Confused, Hurt, and Insane

By : Miss Mystery 3000

Welp. I was once sane, happy and full of love. I had everything I wanted. Love, family, friends, joy. I was able to control my insanity. But... One day it snapped, you snapped it and now I am dead. Insane, hurt, and confused. Why did you leave? What did I do? Was it because I was not happy with who I was? Or was it that you grew sick of me like you swore you never would. Did I do something? Was it something I said? Who knows. Well, enjoy the poem you get out of it.

Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/Miss Mystery 3000

Copyright © Miss Mystery 3000, 2013
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

Confused, Hurt, and Insane

Raindrops are falling again

And you gotta know I am bawling again

Ya know, I actually could say I felt love

But now I can say that I am a shove

Do you care? I doubt it

Now all I can do is sit.

And wait... And wait.. And think

I was on the brink

Of actually letting myself love you

But now... Now I am blue

So alone and so dead

I really just wanna go to bed

But I can't, thanks to my empty heart

So you play your part

While I mend my soul

With some heavy rock and roll

While you play away

And I save my day

My brother will help

And I might yelp

As my heart shatters

While my brain chatters

So enjoy this poem

While I am solomn

Enjoy this, bitch

As I get rich

From this stupid heartbreak

And that fake cake.

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2013-05-23 08:59:47