

the "emo"

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From start to finish I wonder why
The cuts look good in this messed up lie
The blood that trickles down my arm
People all stare at the girl who self-harms:-

"The emo" they call me
I turn to my name
They act out slicing their wrists
I hang my head in shame
I can't help my feelings
Of being alone
I hide myself for the day
Just longing to go home
I sprawl on my bed
With my razor in hand
And take myself away
To a much better land
I stare in the mirror
And let myself cry
Looking forward to the day
That I finally die

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