

Catacombs

My world is spiraling beyond my control,
It gets darker and deeper with every thought I let in.
I can't think or else my pain will swell into a black hole,
And then the end of my life would begin.
I feel fluid yet stiff in the catacombs of my brain,
Choking, rolling, crying in the dark toxic rain.
I've never felt like myself, my wounds burn deep deep black with a light blue hue.
My tears shatter all of my known self, for I realize I hate who I am.
It takes the dryness of my face after the tears roll down my face
in order for me to face the problems I've caused.
I hope my pain will dissolve.
Free me from this world of unneeded aggression,
Where my existence feels like a transgression
I just wanna be free of repression,
Facing the consequences of all of my lessons.
I wanna escape this labyrinth that stings like the arctic cold.
I wanna think bigger until the walls of this prison unfold.
When the world will see all the greatness I hold
But I don't care about the world,
I just want those above me deposed from dictating my life.
I just want everyone to achieve a state of repose,
And I can be free to compose in the tranquility of my home.