
What keeps you from ending my life?
Do not pity me as this is what I long for.
I give up. Caressed by this shitty life.
I must find strength within this grim body of mine.
Searching in this open wound called a soul
I find enough strength to cut my wrists.
But it isn't enough.
Nothing shall ease this long awaited pain.
Some pure alcohol should definitely make the blood
run quicker
And make the pain bigger.
A final attempt to make my death honourable;
I drag myself outside to die in public
Hopefully giving these humans trauma.
What a lifeless body...

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