

## Trauma

### "A Room With No Shutters"

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I live for one thought,  
One piece of mind that helps me live.  
But I follow this foreign voice  
Into a room with no shutters  
Where the breach of their eyes  
Could eat at your soul,  
All while testing my visions.  
Bleeding out the sun.  
Under this microscope.  
They see my images  
Volatile, frustrated.  
Belated to kill myself.  
I grab for my weapon of destruction.  
Behind the bush of an inflamed scar.  
I reach for your heart.  
Reach for your heart to save my own.  
Smile to wash it away.  
Say I'm not sorry.  
I don't care what hurts you the most,  
Cause what I care about is what hurts most.  
Please just leave me right here.  
Don't look me in the eye, I want to shroud my fear.

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