

To Be Insane

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By : Atton Brown

These words are for you



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To Be Insane

I'm sick from the disease eating away at me inside, sick of people who don't appreciate their blessings, sick of those who scoff at the suffering of others. I'm sick of it all.

What does it truly mean to be insane?
To not follow the inane
Standards of society
Not to sustain
This ridiculous propriety
To have snapped so drastically
That you react so spastically
Going into a sporadic fit of rage
Because they can't appreciate your sage
They call you crazy, so you prove them right
Play the part, don't even try to fight
But they can never understand
And we can never reprimand
Because they fear us
Won't come near us
Like we're a disease
But we act with ease
Ignoring the ignorant
Belligerent
Degenerants
In this viral
Downward spiral
I will
Gladly stand up and say what you repress
This isn't about me though, I'm sorry. I digress ;

People are so afraid to lose their sanity
Lost in meticulous
Ridiculous
Self-serving vanity
Perfecting each stride
With their pitiful pride
How can you hope to understand something without first losing it?
Using it
Carelessly all your days
Will only get you set in your ways
Make you ungrateful
Unfaithful
Insolence is a sin
Let me say it again
In a way you might comprehend
You made us this way, you made us go nuts
Trust me; no if, and, or buts
About it

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You shouted
And screamed
Until the sanity just teemed
Bled from our brains
You caused these immense pains
But once more I apologize, and I won't be lazy
I take full responsibility for my going crazy

These words were never meant for me
You see
Like I've said
My sanity is dead
My breaking points already been broken
And all that's left is a mere memory, a token
Of when I've been like you, afraid of the unknown
Terrified of what's not shown
But open your eyes and again, you see, I've grown
Grown into my own person, a life you'd call unorthodox
You call me crazy though I'm the sane one, a living paradox
These words are for you
Instructions of what you must do:
Step 1: love those who hate you
Step 2: embrace all who berate you
Step 3: call this task impossible
Step 4: learn that this word is disgusting, it merely isn't plausible
Step 5: find happiness in your own heart
If at all you get confused simply begin from the start

Have I lost anyone, are we all together?
Those aren't really rules you know, only guidelines. Never
Let someone dictate your actions
Follow guidance, take advice. But you're not here for their satisfaction
I think that's where people become confused
Bemused
Trying to please everyone and put on a show
Present a nice little package wrapped all neat with a bow
Because that, my friend, is what the world encourages;
Contradicting views, stifling those who should flourish. This is
This is where we depart from the crowd
They call us crazy, insane, and we should be proud.
Hell, scream it out loud
Shout to the sky
Till the day that we die
Make our words, clear, strong and dutiful
Insanity isn't a disease; it's a perspective, a lifestyle.
One that's oh so beautiful.

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