

the monsters

The monsters that are trapped inside your head
come a creeping, a crawling while you're dead
inside and they shred all your hope and strength.
They prowl in your mind and make you feel faint.

You dread the night for while you sleep,
the demons grin and begin to eat.

They rip open your heart and soul and feast
upon your fragile spirit. You cower from the beasts
because they take the likeness and the very form
of your evil classmates from school. In the morn,
when you wake and remember you must return
to the dreaded school, oh, how you yearn
that they'll be kinder and more careful with what they say,

but they never are, and still, do you pray
because they cut into you when the sun is high
and in the night, you tremble as you silently cry
and beg and plead that your slumber will save
you from the pain. It is peace that you crave.

Yet the monsters come crawling out yet again
and you writhe in agony and terror with no friends.

Stuck perpetually in an eternal plight,
you struggle and gasp with all your might
for breath because your chest hurts
and tightens all the time, 'till it'll burst.

You need to be free and the only way
for all your suffering to go away
is if you take a wicked sharp knife.

YoU sMiLe In ReLiEf As YoU eNd YoUr LiFe . . .